

# *Leatherneck*

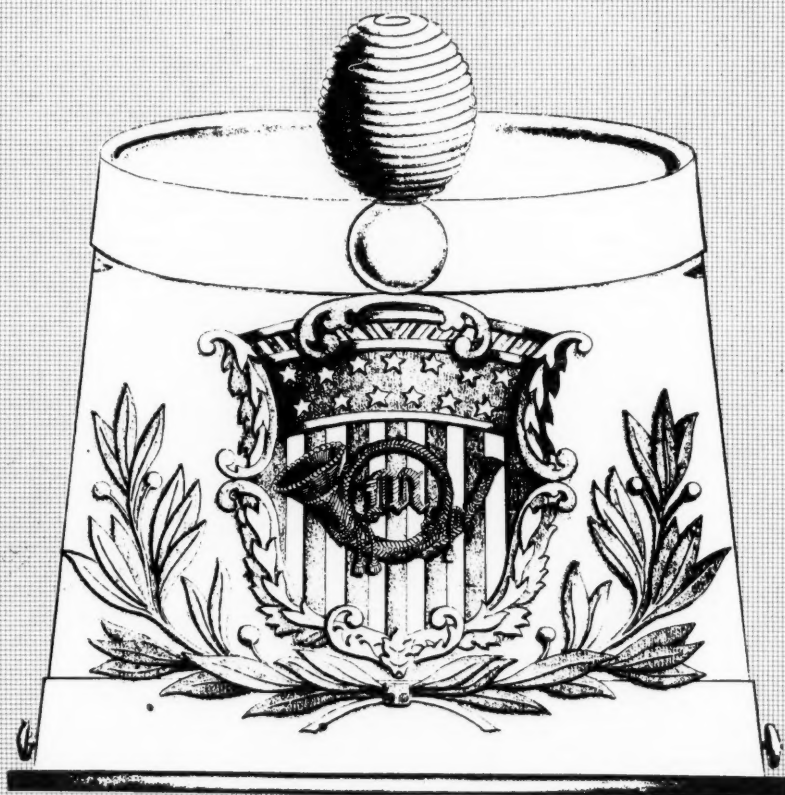
NOV. 1960

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

30c



FREDERICKS



A  
HATFUL  
OF  
GAIN

**W**HY DO YOU suppose Marine officers of the pre-Civil War era wore this funny little hat? It had a droll little pom-pom that wobbled when the wearer walked. It perched precariously on a man's head like a bucket on a basketball. Its bugle device is said to have started the slander that Marines like to blow their own horns.

But all its other faults could have been forgiven if there had been a globe and anchor on it to identify the wearer's proud service. Why wasn't there?

Page 3 of the 7th revised edition of *Guidebook for Marines* tells why. The now familiar "bird-on-the-ball" wasn't adopted until eight years after the hat was issued.

The *GforM* is chock-full of similar, interesting nuggets of information. Get one today. \$1.50.



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NOVEMBER, 1960

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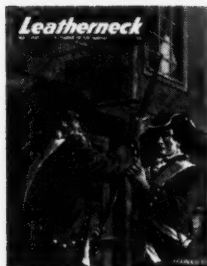
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## THIS MONTH'S COVER

Inspections in 1775 differed little from today's, but the weapons, uniforms and equipment have changed greatly throughout the ages, as is evidenced in this month's cover painting by Mr. Fred Fredericks. Another change has seen the original Tun Tavern replaced by a warehouse, bearing a plaque commemorating the birthplace of the Corps.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send your new address at least FIVE WEEKS before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address LEATHERNECK Magazine, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Send OLD address with new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you forward extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

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Edited by AMSgt Francis J. Kulluson

#### YOUNGEST JET PILOT

Dear Sir:

A question has come up as to the age of the youngest jet pilot in the Marine Corps. Some say a person must be 21 years of age, while others say there are jet pilots as young as 19. Could you please enlighten us on this?

Special Service Section  
Headquarters Bn.  
1stMarDiv, FMF

Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● Head, Technical Training and Distribution Branch, Division of Aviation, HQMC, gave us this information:

"It is possible for a jet pilot in the Marine Corps to be as young as 19 years of age. Paragraph 3.j(3) of Marine Corps Order 1532.1A, dated 23 December 1959, states that, 'Marine Aviation Cadet Program applicants must be at least 18 years of age and less than 25 years of age on date application is submitted.' If the applicant applies soon enough after his 18th birthday, is accepted for training soon thereafter, and completes the required flight training program in the normal 18-month period, he could be designated a jet pilot prior to reaching his 20th birthday.

"An investigation of records located at this Headquarters indicates that as of 22 July 1960, the youngest jet pilot in the U.S. Marine Corps was 20 years of age."—Ed.

#### SURPLUS AIRPLANES

Dear Sir:

I would like to buy a surplus OE observation plane. If this is possible, where, how, and who do I contact?

Bill Sellwood, Jr.  
P.O. Box 2204

Salem, Ore.

● Surplus Marine Corps aircraft are disposed of through the Department of the Navy. You should write to: Disposal Officer, U. S. Navy, CSSO, North Island, San Diego, Calif., and request that your name be placed on the prospective bidders' list for this type of aircraft. Sales are usually made through sealed bids on the basis of the highest acceptable bidder.

A booklet entitled How To Buy Surplus Personal Property From The U.S. Army, U.S. Navy, U.S. Air Force, U.S.

Marine Corps—March, 1959, gives the location of all Department of Defense selling activities. It is for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., price 15 cents.—Ed.

#### FOURTH DIVISION REUNION

Dear Sir:

I have heard that the next Fourth Marine Division reunion is to be held in Pittsburgh, Pa. Would you please verify this for me. . .

Rudolph Reinheimer, III  
674 Southcrest Dr.

Pittsburgh 26, Pa.

● The 1961 reunion will be held in New York City, June 22-24, at the Hotel Waldorf Astoria. The 1962 reunion will be held in Pittsburgh. For further information, contact: GySgt D. R. Herwick, USMC, Secretary, Fourth Division Ass'n., Service Bn., MCS, Quantico, Va.—Ed.

TURN PAGE



Leatherneck Magazine

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

### LANDING PARTY MANUAL

Dear Sir:

Could you give me some information on where I can purchase a *Landing Party Manual*?

Stephen Brandriff  
2900 W. Broadway

Los Angeles 41, Calif.

● The Government Printing Office in Washington, D. C. doesn't have any in stock at present. We understand that the manual is in the process of being revised but a publication date has not yet been set to our knowledge.

You might be interested to know that the seventh revised edition of the Guidebook for Marines was published on July 1, 1960, by the Leatherneck Association, Inc. More than 350 new photographs and sketches were made to replace the ones which had become outdated. Copies of the Guidebook may be ordered through the Leatherneck Bookshop, at \$1.50 each.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)



"You have a dirty rifle and light blue eyes!"

Leatherneck Magazine







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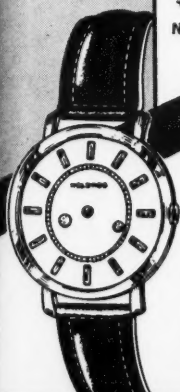
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Name . . . . .

Rank . . . . . Serial No. . . . .

Military Address . . . . .

L-N

## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 4]

### LARGEST MARINE BASE

Dear Sir:

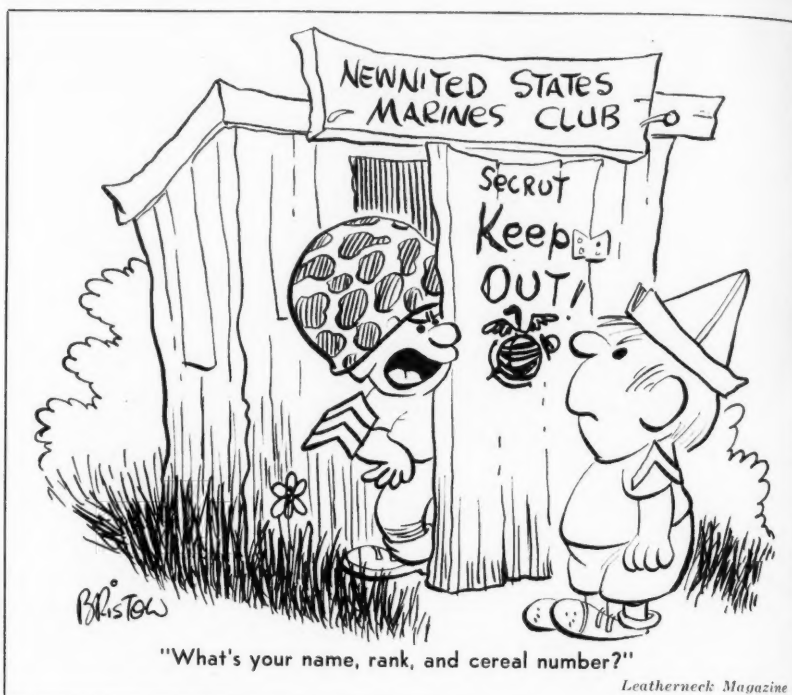
In the June, 1960, issue of *Leatherneck*, you stated that the total area of Camp Pendleton is 195 square miles, and that of Camp Lejeune is 174 square miles.

In a frequent argument, the statement is brought up that the Marine Corps Base, Twentynine Palms, is included in the area of Camp Pendleton, and that Camp Lejeune is actually larger in square miles than Camp Pendleton.

I say it is not, and that the 195 square miles is Camp Pendleton proper. Who is correct?

LCpl Lee H. Marshall  
H&S Co., 1stSerBn.  
1stMarDiv., FMF

Camp Pendleton, Calif.

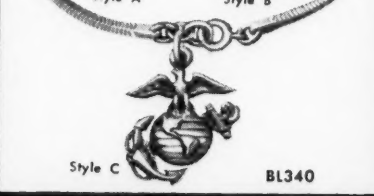


*Leatherneck Magazine*










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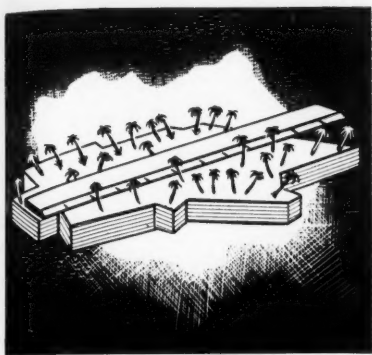
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● You are correct in your contention that Twentynine Palms, Calif., is a separate Marine Corps base from Camp Pendleton, Calif. It is also the world's largest Marine Corps base.

G-4, HQMC, confirms the fact that Twentynine Palms has 595,182.64 acres. Next is Camp Pendleton, with 126,729.-88 acres, of which 253.62 acres are under water.

Camp Lejeune, N. C., follows with 83,173.54 dry and 26,000 wet acres. Quantico, Va., has 57,037.82 dry and 3.57 wet acres. Parris Island, S.C., is about half and half with 3950.80 dry and 3870 wet.

Barstow, Calif., follows with 5574.53 acres, all of them dry, as are Albany, Ga.'s 3595 acres. San Diego, Calif., ranks last in major base acreage with 1044.55 dry and 14.92 wet.—Ed.

#### PAGE THREE ENTRIES

Dear Sir:

There is quite a debate in this company office about the correct method of making a "Not Observed" entry on page 3 of the Service Record Book for E-4 and below.

In accordance with paragraph 4006.4 of PRAM, one side contends that the words "Not Observed" are entered in lieu of conduct and proficiency markings. This is partially based on para-

**TURN PAGE**



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Christmas  
Joy  
Give to  
The Salvation Army**

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## Leatherneck

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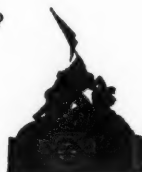
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"I really have to go now, Alice . . . I think  
I'm wanted back at the base!"

Leatherneck Magazine

## SOUND OFF (cont.)

graph 4006.4d(1) which states "(1) 'Not Observed' may be entered in lieu of conduct and proficiency marks on the following occasions. . . ."

The other side contends that paragraph 4006.4d(1) indicates only when to make the entry and that paragraph 4006.4 indicates how, i.e., " . . . a diagonal line shall be drawn. . . ."

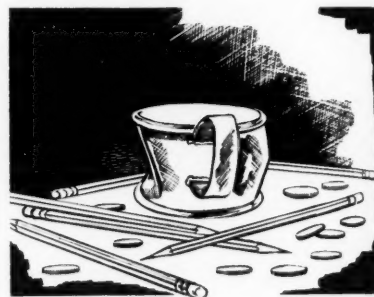
Any assistance you can render will be greatly appreciated.

Cpl Milford M. Yocom  
HqCo., HqBn.

3dMarDiv (Rein), FMF

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Head, Records Branch, Personnel Department, HQMC, had this to say: "In certain instances, 'Not Observed' is entered in lieu of markings. A diagonal line is used where neither markings nor a 'Not Observed' entry is required. See the fourth sentence of paragraph 4006.4, PRAM."—Ed.



## UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



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# ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 10.

1. (b); 2. (a); 3. (c); 4. (c); 5. (b); 6. (a); 7. (a); 8. (c); 9. (b); 10. (a).

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Established 1918

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## !CORPS QUIZ?

Prepared by 1stSgt B. M. Rosoff

The questions for the following quiz were selected  
from *The Compact History of the United States Marine  
Corps*, which was written by LtCol Philip N. Pierce and  
LtCol Frank O. Hough.

1. "The Marines have landed  
and the situation is well in  
hand," is generally accredited to

- (a) Floyd Gibbons
- (b) Richard Harding  
Davis
- (c) Ernie Pyle

2. The oldest known record of  
American Marines is the payroll  
of the ship

- (a) *Enterprize*
- (b) *Alfred*
- (c) *Constitution*

3. During the latter part of the  
Revolution, Major Samuel  
Nicholas dropped from sight for  
several months. During that  
time he was

- (a) administering to the  
affairs of the Corps
- (b) in hiding from the  
British
- (c) on a secret mission,  
transporting money  
from Boston

4. The final engagement in  
which Marines took part in the  
Revolution as a land force was

- (a) the battle of Trenton
- (b) the battle of Bunker  
Hill
- (c) the defense of  
Charleston, S. C.

5. When Lt Presley N. O'Ban-  
non led the Marines to Tripoli,  
he had \_\_\_\_\_ Marines  
with him.

- (a) 27
- (b) seven
- (c) 17

6. The United States Marine  
Band was organized under the

leadership of \_\_\_\_\_  
then Commandant of the Ma-  
rine Corps.

- (a) William Ward Bur-  
rows
- (b) Franklin Wharton
- (c) Samuel Nicholas

7. The only U. S. Marine officer  
in history to command a U. S.  
naval vessel in combat was

- (a) Lt John M. Gamble
- (b) Lt William Bush
- (c) Lt John Brooks

8. The Marines who landed on  
Vera Cruz during March, 1847,  
were under the command of

- (a) Samuel Watson
- (b) Levi Twiggs
- (c) Alvin Edson

9. The first Americans to reach  
Mexico City during the Mexican  
War were under the command  
of \_\_\_\_\_

- (a) Archibald Gillespie
- (b) George H. Terrett
- (c) Archibald Hender-  
son

10. During the Spanish-Amer-  
ican War, \_\_\_\_\_ Marine  
battalion waded ashore at Guan-  
tanamo to become the first  
American troops to land on  
Cuban soil.

- (a) Huntington's
- (b) Elliot's
- (c) Roosevelt's

See answers on page 9. Score  
10 points for each correct an-  
swer; 10 to 30 fair; 40 to 60  
good; 70 to 80 excellent; 90 to  
100 outstanding.

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<input type="checkbox"/> 75.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 40.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 99.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 54.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 115.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 63.00

### \$10,000/\$20,000/\$5,000 Liability Coverage

12 Months	6 Months
<input type="checkbox"/> \$ 62.00	<input type="checkbox"/> \$35.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 79.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 45.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 90.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 52.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 104.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 58.00
<input type="checkbox"/> 138.00	<input type="checkbox"/> 76.00

## CASH PAYMENT PLAN—PREMIUM IN FULL PLUS \$5.00 SERVICE CHARGE

### EASY PAYMENT PLAN FOR SIX MONTH POLICY

1/3 of Premium plus \$8.00 service charge with application  
1/3 of Premium due 30 days from date of policy  
1/3 of Premium due 60 days from date of policy  
Add \$1.00 to each payment for finance charge.

### EASY PAYMENT PLAN FOR TWELVE MONTH POLICY

1/4 of Premium plus \$8.00 service charge with application  
1/4 of Premium due 30 days from date of policy  
1/4 of Premium due 60 days from date of policy  
1/4 of Premium due 90 days from date of policy  
Add \$1.00 to each payment for finance charge.

PLEASE PRINT  
IN INK OR TYPE

## INTER-SERVICE UNDERWRITERS (AN AGENCY) P. O. Box 1461, Texarkana, Arkansas Application For P. L. and P. D. Insurance

OBTAIN MONEY  
ORDER & MAIL

RANK & NAME \_\_\_\_\_ SERIAL NO. \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

WIFE'S NAME IF MARRIED \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

MIL. UNIT & BASE \_\_\_\_\_ RACE \_\_\_\_\_ ☐ MARRIED ☐ SINGLE

SEND POLICY TO (ADDRESS) \_\_\_\_\_

PERMANENT HOME ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

DESCRIPTION OF AUTOMOBILE CAR YEAR MAKE	MODEL	BODY STYLE	MOTOR OR SERIAL NO.	CYL.	REGISTERED IN WHAT STATE?

How many accidents have you or your spouse been involved in during the past year? \_\_\_\_\_ If one or more, give complete description on separate sheet; also include date, charges, insurance company involved etc.

Insurance does not become effective unless you (1) complete ALL PARTS of this application. (2) SIGN IT, and (3) enclose CORRECT PAYMENT of whichever pay plan you select. Coverage is effective ON BASE from date and hour of postmark on application. OFF BASE Coverage is effective 24 hours from date and hour of postmark on application if you have fully complied with above requirements and this application is approved by Home Office.

This Application is for LIABILITY insurance only and restricted to continental limits of United States, its territories and possessions, Canada. Premium designated includes policy fee which is fully earned at time of policy issuance, but may be transferred upon request to cover substitute vehicle. Policy fee varies proportionately to the amount of premium, and a factor of 25% is used in computing the amount of this fee.

The above statements are warranties and not representations, and I declare that I have withheld no information whatsoever relative thereto. I agree that this proposal shall be the express basis of the Contract between the Company and me. I fully understand and agree that the policy applied for and issued in response to above application shall cover the insured vehicle only when driven by named assured or his/her spouse. I further agree that the insured vehicle will not be used for commercial or share-the-expense purposes.

Application is made for a \_\_\_\_\_ months policy with premium \$ \_\_\_\_\_ and I wish to pay \$ \_\_\_\_\_ down plus \$ \_\_\_\_\_ service charge or a total of \$ \_\_\_\_\_. I will pay balance, if any, as per payment plan.

Date of Discharge \_\_\_\_\_

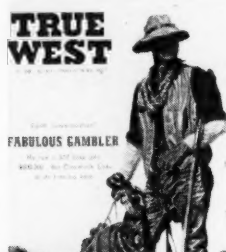
Sign Here \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

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**True West, Frontier Times, and A Gallery of Western Badmen for two measly bucks!**

We ate some loco weed, pulled off our bridles and are **RUNNING WILD!** Just to introduce you to our magazines, we're turning our heads so you can steal us blind!



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is published quarterly (4 issues per year)—25c per copy, 12 issues for \$3.00.



**TRUE WEST** and **FRONTIER TIMES** are authentic magazines crammed with articles and photos on badmen, range wars, Indian fights, gold rush, ghost towns, lost mines, buried treasures, outlaws, trail drives, frontier sagas, cowboy and ranch life—they portray the **REAL THING**—they stick to the **FACTS!**

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**FREE!**

**With Each Subscription**

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Earp, Billy the Kid, Wes Hardin, Jesse James, Wild Bill Hickok—**twenty-one** of them!

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5008-L Austin 31, Texas

## JULY CRAZY CAPTION WINNER

Submitted by  
**GySgt Philip Calvert**  
Recruiting Sub-Station  
P. O. Building  
Stamford, Conn.

"Ready on the left . . . Ready on the right . . . All ready on the firing line . . . Watch your oyster . . . OYSTERS!"



Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. **Leatherneck** will pay \$25 for the craziest caption received before January 1. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the cartoon below, print it on the line under the cartoon and fill in your name and complete address. Tear out the cartoon and coupon and mail to **Leatherneck Magazine**, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the February issue.



NAME .....

ADDRESS IN FULL .....



# Behind the Lines ...

**T**HE QUESTION has often been asked: What good is history? In answer to the query, Lynn Montross, one of the Corps' best known historians, says that history is our best insurance against making the same mistake twice. And mistakes in war are likely to be reflected in casualty lists. In keeping with Lynn's sage observation, the Records and Research Section of the Historical Branch preserves, for the use of the Marine Corps and its friends throughout the world, the documents which detail not only the great combat actions of the Marines but, in addition, the infinite preparation for battle.

The Record and Research Section is also responsible for the safekeeping of the letters and papers of illustrious Marines. This vast file includes the writings of Smedley Butler, Joseph H. Pendleton, Thomas Holcomb and many others. Since a collection of this sort is never complete, the Section urgently hopes that anyone having letters, diaries or journals related to Marine Corps history will consider donating them to the Historical Branch.

The R and R Section is one of four divisions of the Branch. The other three are: The Writing Section, Administrative and Production, and the Marine Corps Museum, Quantico.

At the present time, the Writing Section is finishing up

Volume IV of the five-volume series, *U. S. Marine Operations in Korea*. Volume II of the five-volume series, *History of U. S. Marine Operations in World War II*, is also nearing completion. Volume III of this same series is already under way. The Writing Section asked us to mention that any old letters of historical value, or old issues of Marine Corps publications, particularly *Leatherneck* or *Marine Corps Gazette*, would be deeply appreciated.

Exhibits at the Marine Corps Museum at Quantico, under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel John H. Magruder III and Major David E. Schwulst, provide historical writers, artists and photographers with a ready reference on Marine weapons and uniforms of all periods, going back to 1775. The museum, which is open to the public six days a week, is described in an article beginning on page 68 of this issue. One of the big needs of the museum is early aviation gear—the earlier, the better. Another item on the missing list is an SCR-300 radio.

Working with history is an exacting, tedious business—often exasperating; and the men of the Historical Branch, those presently serving there and those who have contributed in the past, deserve the admiration, respect and gratitude of every member of the Corps they chronicle for posterity.

*Karl A. Simon*  
Managing Editor

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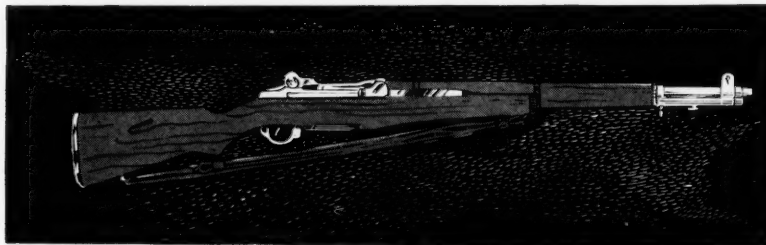
## SOUND OFF

[continued from page 8]

I served three years in the Marine Corps and would like to know if I am eligible for unemployment compensation. I am presently unemployed.

Name withheld

● Sorry we can't give you a complete answer since regulations governing Federal and State unemployment compensation vary with individual states. We suggest that you check with the State Unemployment Office in your city.—Ed.



### PROFICIENCY PAY AWARDS

Dear Sir:

Paragraph 4.c of MCO 7220.12B states that proficiency pay awards based on outstanding effectiveness may be made to individuals who serve in MOSs not designated as critical. It further states that none of these awards may be made to individuals eligible for consideration in a critical MOS category.

Recently, a sergeant (E-5), possessing a Primary MOS of 0369 and an additional MOS of 2111, was nominated for an award based on outstanding effectiveness. This nomination was rejected with the explanation that since he possessed a critical MOS, he was not eligible, based on outstanding effectiveness. But this man is not serving in an 0369 billet and he does possess a non-critical additional 2111 MOS and is serving in a non-critical billet requiring a 2111 MOS.

If he did not have the additional non-critical MOS, then I agree he would not be eligible, but in this case the man does not qualify in the critical category nor does he qualify in the category "B" billet requirements listed in MCO 7220.12B. Thereby, I maintain that he is eligible for consideration based on outstanding effectiveness.

Since paragraph 4.c of MCO 7220.-

12B is not explicit in a case of this nature, an interpretation is requested.

Capt C. O. Chapman, USMC  
Service Co., H&S Bn.  
MCRDep, Parris Island, S.C.

● Assistant Chief of Staff, G-1, HQ-MC, sent us this reply:

"The problem posed by Capt Chapman concerns one of the unique problems of a large, decentralized program designed to meet and resolve criticality of MOSs.

"MOS 0369 is critical by virtue of its importance to the Fleet Marine Forces. It is appropriate that certain personnel in this MOS be assigned other duties outside the FMF, but no longer serving in a billet requiring their primary skill. Such individuals are

precluded from critical skill award by DOD (Department of Defense) directive.

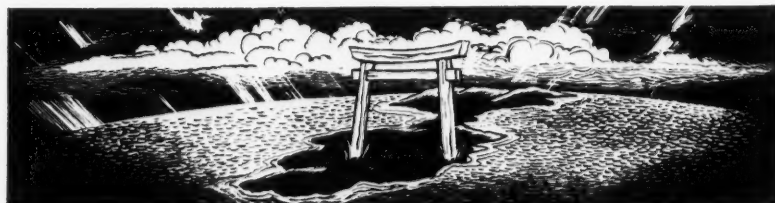
"Capt Chapman's assertion that the individual concerned is considered eligible for an outstanding effectiveness award is in error. Paragraph 4.c and the last sentence of paragraph 8.a(2) of MCO 7220.12B indicate the basic intention of the program in this area. It is unfortunate that an individual apparently so deserving is excluded in this case.

"To obtain eligibility in this case, reclassification of the sergeant to a primary MOS of 2111, or reassignment to a billet requiring his current primary MOS, is necessary."—Ed.

### OKINAWA TOUR

Dear Sir:

I am stationed on Okinawa and I have been here since December 7, 1959.



Please tell me, is there any truth in the cutting down of the tour duty over here? No one here seems to know, but there is a lot of "scuttlebutt" going around about it.

Also, I'm a married man with three children. I have also been told that a married man will not have to spend two Christmas holidays over here, yet my tour of rotation is in February, 1961, and the expiration of my enlistment is in March, 1961.

Sgt Daniel G. Zim  
Ration Co., A.S.D. Bn.,  
3dFSR, (-)FMF

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● The Commandant has requested that the tour of duty for personnel assigned to all Fleet Marine Force units in the Far East be reduced to 13 months. Early approval of this request is anticipated.

The rumor about a man not having to spend two Christmas holidays overseas is strictly scuttlebutt.—Ed.

### STAMPS AND CARDS WANTED

Dear Sir:

I am a former Marine, serial number 78198. I served in World War I from December 20, 1916—June 25, 1919, and during World War II from November 19, 1942—July 25, 1944. I also served with "E" Co., 2d Infantry Bn., Organized Reserve, from August 1, 1948, to August 1, 1951. I have three honorable discharges.

My wife and I are both shut-ins. I, due to a coronary thrombosis and she due to total blindness. To help pass the time of day I now collect picture post cards of any and all churches and interesting places. Besides that, I also collect U. S. and foreign stamps.

Possibly the Marines who are stationed all over the world may have some interesting cards and stamps they could spare. . . .

Robert G. Dasse  
20 Franklin St., Apt-3

Meriden, Conn.

● We feel certain our readers will be able to help you, especially the Marines who are stationed overseas.—Ed.

END



HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS  
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

COMMANDANT'S BIRTHDAY MESSAGE - 10 NOVEMBER 1960

Today we celebrate the birthday of our Corps. We pay our respects to a long line of fighting men extending back to the Continental Marines who were recruited at Tun Tavern in Philadelphia in 1775. We recall their deeds with pride. We reflect upon the heritage they have given us -- a splendid tradition of indomitable spirit, high courage, and steadfast devotion.

Today, as from the beginning, our Corps is a vital element of our national strength. It is a strong bulwark of our freedom. It is old in achievement, yet it is young in its vigorous approach to its responsibilities. Its tactics, weapons, and equipment have kept pace with the nuclear age. But today, as in the beginning, its strength still lies in the individual Marine's readiness and willingness to fight -- to be the "first to fight for right and freedom."

And so today we celebrate our Corps' glorious past by dedicating ourselves with renewed vigor and enthusiasm to the challenging tasks of the future.

To all Marines throughout the world, regular and reserve, and to all Marine families on this happy occasion, the 185th birthday of our beloved Corps, I extend my personal congratulations and best wishes.

*David M. Shoup*

DAVID M. SHOUP  
General, U. S. Marine Corps  
Commandant of the Marine Corps

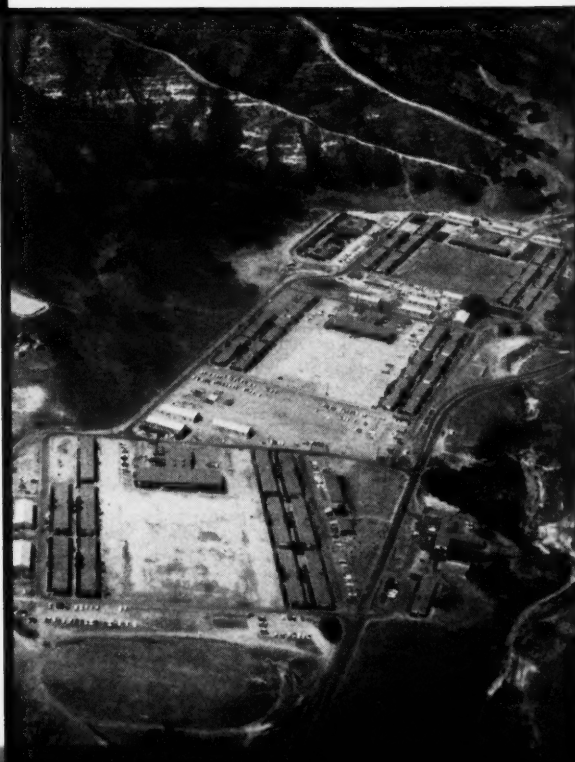
In addition to the mainside area, there are many smaller camps located within the boundaries of sprawling Pendleton



*Post of The Corps*

**CAMP**

Mainside area (bottom), and Camp Horno (right) are examples of the terrain features found aboard the 126,000-acre Marine base







Headquarters, MCB, is situated on Vandegrift Blvd. It is about 10 miles to the Base Main Gate

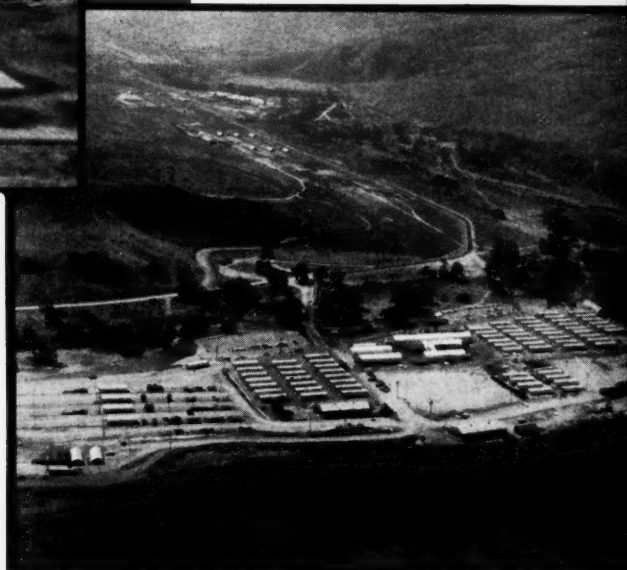
by MSgt Robert E. Johnson

Photos by

GySgt Charles B. Tyler

# APPENDLETON

**The base offers almost every type of combat training required**



Camp Talega, home of the 1st Pioneer Battalion, is 26 miles from the Main Base location

**S**INCE THE late President Franklin D. Roosevelt came West to dedicate "a new Marine Corps encampment in the memory of a gallant Marine," Camp Pendleton has been of paramount importance to a world in war and a nation building toward everlasting peace. Named for the late Major General Joseph H. Pendleton, the base was dedicated when the late Mrs. Pendleton, "Aunt Mary" to Marines everywhere, attended the ceremony and raised the colors for the first time on September 25, 1942.

When she expressed her happiness over the honor paid her husband, President Roosevelt took her hands and said, "It is a tribute to Uncle Joe, and well deserved." Gen Pendleton, affectionately known to Marines as "Uncle Joe," had served the Corps in Alaska,

Nicaragua, Mexico, Santo Domingo and Stateside. It was also fitting that the late Major General Joseph C. Fegan, who had commanded the Fourth Marine Regiment, one of Gen Pendleton's former units, was selected to be the first commanding general of the base.

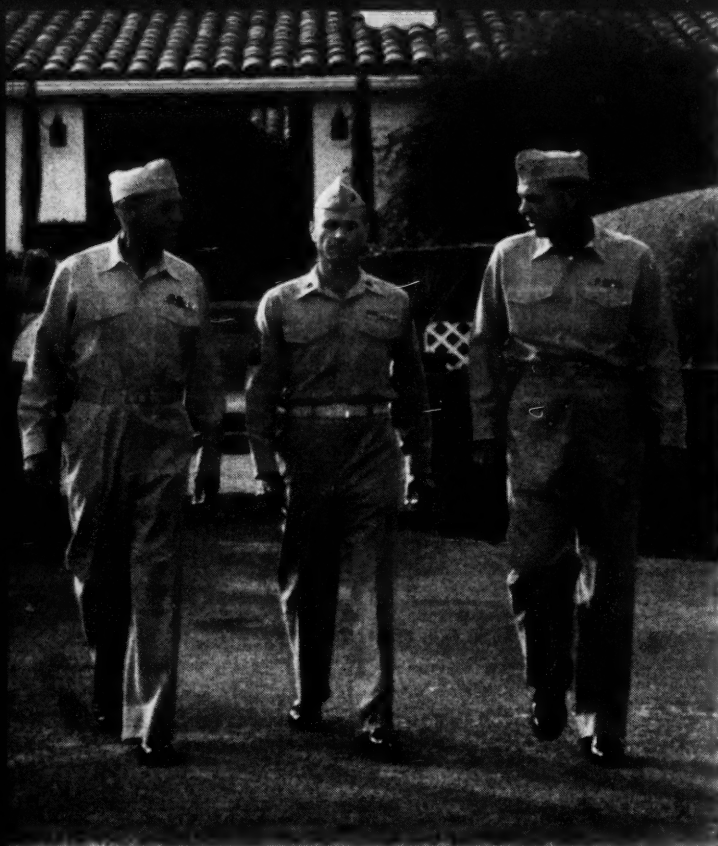
As President Roosevelt walked through the old adobe ranch house on dedication day, he paused in the room now known as the President's Room, taken by its charm. He remarked, with a smile: "Reserve this room for the next ex-president of the United States."

The Ranch House, one of the camp's beauty spots, is the Commanding General's quarters. It is located at the junction of Basilone Road and Vandegrift Boulevard. President Roosevelt suggested that the romantic flavor of Rancho Santa Margarita be preserved.

This has been done. The age of the present Ranch House is unknown, but it is believed to have been built in 1828. The basic design is Spanish and it is constructed in the style of the early missions.

Appropriate fixtures were installed in the house. Layers of whitewash were removed from the interior walls and the surfaces were painted white. The building, used as a winery under the Picos and the mission fathers, and as a blacksmith shop under Jerome O'Neill's ownership, was converted into a chapel for Marines. The O'Neill cattle brand "TO" embellished all equipment—guns, trucks, tanks, jeeps and even rested atop the post flagpole.

Camp Pendleton is situated on one of the most famous Spanish land grants of California's history, the Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores. It is



MajGen A. Shapley, SgtMaj M. Zell and BGen R. Murray held a conference at the Ranch House, Gen Shapley's historic quarters at Camp Pendleton

The 1st Pioneer Bn.'s symbolic covered wagon is a link between past and present at Camp Talega

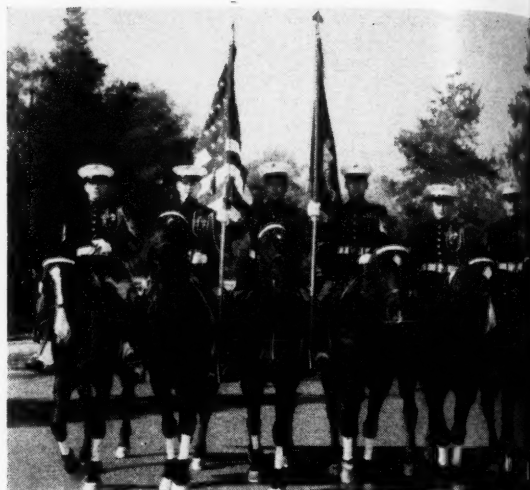


Photo by GtSgt L. L. Toolin  
Camp Pendleton's volunteer Mounted Honor Guard performs at numerous civic functions

## CAMP PENDLETON (cont.)

startling in contrast to the sleepy countryside that Don Gasper de Portola saw when he led one of the first Spanish expeditions into California.

History of the Rancho dates back to 1769 when Portola, a Spanish explorer, set out from San Diego to find a route to Monterey to the north. With him were members of the priesthood, who sought sites for missions, each to be a day's ride, along the way.

The writings of the priest, Padre Cresci, who noted the happenings of each day, reveal that Portola's party made camp in a green valley on July 20. They named the site Santa Margarita, after the saint whose holy day it was.

Early land grants made by Spanish royalty resulted in the division of the area into a series of ranchos which were awarded to the early settlers, many of them soldiers who had served under Don Portola. Many of the outlying camps are still named after the original designations made by the early settlers and explorers.

Initial ownership of the rancho has been made uncertain by the dust of time, but the lands eventually came into the hands of Pio and Andres Pico (brothers) in the mid-1800s. Ownership switched to James L. Flood and Jerome O'Neill in 1882. It was O'Neill who built a dam and formed the lake which now bears his name. Upon the death of O'Neill, his heirs allowed the rancho to fall into a state of disrepair; cultivation was forgotten and in the early 1940s, the once fabulous empire



The rifleman who passes this sign at Camp San Onofre is reminded of his importance

Major General H. R. Paige, Commander of the First Marine Division at Pendleton, held a personnel inspection near his headquarters



was only a neglected remnant of the colorful life it once boasted.

The land, however, was destined for an existence far more complex and important to the nation's welfare than could ever have been dreamed of by its Spanish settlers or the ghosts of the Spanish dons who may still linger in the vicinity of the Ranch House.

While the work of streamlining continues, history fades into the past, but the marks still remain. In the arbor entrance of the Ranch House hangs a bell which once was used at the Las Flores asistencia. It was given to the Marines in 1943 by officials of the railway station at San Juan Capistrano, where it had hung since 1887. In July, 1956, the base residents assisted the California State Historical Society in placing a marker near the San Mateo Gate, honoring two of Portola's friars who conducted the first baptism in California in 1769.

On the lawn of the residencia stands a field piece which was donated by "Aunt Mary." The weapon was captured by Gen Pendleton's forces in October, 1912, during an assault on Cototepe Hill in the Nicaraguan campaign. A stone marker points to the location of a conference between Mexican leaders prior to the bloodiest battle of the Mexican War in California.

Shades of American "conflicts" came to light when Al Capone's lieutenants made a bid to buy Rancho Santa Margarita in 1931. They were attracted by the unpatrolled coastline com-

manded by the ranch. Their sale never materialized, but during prohibition, the beaches were utilized by bootleggers to smuggle liquor ashore, especially in the vicinity of Las Flores. The liquor was hidden in the surrounding mountains until it could be distributed by trucks to the points of sale. Bootleg caches were discovered long after the repeal of prohibition.

The Marine Corps Base, Camp Pendleton, is located approximately 40 miles north of San Diego and approximately 80 miles south of Los Angeles. It is bounded on the north by the Cleveland National Forest; on the east by the Fallbrook Naval Ammunition Depot; on the south by the San Luis Rey River and the City of Oceanside; and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. The area contains approximately 126,000 acres and it is generally configured as being 20 miles long and 10 miles wide. A 26,000 figure was given as the lean-side population of the entire camp.

With the passage of the Second War Power's Act on March 27, 1942, the transformation of the Rancho into the then world's largest Marine Corps base was initiated. It was purchased for the sum of four and a quarter million dollars, and, judging from the current market value of real estate in the area, our government made a very sound investment. Today, its worth is in the neighborhood of \$75 million.

In addition to a colorful history, the Marine Corps acquired three mountain ranges, five lakes, 250 miles of road

and 20 miles of beach. The hills and valleys, together with plains, rivers and the coastline, are ideally suited for the training combat needs of the Marine Corps.

Men and equipment toiled to build highways, railroad tracks, barracks, warehouses, etc. Marshes were drained, unstable soil removed and hills made ready for living quarters. Then, in September, 1942, six months after construction began, the Ninth Marine Regiment, under the command of Colonel Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., moved into barracks at the new base. One year later, the Ninth Marines embarked for combat duty in the Pacific.

The facilities at Camp Pendleton may be compared to those required to support a suburban-type city of more than 30,000 inhabitants. The importance of Camp Pendleton may well be its geographic location. The proximity of the major port facilities located in San Diego, Seal Beach and Long Beach permits rapid embarkation and deployment of the Fleet Marine Force units stationed at Camp Pendleton.

The weather in the area is ideal for training. Very few training days are lost during the year due to inclement weather. The base has every type of terrain needed for training—hilly, mountainous terrain to the north; flat, coastal plains favoring the employment of armor; and about 20 miles of beach suitable for amphibious operations.

Camp Pendleton has one important satellite camp located away from the main area. It is the Marine Corps Cold





Official USMC Photo

Camp Pendleton is equipped with 20 miles of beach, ideally suited for amphibious training exercises. The 1stMarDiv landed near Del Mar

## CAMP PENDLETON (cont.)

Weather Training Center at Pickle Meadows, 21 miles north of Bridgeport, Calif., and about 450 road miles from Pendleton. Here, individuals and organizations receive training in high altitude and mountain operations, indoctrination in the principles of cold weather operations and in survival in snow and extreme cold. This training area, commanded by Colonel Glen E. Martin, is located at an altitude of 7000 feet, with mountains rising to 11,000.

To the east, approximately 125 miles, is located the Marine Corps Base, Twentynine Palms. It's situated in the high-desert area and contains approximately 1000 square miles of mountainous, desert terrain. It is here that elements of the FMF based at Camp Pendleton train in desert warfare.

Combat training is not limited to the infantryman; specialist schools also



Official USMC Photo

An Ontos illuminated its surroundings by its back blast during night training maneuvers



Photo by SSgt C. J. Perea

With an earth-shaking blast, a 155-mm. howitzer of "B" Btry., 11th Marines, lobbed a round onto target



Official USMC Photo

Vertical envelopment drills are constantly practiced by infantrymen to ensure their combat readiness



operate on the base. The mission of Camp Pendleton is divided into three general categories: First, the base conducts specialized schools and training as directed by the CMC; second it provides housing, logistics, training and administrative support for the FMF units based at Camp Pendleton; and third, it trains and organizes replacement drafts for shipment overseas.

In order to accomplish its mission, the base conducts formal schools, and offers training in individual combat, cold weather operations, and General Military Subjects. Reservists are also trained on the base.

The formal schools are operated by the Schools Battalion. Courses are provided in Amphibious Unit Leadership, Amphibious Tractor Driving, Amphibious Communications, and other specialized matters so necessary in the amphibious art and requiring a high degree of training. The Field Medical Service School trains and indoctrinates doctors and corpsmen coming into the Fleet Marine Force for the first time.

Major General Alan Shapley, MCB Commanding General, has numerous

organizations under his command. Among these are the 1st Force Service Regiment, a combat logistic support unit capable of providing supply, maintenance and repair services to a major Marine task force under combat conditions; and the Second Infantry Training Regiment, whose mission is to furnish 30 days of intensive infantry training to graduates of the San Diego Marine Corps Recruit Depot prior to their being assigned to Marine combat units or posts and stations.

The general's Deputy Base Commander is Brigadier General Raymond L. Murray, a much-decorated veteran of Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan and Korea. Chief of Staff is Colonel W. E. Barnes and SgtMaj Milburn N. Zell is Base Sergeant Major. SgtMaj Lisle C. Brown was the most recent First Marine Division sergeant major.

Combat efficiency, as well as combat readiness, is essential in keeping all Marines prepared for their role as a "Force in Readiness." To assure each Marine thorough individual combat training, the Marine Corps maintains two Infantry Training Regiments; the

First at Camp Lejeune and the Second at Camp Pendleton.

During his training with the Infantry Training Regiments, every graduate Marine learns the procedures for amphibious landings, map and compass reading, tank-infantry coordination, defense conduct and scouting exercises. In addition to field work, he fires the 3.5 rocket launcher, light and heavy machine guns, BAR, flame thrower, etc.

These courses qualify new Marines for assignment in any FMF unit. At Camp Pendleton, equipped with the terrain and ranges necessary for producing a combat-ready Marine, personnel of the Second Infantry Training Regiment constantly strive to live up to their motto of training: "The most important man in the Corps—the Marine with the Rifle."

Camp Pendleton is a patchwork of areas and nine major outlying camps. The camps include Camp Vado Del Rio (home of the Motor Transport Battalion), Camp Margarita (Fifth Marines), Camp Pulgas (Seventh Marines and 1st Tank Battalion), Camp Horno (Division (continued on page 84)

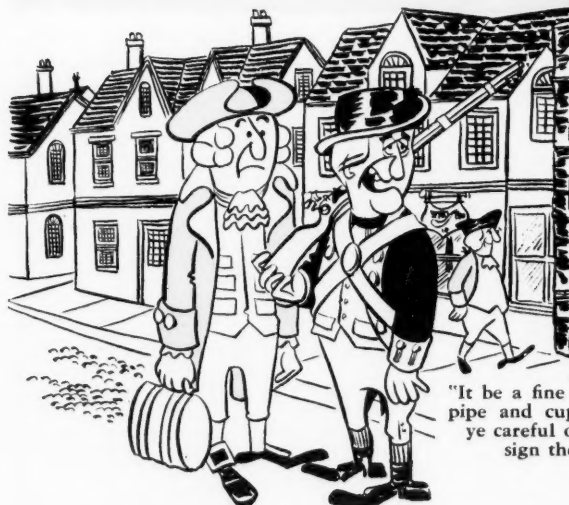


Spectators often receive an opportunity to witness infantry tactics demonstrations by men of the First

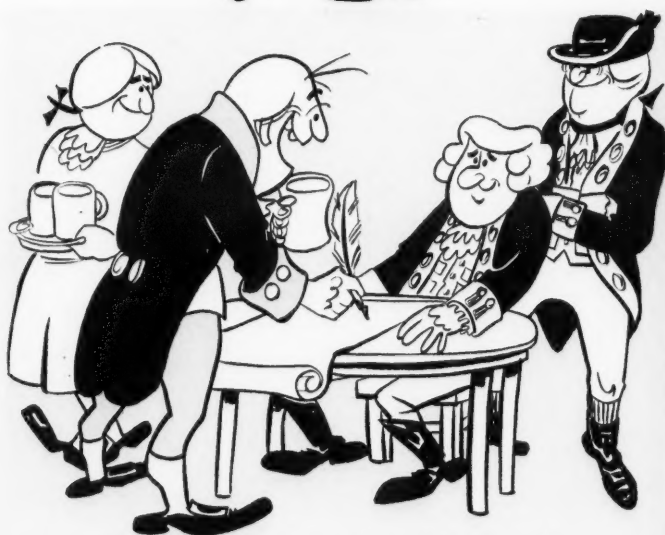
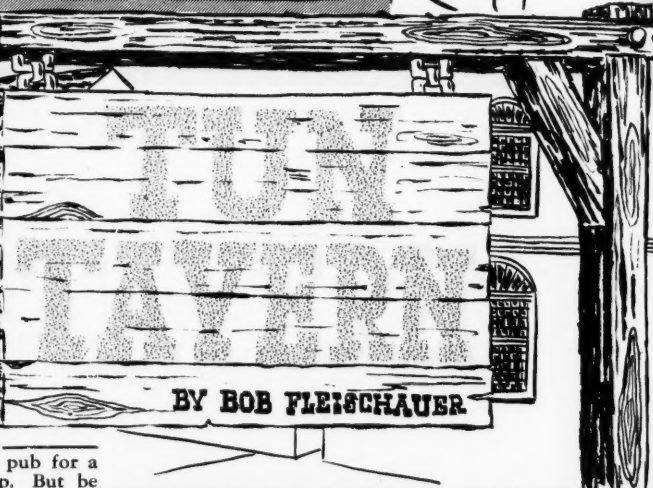
Division. Combat town is famous for its excellent training facilities in house to house combat tactics



"Did you notice the sign, Caleb? It must be Master Mullan's work!"



"It be a fine pub for a pipe and cup. But be ye careful o'what ye sign there!"



"Frightfully clever of you chaps—placing the unemployment bureau in a tavern!"



"It'll never sell!"



"My wife ran off with the butcher! My tea business in Boston went bankrupt. I yearn for travel and adventure. Got any suggestions, strangers?"



"Recruiting requires a lad of foresight, intelligence, personality, convincing oratory and a great thirst!"



"Ye better sign him up quickly, Scuttlebutt has it we be moving to the post office!"







Scant minutes after they had parachuted in, Pathfinders of the First Marine Division were in radio contact with the airborne assault force



MajGens A. F. Binney and A. L. Bowser (2d and 3d from left), met with BGens F. E. Leek and W. T. Fairbourn (4th and 5th from left), and Col D. Peacher (L) at Col Peacher's CP prior to the beginning of the exercise



by MSgt Robert E. Johnson

Photos by

GySgt Charles B. Tyler

# OPERATION CHARGER

**Twentynine Palms, California, hosted the largest peacetime maneuver in the history of the Marine Corps Reserve**

First  
force

**"O**PERATION CHARGER," the 1960 West Coast Air-Ground Exercise, was the largest Marine Corps Reserve maneuver ever staged. It involved nearly 5000 officers and enlisted men from 13 ground units and nine squadrons of Reserve aircraft, plus Regular complements of Twentynine Palms Base and Force Troops personnel, the First Marine Division from Camp Pendleton and the Third Marine Aircraft Wing from MCAS, El Toro, MCAS, Santa Ana and MCAAS, Yuma. This exercise marked the second consecutive year that the Twentynine Palms commander has had the responsibility for the West Coast Reserve Air-Ground maneuver.

A similar air-ground exercise took place at Camp Lejeune. In all, from June through September, more than

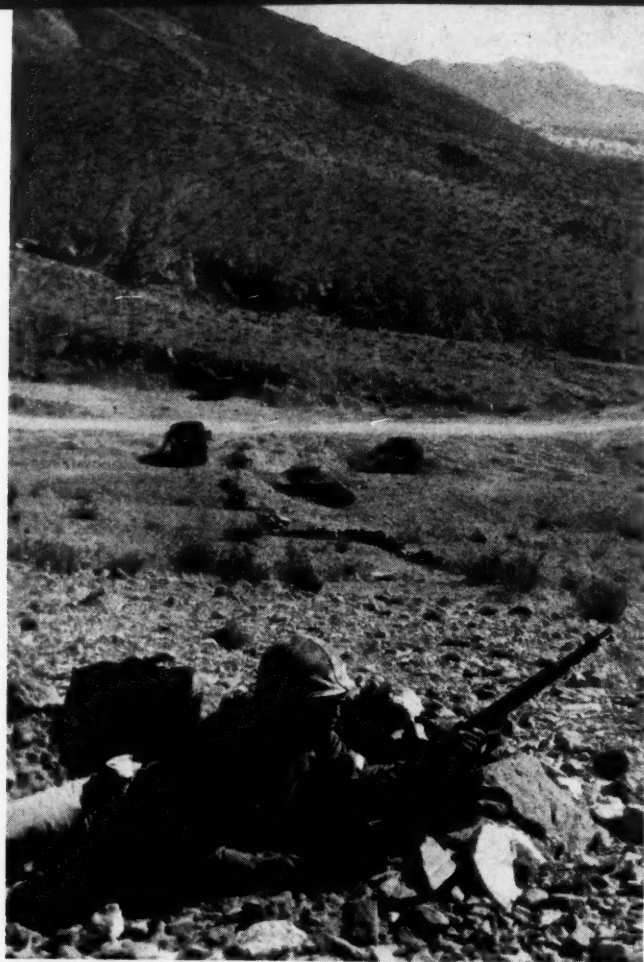
31,000 Reserve Marines underwent annual two-week field training exercises throughout the country.

Twentynine Palms was cited by Major General Alpha L. Bowser, Base Commander, as the finest training area anywhere in the Marine Corps. The area of 996 square miles of desert was compared to locations in the Middle East. His comparison brought nods of agreement from Major General Arthur F. Binney, Director of Aviation; Brigadier General Frederick E. Leek, COMART; and Brigadier General William T. Fairbourn, Director of Reserve, who also watched the Reservists fight the heat, blowing sand and the elusive aggressor on the Mojave Desert.

The entire problem was planned, staffed and executed by the 9th Staff Group (Ground) under the command of Colonel Douglas J. Peachier. All



Capt C. Sangalis, (R) Aggressor CO, and members of his staff inspected his company's positions



Cactus camouflage helped PFC C. Flynn and LCpl J. Spielman deceive the "enemy"



◀ PFC Gerald M. Fedorchak kept a watchful eye out for "enemy" approaching his outpost position



Tanks of San Diego's 1st Tank Battalion rumbled across the desert to clear the way for the infantry.

When not engaged in the assault, tanks were used for patrols and to augment mortar and artillery fire

## CHARGER (cont.)

weapons of modern mechanical warfare, including tanks, artillery, helicopters, jets and simulated special weapons, were thrown into the three-day mock battle.

It consisted of an aggressor-opposed, umpire-controlled field exercise of three days' duration—August 22-24. Marine Corps Reserve units, both air and ground, were task organized as a Marine Air-Ground Task Force (MAGTF-21). The principal ground unit was a battalion landing team; the principal air unit was a provisional Marine Air Group. Close air support by fixed wing aircraft and helicopter tactical troop lifts were utilized extensively throughout the exercise.

MAGTF-21 proved by this exercise that Marine Reserves Ground and Air units could be brought together from the length and breadth of the United States, and in a short period of time, could be ready to participate in modern combat operations. This readiness was possible only because of the year-round training that each element conducts under a common training program and effective training techniques.

It gave each participant the oppor-

tunity to test himself against and improve his reflection to individual training characteristics. It also provided each unit the occasion to evaluate the proficiency of not only the individual, but the unit.

Since before World War II, the Marine Corps Reserve has played a significant role in the defense of the United States. It has grown from a hand-me-down, insignificant part of the Corps, to a tough, experienced and prepared force of officers and enlisted men, ready to play an important combat role on short notice.

The successful execution of "Operation Charger" by MAGTF-21 proved that (1) Marine Air and Ground Reserve units from the four corners of the United States stand ready now, if the need should arise, to integrate into the combat-ready force of the Regular Establishment, and (2) the taxpayer support of a combat-ready Marine Reserve program is a sound investment in the U.S. defense plan.

The desert maneuver found the Marine Reservists better prepared than ever before. They were found to be familiar with the latest weapons and in the most advanced techniques—evidence that the training programs conducted by the more than 250 ground and air units across the United States are ever increasing their military pro-

ficiency by practicing their "trades."

"Operation Charger" was the result of a CMC directive last December which directed that both air and ground Reserve elements be integrated into a single command for the purpose of conducting a West Coast air-ground exercise. The ground units included the 9th Infantry Battalion, Chicago, Ill.; 25th Rifle Company, Gary, Ind.; 20th Rifle Company, Rockford, Ill.; 79th Rifle Company, East Peoria, Ill.; 91st Rifle Company, San Angelo, Texas; 9th Engineer Company, Phoenix, Ariz.; 1st 105-mm. Howitzer Battery, Chattanooga, Tenn.; 6th Special Truck Company, Sacramento, Calif.; 1st Tank Battalion, San Diego, Calif.; 1st Communication Support Battalion, New York, N.Y.; 5th Communication Company, Long Beach, Calif.; 1st Air Delivery Company, San Jose, Calif., and the 9th Staff Group (Ground) of Chicago.

Participating Air Reserve units were Marine Air Reserve Group-18, New Orleans, La.; Marine Air Reserve Group-21, Oakland, Calif.; Marine Air Reserve Group-23, Seattle, Wash.; Marine Air Control Squadron-18, Los Alamitos, Calif.; Marine Attack Squadron-213, Minneapolis, Minn.; Marine Attack Squadron-216, Seattle, Wash.; Marine Fighter Squadron-133, Oakland, Calif.; Marine Fighter Squadron-

TURN PAGE



Two umpires checked their situation map (L) while two others (above) declared a Marine a "casualty"





A simulated nuclear explosion rocked the desert floor and, in theory, made casualties of the "enemy" machine gun crew in the foreground

## CHARGER (cont.)

244, Oakland, Calif.; and Marine Attack Squadron-143, New Orleans, La.

In addition, helicopters from the Third Marine Aircraft Wing, men and aircraft from Observation Squadron-6, artillerymen from the Eleventh Marines, tankmen from the First Marine Division, Pathfinders from the 1st Force Reconnaissance Company, and communicators and drivers from Camp Pendleton, El Toro and Yuma took part in the exercise.

For the Reserve Marine pilots, "Operation Charger" was the final exam for those who underwent training at MCAS, El Toro, and MCAAS, Yuma. "Charger" was an important phase of the Air Reserve Summer Training program which was called "Operation Vigil." Throughout the Twentynine Palms maneuver, pilots and crewmen were used by both the aggressors and assault force in close air support missions, bombing runs, rescue missions, air delivery of rations, water, etc.

The Pathfinders had two 10-man teams on the scene. Each made three jumps in advance of helicopter assault landings. San Diego's 1st Tank Battalion provided the power punch. Their heavy mobile armor worked in conjunction with advancing infantry units and augmented fire power of artillery and mortar units wherever called upon. This year's desert operation was not new to the San Diego Reservists. They supplied the needed armor for victory last year during "Operation Handyman," the first air-ground exercise held at Twentynine Palms.

The 9th Staff Group and Marine Air Reserve Group-12 from Glenview, Ill., acted as ground and air coordinators, and saw the eight-month "paper battle" through to completion. By August 1, MAGTF-21 had assembled the operation order for "Operation Charger." It represented a three-pound 11-ounce pile of paper.

"From the start, the air was charged with excitement," Col Peacher said. "Realism grew with each month. It was a great experience, just short of war itself."

The colonel added, "Code-name 'Charger' was so tagged because the Reservists would be ever charging during the exercise. What made this a unique maneuver, however, was the minimum walking requirement." Trucks, tanks and helicopters were the key methods of transportation from one objective to another.

On August 13-14, Marine Reservists and Inspector-Instructor staff members arrived at Twentynine Palms by aircraft, bus, (text continued on page 85)





During a lull, four members of the fourth estate from Chicago drank an H<sub>2</sub>O toast to bolster their spirits



PFC Allan Randolph and Pvt Frank Cella of Gary, Ind., distracted the enemy with a female dummy which was also seen wearing a bikini



At the end of the maneuver, all units mustered on a hillside to witness a live firing demonstration by

Reserve-piloted aircraft. In addition to bombing and strafing runs, air delivery drops were made



*Submitted by H. N. Newell*  
 Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., (L) the renowned Marine artist, commanded the "Bluejacket Battalion," made up of Navy enlisted men, in Nicaragua in 1926



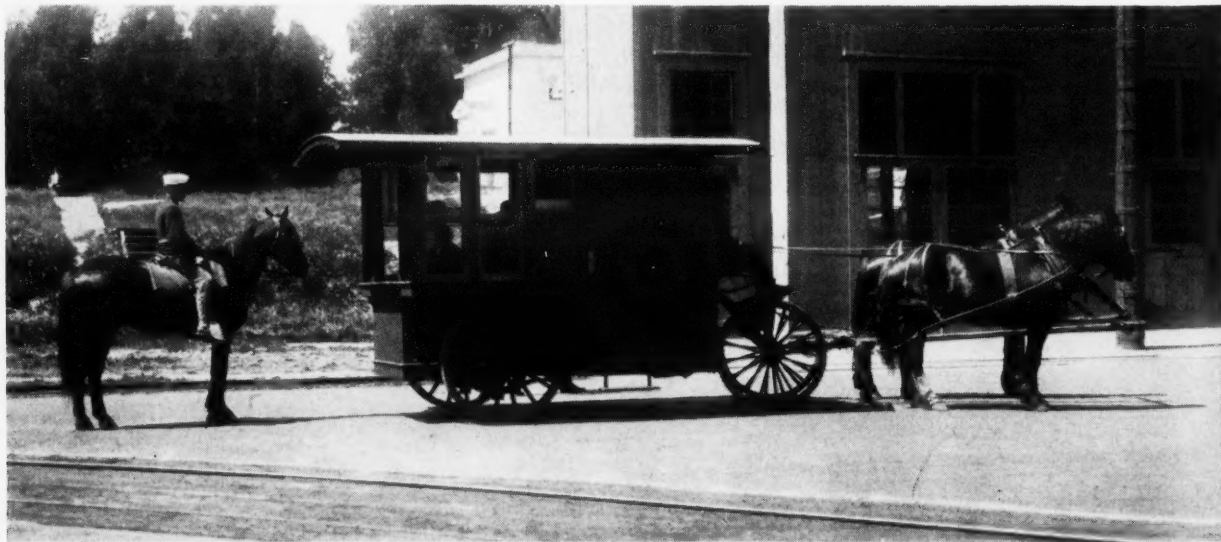
From time to time, readers have requested information about the Corps Album photos we have printed. The following list of names and addresses of this month's contributors will make it possible for readers to write directly to the owners of the pictures for identification or information not contained in the captions.

H. N. Newell  
 3909 Rickey Dr.  
 Oklahoma City, Okla.  
 Capt R. E. Jones  
 I-1, 95th Rifle Co., USMCR  
 USNMCRTC  
 Menominee Pk.  
 Oshkosh, Wis.  
 Paul Sarokin  
 1423 Valley Crest Blvd.  
 Annandale, Va.  
 J. W. Black  
 430 Cooper St.  
 Woodbury, N. J.

## CORPS ALBUM

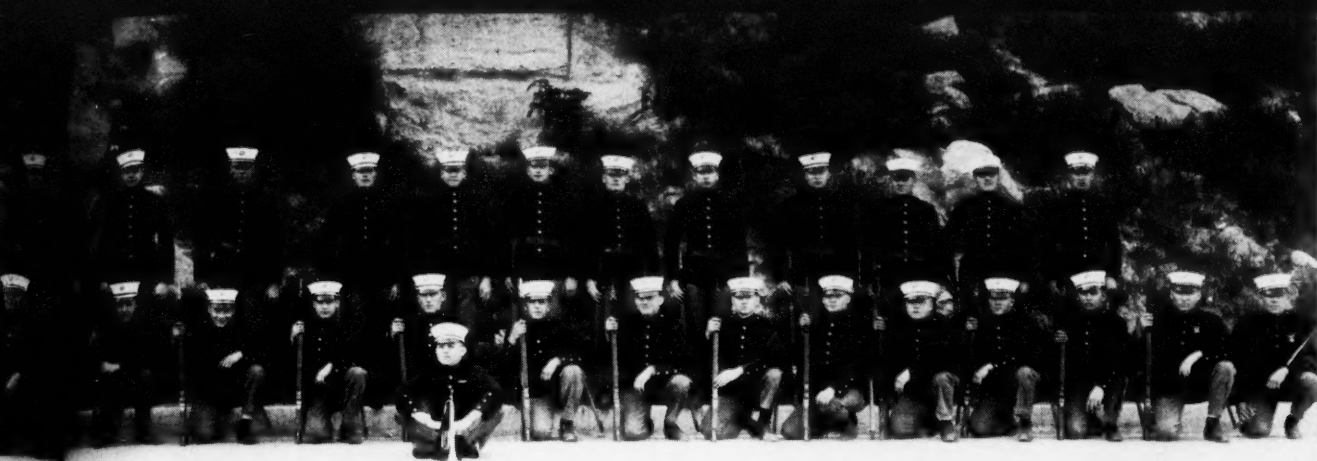
**H**ERE ARE some more of the Old Corps photos which we will print as a regular feature. *Leatherneck* will pay \$15.00 for old photos of this type accepted for publication. Please include date, out-

fit, or any other available identification. Mail your Old Corps photos to CORPS ALBUM EDITOR, *Leatherneck Magazine*, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. All photos will be returned.



A most welcome sight to Mare Island employees of the 1920s was this horse-drawn, Marine-guarded

*Submitted by Paul Sarokin*  
 cart which made the rounds of the shipyard, paying the civilian help's salaries in gold and silver coin



With the exception of their commanding officer and two enlisted men who were then aboard ship, the

*Submitted by Capt R. E. Jones*  
detachment of the battleship *USS Texas* sat for this group portrait ashore more than 40 years ago



The citizens of Philadelphia were given a look at the latest thing in military messing facilities as a

*Submitted by J. W. Black*  
detachment of World War I Marines set up a field kitchen at City Hall Plaza for a recruiting drive





# THE DISCONTENTED MARINE



[Originally printed in 1841]

It happened on the first of June,  
One fine and glorious afternoon,  
*Old Ironside* in all her pride,  
Along the ocean swift did glide;  
And 'tis well known in prose and  
song,

That few can swifter sail along  
Than this same frigate trim and tight,  
Beauteous to view yet dread in fight,  
At least last war she proved it so,  
Acknowledged even by her foe,  
Although the wind it was ahead,  
The yards braced up she onward  
sped:

With proper dignity and grace,  
She moved along with rapid pace;  
Whilst thus our ship pursued her  
way,

A poor Marine, half crazed they say,  
In the ice-gangway walked alone  
And thus his fate did sore bemoan:  
"Cursed be the day that I first joined  
The Marine Corps, and left behind  
The dear remembered joys of home  
Upon the ocean thus to roam—  
To be obliged to wear those clothes,  
Which do not suit me heaven knows;  
I, who broad-cloth coats have dash'd  
in,

With pantaloons of every fashion,  
Amongst the beaux in former days,  
And now to put up with these coarse  
grays,

It will not do; it is too bad;  
It is enough to drive one mad;  
And then the musket, my abhorrence,  
I'll shower my curses down in tor-  
rents

Upon the wretch who brought to light  
Keeping those dreadful engines  
bright:

White belts too—there's another evil;  
I wish they were all to the devil,  
For I've been always in a fluster  
To make those things pass off at  
muster;

They've kept me moving every day,  
Either with Brick-dust or pipe-clay;  
And then this keeping watch at night,  
Sailors may call this their delight,  
So let them like it; for with me  
This exercise does not agree—  
Rousing about, now pulling, hauling,  
The boatswains-mates' incessant bawl-  
ing;

And ungenteely shoved along  
By the meanest fellows 'mongst the  
throng;

And if in this case one but complains,  
He may get a drubbing for his pains,  
Can I stand this? Forbid it Heaven;  
The power to mortal man was given  
To free himself from persecution,  
Could he but pluck up resolution,  
So I by a leap determined, bold,  
Will free myself from trouble's hold;  
And thus do I snap the tender tie  
That binds me to my misery:  
My die is cast, my race is run:"

And saying this, he gave a leap  
And plunged into the mighty deep,  
"Man Overboard," was now the  
sound

Throughout the ship that echoed  
round,

And all was bustle, haste and noise,  
'Mongst officers, and men, and boys—

"Quick, quick, the bowlines clear way,  
The braces man without delay,  
Haul up the mainsail, lads d'ye hear,  
And some stand by the boat to clear."  
These orders promptly were obeyed,

For every one now lent his aid,  
Mariner-like, to try and save  
A shipmate from a watery grave:  
The life-buoys were quickly cut away,  
And on the Ocean's surface lay  
Some distance from the poor Marine,  
Who in the water might be seen  
Struggling, with all his might and  
main,

To try once more the ship to gain—  
For he, like Shakespeare's Clarence,  
found

How mighty "hard it was to drown;"  
Though but some minutes in the  
water,

His courage soon began to totter,  
And he prayed loudly, o'er and o'er,  
To be on board the ship once more:  
"My God, what came into my brain,  
To leap thus in the angry main,  
And leave you frigate, which I see  
Is fast receding now from me;  
What a damn'd ass I must have been,  
My error not before to've seen;  
I remember reading once, some stuff,  
That drowning was a pleasant death  
enough;

But he who wrote those lines I fear  
Was never placed as I am here,  
With sharks perhaps at my very  
shoulder,

(Good God, that thought makes me  
grow colder.)

And the only hope of my existence  
The frigate, at a good long distance:  
I say if he were in my place,  
He'd that assertion quick retrace;  
But Lord! my strength begins to leave  
me—

What's that? or do my eyes deceive  
me;

No, no, it is the boat I see  
Moving with rapid haste towards me;  
Pull out my lads, and give way  
stronger,

For I cannot hold out much longer."  
The boat now moved with rapid pace,  
And very quickly reached the place  
Where our poor Marine lay hard  
struggling,

And from his mouth the water  
gurgling:

The hardy crew soon grappled fast,  
He quickly in the boat was pass'd,  
And ere ten minutes had flew o'er  
He was on board the ship once more,  
The sails were trimmed, our bark  
again

Moved swiftly o'er the azure main,  
And the half-drowned Marine,  
'mongst the rest,

Agreed that SECOND THOUGHTS  
WERE BEST.

END



# GREAT BOUNTY FOR READERS.



A FOLIO, being a selection of ~  
events in the history of the  
CORPS chronicled by the ~  
Mffrs. TURNBLADH, SMITH, MONTROSS  
NALTY, and HEINL.

... ————— • ————— ...  
Including Articles ENTITLED:

The Committee on Nova Scotia  
Dear Ye Editor  
War With The Seminoles  
Olde Ironfides ~ Luckiest Ship  
Pirates and Pepper  
The Blue and the Gray  
The Last Banana War

By Order of Yr Obedient Servant,  
D.L. DICKSON, EDITOR.

# The COMMITTEE

Every Marine knows when his Corps came into existence. **By** *W. K.*

**I**N THE State House at Philadelphia, known today as Independence Hall, on Friday afternoon, November 10, 1775, the President of the Continental Congress, John Hancock, the wealthy merchant of Boston, sat with dignity in a high-back chair.

Early November twilight was almost upon the 50 delegates, meeting in the stately colonial room—but surprisingly small, it seems today. Dusk would soon require the candle light of the beautiful chandeliers.

Hancock called again for the report of the Committee on Nova Scotia, carried over from Thursday. The New England delegates perked up their ears, for the Committee was dealing with a project advocated by New England—a landing and seizure of the King's province of Nova Scotia, which jutted into the Atlantic like a mermaid on a rock.

A smile of approval crossed Hancock's face as the Committee asked for the raising of two battalions of Marines. They would be useful to make a landing on Nova Scotia.

Which member of the Committee read the report, we do not know, but it may have been John Adams of Massachusetts. The sessions of the wartime Continental Congress were hush-hush affairs. "The Debates . . . are impenetrable Secrets," wrote Adams to his wife Abigail.

The official *Journals* mention no debate on the raising of two battalions of Marines, and the writings of the Committee members are silent on the subject. Perhaps there was no debate, for the resolution was adopted that very Friday.

The Marines to be thereby enlisted would not be the first American Marines, but—what is significant—they were to compose the first battalion-strength units, designed for an amphibious mission.

Before that time, American Marines were enlisted merely for shipboard duty. On October 13, 1775, the Continental Congress had directed that two vessels, of 10 and 14 guns, be fitted out. One was to have 80 men, including Marines. Adams, a leading member of the Naval Committee, as well as of the Committee on Nova Scotia, was ardently planning a fleet, to be started on a shoestring of four ships. He had been contemplating the enlistment of Marines, as well as seamen. But their duty was expected to be hardly more than the routine task which the Royal Marines had long performed in ships of the British Navy. They were the ship's police. They checked resistance or mutiny among 18th century sailors who were governed by the lash.

The Committee on Nova Scotia, appointed on November 2, consisted of five members. Besides Adams, there was John Jay of New York, due to become the first Chief Justice of the United States; Silas Deane of Connecticut; John Langdon of New Hampshire; and Stephen Hopkins, nine times Governor of Rhode Island, whose brother, Esek, became commander-in-chief of the first American Navy.

The most urbane member of the Committee on Nova Scotia—as well as of the Naval Committee—was Hopkins. In Adams' references to the man, then almost 70, we get a picture of the nights when the Committee met and talked of raising Marine battalions.

"When the business of the evening was over," wrote Adams, "he kept us in conversation till eleven and sometimes twelve o'clock. His custom was to drink nothing all day, nor till eight o'clock in the evening, and then his beverage was Jamaica spirit and water. It gave him wit, humor, anecdotes, science and learning. He had read Greek, Roman, and British history, and was familiar with English poetry, particularly Pope, Thomson, and Milton,

and the flow of his soul made all his reading our own."

The evening meetings of the Committee on Nova Scotia were perhaps—like those of the Naval Committee—held at "a room in a public house." That was identified as the Tun Tavern, where Marines were recruited after the proprietor joined.

Morning sessions, before the day at Congress, may have begun over a breakfast of buckwheat cakes, a favorite at Mrs. Yard's boarding house on Second Street, where Adams and other New England delegates were staying.

The Committee on Nova Scotia drafted three resolutions, which they introduced on either the 9th or the 10th of November. How much Congress heard from the Committee on Thursday, when the report was carried over, we do not know. Each of the "resolves" concerned the subject delegated to the Committee—specifically, the petition of a number of Nova Scotians to join the American cause.

To understand the Nova Scotia dream, which many New Englanders cherished throughout the Revolution, we must dig back into history. We start at 1713 when the British took the land from the French and changed its old name of Acadia to Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. In 1755 thousands of French inhabitants were exiled to Louisiana, among them Longfellow's heroine, Evangeline.

After the exile the British encouraged other settlers to come. A number arrived from Europe, but New England furnished the most. Between 1760 and 1763, more than 4000 New Englanders settled in Nova Scotia. The province then included Cape Breton Island, Prince Edward Island, and what is now New Brunswick, to which Nova Scotia is joined by a narrow peninsula. At the outbreak of the American Revolution at least half the population was of New England stock. A number of them

# ON NOVA SCOTIA

Now know why it was organized

by Edwin Turnbladh

dwelt at Halifax, which the British since 1749 had built into a military and naval base. The town grew rapidly as a port and a shipbuilding center. Other New Englanders moved onto farms left by the Acadians.

In 1775, it was supposed by American rebels—the "Bostonians," as the Nova Scotians termed them, whether from Massachusetts or Georgia—that the former New Englanders would rally to the cause. Instead, the majority of them turned out to be neutral. They traded with New England, yes, and there were sentimental ties, but they also conducted a profitable business with the British. At the passage of the hated Stamp Act of 1765 the Nova Scotians were among the few American colonists who did not object. Their indifference caused Adams to condemn the former New Englanders. "A set of fugitives and vagabonds," he labeled them, "who are . . . kept in fear by a fleet and an army."

Hardly did Paul Revere get his horse back into the barn before the dream of seizing Nova Scotia burgeoned. It had its inception at the fishing and lumbering village of Machias on the Maine coast, bordering Nova Scotia. Here a village minister, the Reverend James Lyon, a kind of firebrand mixture of Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, became leader of the plot. He formed a Committee of Safety, like others in American towns, but the chief preoccupation of the Machias group was how to get Nova Scotia.

The Committee persuaded their neighbors of the Passamaquoddy Bay area and the St. John Valley to also organize a Committee of Safety and, moreover, to petition the Continental Congress to join the "Association of the United Colonies."

A previous scheme known as the "Machias Plan" had been described by letter to General Washington in August, 1775. It suggested a force of a thousand

soldiers and a fleet of four armed vessels and eight transports to move upon Halifax and seize the province.

Washington was emphatically opposed. In replying, he pointed especially to "our weakness and the Enemy's Strength at Sea." The invading Americans would, he said, "fall an easy prey either to the Men of War on that station, or some who would be detach'd from Boston." "Moreover," concluded Washington, "our Situation as to Ammunition absolutely forbids a single ounce out of the Camp at present." Raise a local force if you want to try it, he said, but he would not bless such a plan.

The objections by Washington did not, however, slow up the Committee of Safety at Machias. Their further activity produced in November, 1775, the petition by the Nova Scotians to the Continental Congress, whose orders Washington could not ignore.

Upon receipt of the petition, Congress appointed the Committee on Nova Scotia. It instructed them to "report what steps, in their opinion, it may be proper to take in consequence of this application, for the preservation of the liberties of America."

Thus it came about that, on November 10, 1775, Congress voted the resolutions brought forward by the Committee on Nova Scotia. In so doing, the Continental Congress unknowingly fixed the birthday of the Marine Corps, the date officially designated by Major General John A. Lejeune, the Commandant, in 1921.

The Committee on Nova Scotia had tied three resolutions into a bundle, what we would call today a package deal:

(1) *Resolved*, That two persons be sent at the expense of these colonies to Nova Scotia to enquire into the state of that colony, the disposition of the inhabitants towards the American cause and the condition of the

fortifications, docks, yards, the quantity of artillery and warlike stores and the number of soldiers, sailors and ships of war there and transmit the earliest intelligence to General Washington.

(2) *Resolved*, That General Washington be directed, in case he should judge it practicable and expedient, to send into that colony a sufficient force to take away the cannon and warlike stores and to destroy the docks, yards and magazines, and to take or destroy any ships of war and transports there belonging to the enemy.

(3) *Resolved*, That two Battalions of Marines be raised, consisting of one Colonel, two Lieutenant Colonels, two Majors, and other officers as usual in other regiments; and that they consist of an equal number of privates with other battalions; that particular care be taken, that no person be appointed to office, or enlisted into said Battalions, but such as are good seamen, or so acquainted with maritime affairs as to be able to serve to advantage by sea when required; that they be enlisted and commissioned to serve for and during the present war between Great Britain and the Colonies, unless dismissed by order of Congress: that they be distinguished by the names of the first and second battalions of American Marines, and that they be considered as part of the number which the continental Army before Boston is ordered to consist of.

The Secretary of Congress, Charles Thomson, was to see that "a copy of the above be transmitted to the General," and about five o'clock, after their customary session since ten, the members of Congress departed for the day.

It should be noted that the Continental Congress did not create the term: Marine Corps. It was General Washington who first sanctioned that name. In a letter to Congress on December 18, 1775, he wrote: "I shall obey the Orders of Congress in looking out for proper Officers to command that





Corps." During the years of the American Revolution, however, Washington was never enthusiastic about the idea of Marines. He needed every available man for his small army, which fell to scarcely 12,000 men after the Christmas of 1775.

The Committee on Nova Scotia did not suggest creating a Marine Corps. In fact, the Marine Corps, as a permanent organization, dates from 1798. But why did the Committee recommend specifically two battalions—not one or three?

In the hushed proceedings there exists no clue, but a letter written to Hancock on May 28, 1775, is of pertinent interest. It was sent from Stonington, Connecticut, by a Colonel Henry Babcock, a veteran of the French and Indian War. "I should be extremely obliged to you," wrote the colonel, "if you would please to lay before the Hon'ble the Continental Congress the following Proposal: that I have leave to raise two Battalions of Marines."

There seems to be no record of Hancock's reply, but he may have mentioned the colonel's suggestion to other delegates, thus fixing the notion of two battalions.

The resolutions of the Committee on Nova Scotia were news to General Washington, who had not been advised beforehand. But, with a characteristic sense of duty, though hardly with approval, he appointed two men, as provided by the first resolution, to go to Nova Scotia on a reconnaissance. He chose a Captain Aaron Willard of the Massachusetts militia and a citizen, Moses Child, recommended by Willard.

The two men set out on their expedition with certain odds against them. The British, apprehensive of invasion of Nova Scotia, had declared a state of martial law. Moreover, the Royal Governor, Francis Legge, was forbidding any stranger to linger in Nova Scotia unaccountably for more than two hours, or be received by any Nova Scotian without informing the officials.

As a result, Willard and Child, fearful of their own safety, came back in February, 1776, with a worthless, second-hand report. It was wholly unsatisfactory to Washington, who received the two men at his Cambridge, Massachusetts, headquarters. The two scouts had barely entered the province, and their information was, as Washington explained to Congress, mostly hearsay. Of course, even had their report been reliably favorable to invasion—instead of unsoundly so—it is probable that Washington would still have been opposed. He did send the reconnaissance team, but at almost the same time he wrote to Congress: "... it is next to impossible to attempt anything there (in Nova Scotia) in the present

and unsettled state of the Army."

Washington was absorbedly interested in striking at the British in Canada. But he preferred moving by land—not by sea, where, he felt, the British Navy could foil any attempt. The general was, at that very time, sending Colonel Benedict Arnold on an overland campaign, charging Arnold to make himself "Master of Quebec." In Washington's view the "reduction of Quebec" was an "object of . . . great importance"—far more so than Halifax.

The Nova Scotia project fell through, therefore, mainly because of Washington's opposition. Its failure was fortunate for the American cause. Major General Howe and the British fleet which departed Boston on March 17, 1776, brought both ships and men to Halifax, where they awaited reinforcements. And although the defenses of the port were decayed and ineffectual, there were British soldiers all over the province.

Instead of two battalions of American Marines landing in Nova Scotia, two battalions of British Marines were sent to Halifax by order of Lord Germaine on February 1, 1776!

Yet the dream of seizing Nova Scotia died hard. New Englanders did not give up easily. Washington commended "the zeal you exhibit," but he remained adamant. The French Alliance of 1778 led to a new petition. "Nova Scotia has long ago expressed its wishes to be adopted by us," wrote the Committee on Foreign Affairs of Congress, "and now afresh solicits." Even Lafayette favored seizing Nova Scotia, as well as the rest of Canada. In January, 1777, Hancock, writing to the Massachusetts Assembly, envisaged the "vast advantages and the Glory" which he thought would result from such an expedition.

What would really have been the results of a landing on Nova Scotia?

In 1904, a writer in *The American Historical Review* ventured the belief that "had this province made a 14th state in the Union, there is little doubt that the difficulty of England's holding Canada, especially during the season when the St. Lawrence is frozen, would have been enormously increased, and it is probable that England, like her rival France, would have been driven out of America."

However this may have been, the visionary Nova Scotia scheme holds only academic interest at this late date. It is significant today merely because it inspired the Continental Congress to pass the resolution on November 10, 1775, which authorized the raising of two battalions of Marines. And George Washington did his part by dignifying the organization with the name of a corps.

END



# Dear Ye Editor.....

by Earl Smith

## Snodstitch and Trumboli were Leatherneck's first headaches

20 May 1779

*Leatherneck* Editorial Office  
Tun Tavern, Philadelphia  
Back Room

Colonel John Cadwalader III  
General Washington's Staff  
Continental Army Headquarters  
West Point, New York

My dear Colonel Cadwalader,

I beg yr indulgence on matter that is most annoying and painful to yr obedient servant. As ye know, this periodical endeavors to inform the services and the public on the conduct of the war, but I find this increasingly difficult, since my only writer-artist team has disappeared. My last communication from these scoundrels was September of last year when I received a long-winded story on General Benedict Arnold, which I have hung on the spike for possible future use. Since then, nothing.

The names of these ingrates are Herman Snodstitch, a Sergeant of Marines, who writes, and a Lance Corporal Jonathan Trumboli, who sketches. I have a sneaking suspicion they are lollying around the General's headquarters, and probably think I was done in by the Redcoats when they overran Philadelphia last Winter. They will find, to their sorrow, that I was not. In fact, we quite efficiently evacuated to a nearby hamlet, and only missed one issue.

If ye should observe this worthless pair around the headquarters, I would be most grateful if ye would throw them in irons and so inform me.

I am, gratefully, yr obedient servant.

Ambrose Brisbane, Colonel,  
Continental Marines  
Ye Editor  
*Ye Leatherneck*

\* \* \*

5 June 1779

HQ. Continental Army  
West Point, New York

Dear Ye Editor,

Yr letter of recent date to Col Cadwalader has been referred to us for reply. Corporal Trumboli



# DEAR YE EDITOR (cont.)

and myself are indeed happy to learn that ye have again taken up yr offices in the old back room of Tun Tavern. These have been bad months, believe me, Sir, not knowing whether our kind, considerate and true guiding hand had suffered indignities at the hands of the British, or what manner of horrible privations yet might have been made to endure. 'Tis a joyful day, Sir, and we delight in the knowledge that ye are safe, that Philadelphia is safe, and that our jobs are safe.

Ye must, we beg of ye, not be displeased with Corporal Trumboli and me; we are, even now, on our way to join the Marines on board the Continental frigate Warren, lying in Boston harbor. Sharpen up yr editorial pen for it has been rumored (and, please, dear ye editor, this is hush-hush-hush) that the Marines on board the Warren will see action in a very short time. Perhaps ye have heard further rumors regarding the deployment of this ship; if so, please pass them on, along with orders (and money) to report aboard for duty exclusively as yr correspondent and artist (ye remember Trumboli; tall, dark hair, one shifty eye). Please address us: Continental Frigate Warren, Boston Harbor.

Respectfully submitted,  
Herman Snodstitch, Sergeant, Marines

P.S. Our expense account for the year 1778 is enclosed

Beads .....	\$ 3.57
Meals (three a day for Corporal Trumboli and myself; 2190 @ .75) .....	\$1642.50
Laundry .....	4.23
Entertainment .....	900.01
Ring .....	5.98
Feed and lodging for horses .....	13.69
Additional horse .....	15.00
Minister .....	2.50
Ink .....	.13
Side saddle .....	2.79

P.P.S. Corporal Trumboli married an Indian maiden three weeks ago.

\* \* \*

PONYGRAM 1 July 1779  
Deliver Immediately Ye Leatherneck  
Office of Ye  
Editor  
Tun Tavern, Phila.  
Back Room

For Sergeant Herman Snodstitch and Corporal Jonathan Trumboli. Enclosed is draft for five dollars to cover expenses for year 1778. Beads! Ring! Side saddle! Corporal Trumboli, give yr wife back to the Indians and get on board that ship.

Have also heard rumors of activity in area of

Penobscot Bay. Expect full coverage of Marine action. Story and sketches better be good or I'll be sharpening up something other than my editorial pen.

Col. Ambrose Brisbane  
Ye Editor  
Ye Leatherneck

\* \* \*

14 July 1779  
Aboard the frigate Warren  
Continental Navy  
(temporary deployed with  
New England States Navy)

Dear Ye Editor,

As ye will perceive by the above notation, Corporal Trumboli and myself are now unhappily ensconced aboard ship. Please, Sir, we do not wish to sound bitter, but all manner of unfair treatment has befallen us since our arrival. We are galley slaves, dear editor, Sir; but that is only a part of the time. We have had to holystone the decks and polish the brightwork. We are also the garbage detail. Every day we dump cans of the smelly stuff off the stern and wash down the cans. We are also being discriminated against, since we are not carried on the roster as combat troops—we are not allowed a grog ration and are made to sleep in an abandoned lifeboat which has no canvas. Corporal Trumboli and myself are both suffering from severe colds and have received severe reprimands from a Doctor Schmegler for sneezing while stirring pots of stew in the galley. We are also his assistants and roll bandages for him whenever he can catch us idle.

Sir, we would mightily appreciate anything ye can do to soften the good Captain's heart and get us off these troublesome details.

Corporal Trumboli is very sad; he misses his wife whom he left with relatives. They have their teepees pitched four miles north of Boston on the bank of a river.

Ye will find enclosed a complete account of the Marine Detachment aboard the Warren, with sketches by Corporal Trumboli. Ye will undoubtedly notice that his sketches have a primitive touch. If you could, perhaps in yr next letter, tell Trumboli that his sketches will have to improve. Indeed, I believe he is going Indianatic.

I have heard, around the scuttlebutt, that we will be clearing the harbor on July 19. If you do not hear from us soon ye will know we are in the hands of the British—and truly, dear ye editor, that might be a lot more pleasant than it is here on this blasted ship.

Our expense accounts follows.

Ink .....	\$ .07
Lodging at the Artists & Writers Inn. ....	10.00

Dictionary of Naval Terms .....	.79
Seasick Pills .....	6.85
Paper .....	.10
Headache tablets (for Mrs. Trumboli) .....	1.75
Book on Indian Sign Language (for Cpl Trumboli) .....	.99
Beads .....	2.29
Meals .....	.35*
(* This expenditure is low because Mrs. Trumboli offered to prepare all food on our trip to Boston. It was indeed, nourishing, but I must confess I'm sick of roots and berries.)	
Tips .....	30.00

Respectfully Submitted,  
Yr unhappy servants,  
Herman Snodstitch, Sergeant, Marine and  
Jonathan Trumboli, Lance Corporal.

P.S. Corporal Trumboli has been accepted by Mrs. Trumboli's tribe and is now War Counselor.

\* \* \*



Ponygram  
Deliver Immediately  
Ye Leatherneck  
Office of Ye Editor  
Tun Tavern, Philadelphia  
Back Room

For Sergeant Herman Snodstitch, etc. Rumor has it that ye are on a stupid mission. Understand New England Militia and their Jack-leg navy are fighting war of their own which they will lose. Cover only Continental Marine activities.

Now Sergeant, yr coverage of Marines on board very skimpy. Corporal Trumboli's sketches look like they were done by gorilla with arthritis. Trumboli, take off yr war paint and get to work or it's the stocks

for ye when ye get back. Sorry, can do nothing about yr plight on board the *Warren*. Have only one word of advice: **HIDE**.

Regret that grog ration is denied ye. Rum flowing as usual here at old Bob Mullan's Tun Tavern. We pass the evening drinking goblets of it, along with the delectable cookies yr mother sends ye every week. Ye wouldn't want them to go stale, would ye?

Deadline on Marine action story will be August 1,— and ye'd best be making it!

Enclosed is draft for \$3.52. This will cover expenses for ink, \$.07; paper, \$.10; meals, \$.35 and 10% of the \$30.00 tip expenditure ye claimed. All other expenses have been disallowed.

Colonel Ambrose Brisbane  
Ye Editor  
Ye Leatherneck  
\* \* \*

14 August 1779  
With the New England Militia  
Fort George  
(Outside the fence)

Dear Ye Editor,

Corporal Trumboli and myself beg yr indulgence since we failed to meet our August 1 deadline. But, please, Sir, do not let it go hard with us; we are indeed not to blame. We (and the attacking Marines) have been sitting outside the shoulder-high fence of Fort George for 16 days awaiting action. The friendly Indians have been questioning us about the delay in attacking the fort, but it has been very difficult for us to explain the situation to them in sign language. The truth of the matter is, Sir, that no one is commanding this expedition, and we are now fighting a waiting battle among ourselves, while Brigadier McLean, the British commander, is strengthening his defenses within the fort. It seems, Sir, that the general who is commanding our land forces refuses to take the fort until the commodore commanding the ships fires on the fort and destroys the British cannon. The commodore, on the other hand, refuses to fire on the fort until our militia destroys the fort's cannon. And this is why we missed our deadline.

And, Sir, I do believe nothing will come of this battle. Paul Revere is here, in charge of artillery. Do we want an article on him and his home life? He sure has plenty of time to tell us about it.

Very Respectfully,  
Herman Snodstitch, Sergeant and  
Jonathan Trumboli, Lance Corporal

P.S. Ye will note, probably with pleasure, that we are not submitting an expense account with this letter. Although, it may be deemed an act of mutiny, we will, when we return to Philadelphia, take up this matter of expense accounts with the Continental



# WAR with the SEMINOLES

by Lynn Montross

**T**HE MAY morning was bright and sunny as the middle-aged Marine colonel carefully locked the outside door to his office while an aide waited with his horse. It was like the colonel to tack up a notice himself instead of delegating the job to an understrapper. In a bold, flowing script, it read as follows:

*Gone to Florida to fight the Indians.  
Will be back when the war is over.*

Thus, according to legend, did Colonel Commandant Archibald Henderson take his unceremonious leave of official Washington in May, 1836. Never did it occur to the 53-year-old warrior that he was not of an age to lead his men in person through trackless swamps and palmetto jungles.

Although *The Marines' Hymn* doesn't mention Tampa, Miami or Key West, the Marines had some hard campaigns in Florida. For if ever a conflict separated the men from the boys, it was the Second Seminole War which dragged on from 1835 to 1842.

It has the further distinction of being the first war in which the small Marine Corps was represented by a regiment. An Act of Congress on June 30, 1934, had increased the Marine strength from 919 officers and men to 1282. Control was vested in the Secretary of the Navy, but the President had authority to order the Marines to duty with the Army. President Andrew Jackson didn't find it necessary, for Col Henderson offered the services of a Marine regiment and was promptly accepted.

Then, as now, the Marines took pride in their readiness to adopt innovations. Henderson's men have a good claim to being the first troops to use two new forms of transportation—the steamship and the steam railway, both of which were still in an early experimental stage in 1836. The forthright Commandant divided his regiment into two battalions, the first of which he com-

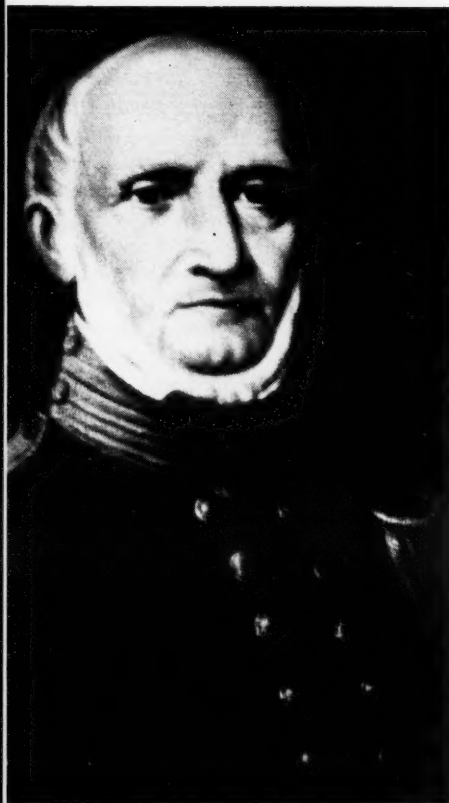
manded himself. His Marines assembled in the Norfolk area from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and embarked on the chartered steamer *Columbus* to Charleston, S. C. There they entrained on June 2, 1836, and proceeded to the end of the country's longest railway line at Augusta, Ga.

It probably did not occur to Henderson and his Marines that they were creating tactical history. Up to this time, strange as it may seem, troops could not move any faster than the Roman legions led by Julius Caesar. It took the steamship and railway to usher in a new age of military transportation 20 centuries later.

Neither the paddle-wheel steamer, depending partly on sail, nor the little railway cars modeled after stage coaches could have been very efficient by modern standards. But they must have provided an exciting adventure for Marines who were among the first Americans to travel overland at the dizzy speed of 20 miles per hour behind a spark-belching engine burning pitch-pine from woodpiles along the right of way.

Upon arrival at Augusta, the Marines paid for their fun with a 224-mile march on foot to Columbus, Ga., in the early Summer heat. Lieutenant Colonel William H. Freeman's battalion was not far behind, having assembled at New York and sailed by steamship to Charleston to make the same rail trip and road march to Columbus. There the regiment of some 700 officers and men comprised more than half the total strength of the Marine Corps. It had been necessary to strip ships' detachments and navy yard contingents to the bone in order to mount an expeditionary force of such size.

The Marine private of 1836 drew from \$6 to \$10 per month. A sergeant major could expect \$17 a month and a second lieutenant \$25. You had to make lieutenant colonel to rate as



Colonel Commandant Archibald Henderson's incredible 53-year career as a Marine ended with his death in 1859. He had been the grand old man of the Corps

# Never did it occur to the 53-year-old Archibald Henderson that he was not of an age to lead his Marines through Florida's trackless swamps

much as \$75. The computed value of rations ranged from 15¢ to 20¢ per day, but a ration included a daily gill (one-fourth pint) of grog, a potent mixture of rum and water.

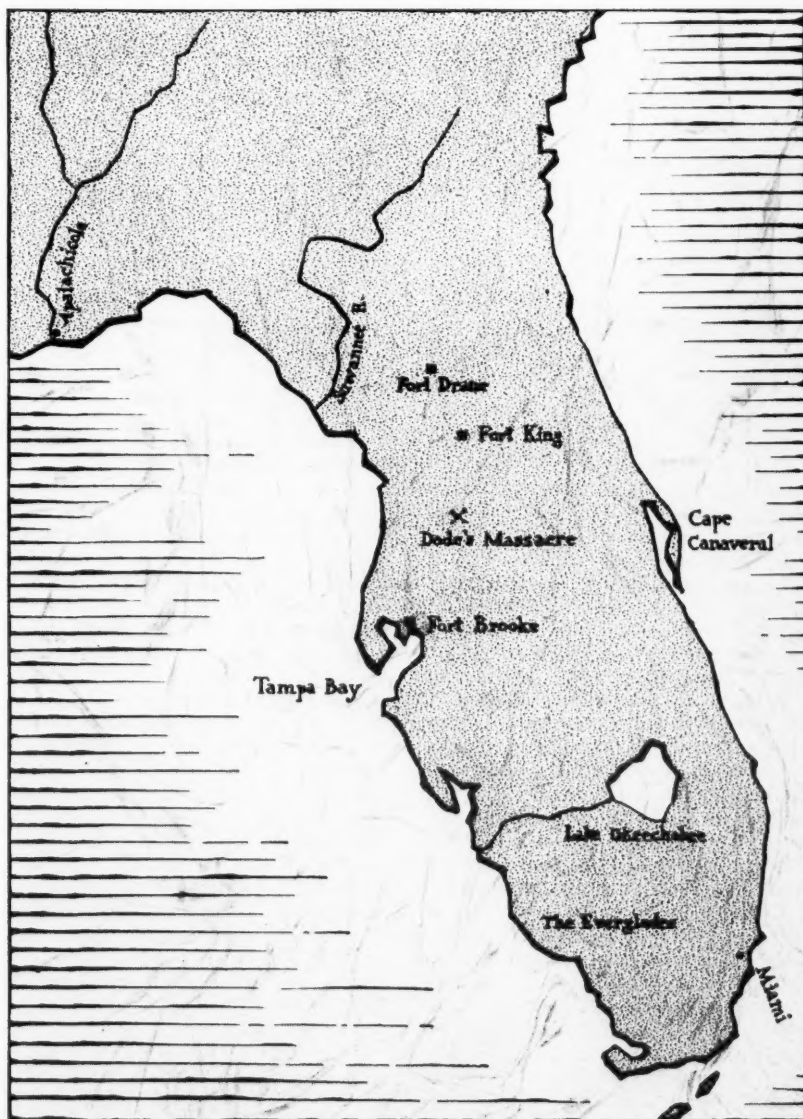
The trouble with the Creeks and Seminoles had begun when the encroachments of white settlers led to the usual Indian retaliations of massacre and scalping. By 1832, the Indians were so beaten down that they consented to be moved to reservations west of the Mississippi. After two years of delay, U. S. Army Brigadier General Wiley Thompson went to Florida with a regiment of Regulars to put the removal into effect. Unfortunately, he showed his authority by imprisoning Chief Osceola of the Seminoles on charges of insolence and putting him in irons for a day.

It was not an insult to be endured by a proud chief who was the son of an Englishman, William Powell, and a Creek mother. He ended the removal proceeding abruptly by leading his people on the warpath. This was the beginning of a seven-year conflict that ranks as the nation's greatest Indian war.

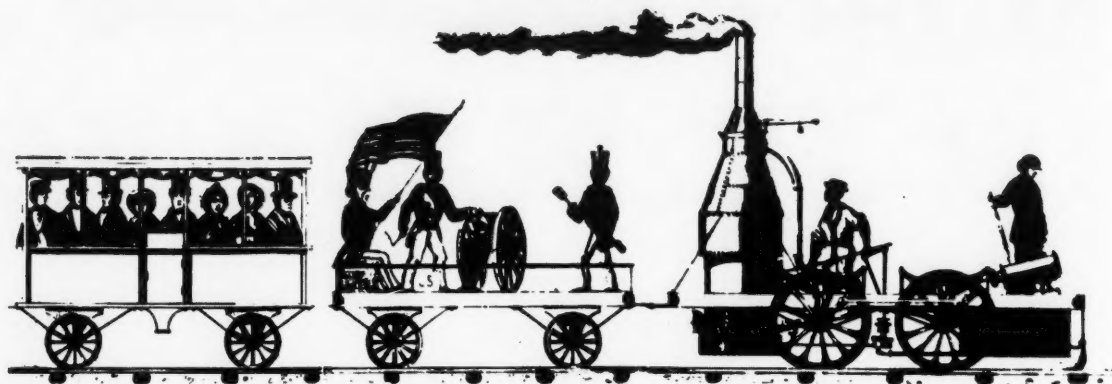
"The Seminoles," according to Gerald W. Johnson, in his biography of Andrew Jackson, "were a sort of ethnological wastebasket for the Indian tribes. If an Indian wasn't anything else, then he was a Seminole."

However this may be, the tribe actually had descended largely from fugitives and outlaws of three races who found a refuge in Florida's swamps and forests. Renegade Indians of a dozen tribes, white men who had cheated the gallows, runaway Negro slaves—they mingled their blood with that of the original Seminoles, and the product was a fierce tribe of fighting men.

Even so, they took a licking from Andrew Jackson in the First Seminole War (1817-1818) while Florida was



Today, the "Sunshine State" lures tourists from all over the world. But, 130 years ago, only the bravest invaded the Seminoles' domain



In 1836, Colonel Henderson and his Marines rode on a train such as this from Charleston, S. C., to

Augusta, Ga., on the second leg of a journey that would, for speed of transport, make tactical history

## SEMINOLES (cont.)

still claimed by Spain. His roughshod invasion created a tense international situation, but it ended well two years later when Spain ceded Florida to the United States for the equivalent of \$5,000,000.

The difference between the Seminole defeat of 1817-1818 and the fanatical resistance of 1835-1842 is explained simply by the leadership of Osceola, one of the greatest of all Indian warriors. He made it known to Gen Thompson, after release from his day in irons, that he would kill any Seminole agreeing to removal. On December 28, 1835, he was as good as his word when Chief Charlie Emartha submitted to Thompson's demands. Not only did Osceola strangle him with his own hands; he also surprised and killed Thompson himself and five of his friends at Fort King, near the present site of Gainesville. In revenge for his humiliation, Osceola scalped the American General, although he wasn't ordinarily addicted to the practice.

That same day, another group of Osceola's warriors ambushed Major Dade, who was marching with a hundred Army Regulars to reinforce Fort Drane, just west of Fort King. Only four soldiers escaped and they died of wounds.

As the new year began, it grew evident that the Army had a tough nut to crack in Florida. Brigadier General Edmund P. Gaines landed at Tampa on February 10, 1836, with 1100 Regulars

and volunteers from New Orleans. He took the field at once, but his drive into the interior ended three weeks later when he was attacked and besieged at Fort King. He suffered grievous losses from enemy action and disease before being rescued by a column of reinforcements.

General Winfield Scott arrived in March, but the Army commander-in-chief had no more success than his subordinates. On June 28 he was recalled to Washington for a Congressional investigation of his conduct of the war. Civilian legislators were unable to understand why the Seminoles hadn't been rounded up immediately and sent to their new homes. It didn't occur to them that 3000 Indians under such a leader as Osceola would be a formidable enemy for a thousand soldiers in terrain suited to guerrilla warfare.

This was the situation in August, when Col Henderson marched into Florida with his battalion. The other battalion followed and in October the regiment reassembled near Apalachicola. Meanwhile, the Marines of the West Indies Squadron, under Commodore A. J. Dallas, USN, had been cooperating with the Army. Shortly after the Dade massacre, a detachment of 57 Marines and seven bluejackets from the *St. Louis* and *Constellation* garrisoned Fort Brooke under Marine First Lieutenant N. S. Waldron. The force arrived just in time to beat off an Indian attack that might otherwise have succeeded.

When Henderson's regiment arrived, Waldron and his Marines took to their ships. They later had a part in several expeditions, one of which involved two

Marine officers, 97 Marines and 50 Sailors in a seaborne patrol of the coast from Key West to the present site of Miami.

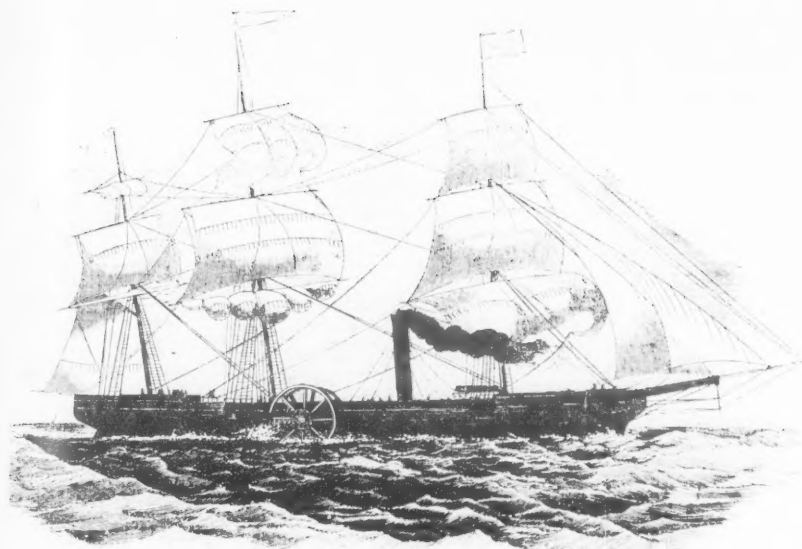
Henderson's men had long since discarded the tall caps and frock coats of their regular uniform. They found their white fatigues better suited to Florida weather. Some of the Marines were among the first U. S. troops armed with the new-fangled Colt rifle. Unhappily, it was prone to spontaneous explosions, and the Marines were glad to return to the dependable smoothbore musket. At least, it didn't fire until you pulled the trigger.

Late in 1836, the new Army chief, Major General Thomas Sydney Jesup, prepared to launch a decisive blow. He divided his troops into two task forces and gave Henderson the command of one. During the first days of January, 1837, the Marine colonel moved out eastward from Fort Brooke with a Georgia volunteer regiment, a battalion of friendly Indians, his own Marine regiment, and two Army regiments, infantry and artillery.

The strategic plan called for a converging drive of this task force and the one under Jesup in central Florida. Henderson's tactics consisted almost literally of "beating the bushes" for an elusive enemy. The doughty Commandant stood the strain as well as his men, and he was equally disappointed when the redskins could not be brought to bay.

It was a new type of warfare for Marines recruited largely from old Atlantic Seaboard communities. For the Indians were not the only enemies in the Florida bush. There were four varieties of poisonous snakes—the





Henderson's men have a good claim to being the first troops to make a tactical movement on a paddle-wheeled ship, such as the one at left. They sailed from Norfolk to Charleston in 1836

copperhead, the moccasin, the deadly little coral snake, and diamond-back rattlers of horrendous size. As if these weren't enough to plague a man, there were mosquitoes, according to the Marines, as big as robins, but not as friendly.

Day after day passed without Henderson's men being able to pin down a retreating enemy who was always ready to ambush an unwary detachment. It is said to have been the Seminole War, in fact, which inspired the old tactical formula:

"Find 'em! Fix 'em! Fight 'em!"

Only once did Henderson manage to put the formula into effect. He made it so hot for the withdrawing Indians that they were forced to abandon their camp, leaving horses and squaws behind. They attempted to make a stand on the far bank of the unfordable Hatchee-Lustee river, but enough Marines and Army Regulars swam the stream to attack the position. The Indians fled after heavy losses and the pursuit continued until they were scattered into the swamps at dusk. Henderson and several of his officers were recommended for brevet rank as the reward of bravery in this single action of a Winter's campaign.

Jesup had his best results with operations planned to starve the Seminoles into submission. He laid waste their crops and ravaged their hunting grounds until several chiefs had enough. They agreed to assemble their hungry people in camps near Tampa Bay for ship transportation to the Mississippi.

The war was thought to be at an end. Volunteers and militia were sent home, and the Marines were ordered back to their posts and stations in the North.

Colonel Henderson and his regiment departed on May 22, 1837, leaving behind two companies (189 men) under Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Miller.

Osceola soon proved that his foes were deluding themselves. He led his braves back on the warpath after raiding the camps and carrying away any Seminoles willing to emigrate. Jesup reported that his campaign was a failure and asked to be relieved. Before his departure he struck a last blow. Osceola was seized when he came for a conference, trusting in a flag of truce. Captivity was the death of a great Indian leader, for he wasted away after only a few months of imprisonment at Charleston.

The Seminole chief seemed to have bequeathed his invincible spirit to braves provided with arms by Spanish agents. On Christmas Day, 1837, they made a stand against a brigade commanded by Brigadier General Zachary Taylor, and both sides took grievous losses in a battle on the southern shore of Lake Okeechobee.

Miller's two Marine companies garrisoned forts as the war settled into a stalemate, with the Seminoles finding a haven in the Everglades. Marines of the West Indies Squadron took part with the Navy in the operations of the so-called Mosquito Fleet. By 1841 this organization included seven small vessels, two barges and 140 canoes manned by 470 Sailors and 130 Marines, co-operating with Gen Taylor by penetrating up the rivers.

The end came as an anticlimax in 1842 when the Great White Father simply gave it up as a bad job. Some of the weary Seminoles went peacefully to their new homes in the West, and

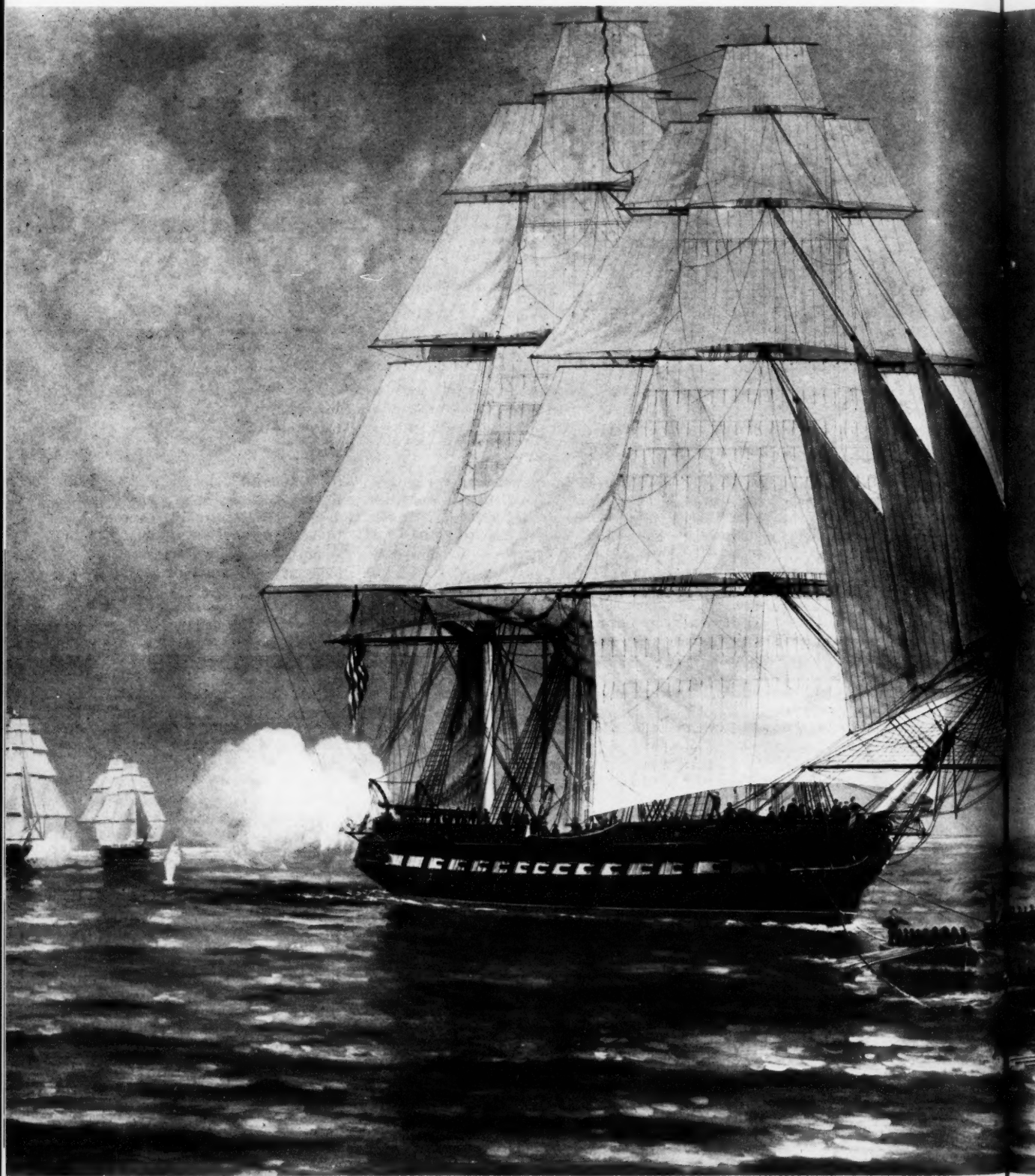
the remainder were granted a reservation in the Everglades. There, to this day, the descendants of Osceola's unbeaten warriors are still at the old stand. No longer, however, do they fight the white man; they have found it more profitable to sell him curios.

It was a small war by modern standards, yet a man died as irrevocably in 1837 as today. A total of 1446 soldiers in the little Regular Army were killed or died of disease, and the Marines reported 61 dead. This was a large proportion in both instances, and a majority of the survivors were wounded or laid low by malaria.

As for durable BGen Henderson, he remained in command until 1859, when death terminated a Marine career that began in 1806. Legend has it that after living so long at the "mansion" at Eighth and Eye Streets in Washington, the old gentleman attempted to will it to his heirs.

The part played by his men in Florida may not seem impressive, yet the Seminole War was actually a turning point. Up to that time, the Marines had followed pretty much the same pattern as their counterparts in Europe. In other words, they stuck to such routine chores as those assigned to ships' detachments and navy yard forces. The Seminole War marked a departure when a regiment went into the field under its own officers. They were the forerunners of the brigade that fought in the Mexican War. And the day was coming when the Marine Corps would be represented in World War II by six divisions with their own aircraft. The acorn planted by rugged old Archibald Henderson had grown up into a great oak.

END



*Courtesy U.S. Navy*

After the breeze failed, the entire crew of the *USS Constitution* stayed on deck constantly for two days using the "kedged anchor" to outdistance a squadron of King George III's warships off the coast of New Jersey



# Old Ironsides - Luckiest Ship

Scorned at first, she became  
one of the most famous ships in all history

by Earl Smith

**T**HE SAVVY, veteran shipwrights and mariners of Europe smiled in derision at the naivete of young America in building such a ship. She rode too high out of the water, was built of the wrong kind of timbers and, they predicted, would sail so clumsily that her first sea battle would be her last.

The object of their scorn was the United States Frigate *Constitution*, destined to become one of the greatest ships in the history of the world.

From that bright morning of July 2, 1798, when she unfurled her sails and moved gracefully out of Boston Harbor past Castle Island and on to sea, she has been known as a lucky ship. During her long and illustrious career she has repeatedly justified this "lucky" tag. Four times during her career she faced desperate odds from attacking ships and each time escaped relatively undamaged. In her battles with other ships, she sank or captured every opponent. In an era when it was quite common for ships to exchange hands through capture by boarding parties, every enemy who swung on a halyard onto her decks was either knocked overboard, captured or killed. Such was her reputation that when other ships

scoured the countryside for recruits, the *Constitution* often had more volunteers for her crew than could be signed on.

Word of her prowess spread fast, and the Europeans who had snickered at her lines hastily copied them. For the next 20 years, new frigates the world over showed the influence of the *Constitution's* design, and the man who was responsible for her, Mr. Joshua Humphreys of Philadelphia, became famous as a ship designer. Navies of the early 19th century consisted mainly of three types of ships; line-of-battle-ships, frigates and sloops. Frigates were the cruisers of their day—slightly smaller, less heavily gunned and more maneuverable than the line-of-battle-ships. Sloops performed a function similar to that of destroyers in present day navies.

The frigate *Constitution* was 204 feet long with a beam of 43½ feet. Her tonnage was about 1576 tons and her displacement 2200 tons, including originally about 140 tons of ballast. She could carry vast quantities of powder and shot, and her wooden tanks and casks held 48,600 gallons of fresh water. Water wasn't the only liquid aboard. She also carried 100 barrels of whiskey for issue as grog rations. Her storerooms had space for six months' supply



## OLD IRONSIDES (cont.)

of dry provisions for her crew which averaged 475 men.

As she slipped through the water under full canvas at 12½ knots, the *Constitution* was a thing of beauty. From her three towering masts a total of 30 sails could bend before the wind, giving her amazing agility and maneuverability. Like all frigates of that time, the *Constitution* carried her main armament on two decks; the main or gun deck having a complete battery and the upper or spar deck having guns only on the forward and after parts. Her armament changed from time to time, but during the battle with *HMS Guerriere* she had 30 long guns—24-pounders—on the gun deck, 16 32-pound carronades on the quarter-deck, six 32-pound carronades on the forecastle plus two 12-pounders as bow chasers. When the *Constitution* fired a full broadside, 736 pounds of metal went whistling toward the enemy.

The *Constitution's* guns were mounted along both sides of the ship in crude wooden carriages. They were elevated and depressed by means of handspikes placed under the breech, and a wedge was used to hold the gun at the desired elevation. These same handspikes were used in training the gun horizontally forward and aft, aided by block and tackle. A breech rope was secured to eye-bolts in the hull and passed through a jaw in the rear end of the gun to limit recoil, and several tackles were used for hauling out or holding the gun in any position on deck.

The pitching and rolling of a ship in a heavy sea immensely complicated the problem of loading and aiming; deciding the proper moment for firing demanded great judgment. Because her decks were higher than normal, the *Constitution* often had an advantage in rough waters; her guns would still clear the waves during heavy rolls that dipped her opponent's lower-deck guns under water. When approaching within range of an enemy ship, *Constitution* gunners always aimed their shots for the waterline, directly beneath the masts. If the shot was short, it might skip and still score a hit; if long, there was a good chance of toppling the masts.

Although explosive shells with percussion fuzes were not developed until years after the *Constitution's* period of greatest usefulness, crews often suffered heavy casualties from flying splinters. A heavy shot striking a timber or wooden deck would smash it, throwing dangerous splinters of wood in all directions. Wooden gun carriages were especially dangerous when struck by enemy shell.

Life aboard the *Constitution* was no picnic for the 59-man Marine detachment who formed a part of her 475-man crew. Like the sailors on board, they slept in hammocks in unbelievably crowded and poorly ventilated quarters. The first sounds of the day were the Marine sentries firing their night guns\* and the roll of drums. On the gun deck by the main hatch the boatswain sounded his pipe and the boatswain's mates echoed this call and bellowed, "All hands, ahoy!" This was followed by another shrill call on the pipe and the order, "All hands up hammocks, ahoy!" Twelve minutes were allowed for the men to turn out of their hammocks, lash and carry them on deck and stow them away in nettings.



The Marine sharpshooters from the ship's detachment fired at their enemy from this main-top

All hands then turned to, holy-stoning, scrubbing and squilgeeing the decks. When this was finished the ship was thoroughly inspected for cleanliness and order. There followed a few minutes of leisure and at six bells (0700) the men were piped to breakfast. Cooks appeared on deck and spread their black, painted "table cloths" and

\* Guns were fired at the end of the night watch and at the end of the day watch. Powder became damp and unreliable when exposed for periods much longer than this.

laid out utensils for breakfast. It consisted of tea, ship's bisquit, cold meat and—when in port—possibly potatoes and dried fish or fruit. The decks were swept down after the meal.

One hour after the call to breakfast the drums rolled again, the flag was hoisted and the Marine guards in undress uniform were relieved by others in dress uniform. At the same time, crewmen turned to on their daily work, and a band of 20 musicians came on deck and began playing. At this time the officers made their appearance on deck for a morning stroll, while their rooms were being holy-stoned and cleaned. At 0900 the young boys in the crew attended school. The *Constitution* carried on her roster a schoolmaster with additional duties as chaplain.

Ship's work continued until 1200 (eight bells) when the word was passed to knock off. At this time a keg of whiskey was brought on deck and poured into a wooden tub, to which was added an equal amount of water. This whiskey-water blend was called grog. At the same time the cooks were laying out their equipment for dinner, but first came one of the high spots of the day. Crewmen stowed away their tobacco quid, spit, wiped their mouths clean to give every drop its full effect; then they downed their half-pint ration of grog, smacked their lips, and passed on to their messes for dinner.

At 1300 the boatswain's pipe called the crew back to work, which continued until 1530, when all hands knocked off their regular work for a half hour of cleaning up. Then the second grog ration of one pint per man was served. Each time grog was rationed out it had to be downed on the spot, while others waited impatiently in line. This grog ration actually amounted to a full pint of whiskey per man per day! Grog was followed at 1600 (eight bells) by the evening meal.

After dinner the men were free for their own leisure, spending the next hour or so swapping sea stories, playing checkers or other games, or simply sitting on a bitt and enjoying the sight of the late afternoon sun on the sea. Just before sunset the men were called to quarters. At sunset the drums rolled and at the third roll the colors were hauled down, and the night pendant substituted for the long one. Marines in undress uniform relieved those who had been on duty in their dress uniforms. The band struck up "Hail Columbia" and other numbers for a half-hour concert. At the end of the concert the boatswain's whistle sounded and the hoarse cry of "All hands stand by your hammocks, ahoy!" rang out. The tackle of the stern and quarter boats was adjusted for additional room, and petty officers began tossing out



hammocks from the storage nets. Each man swung his hammock at his number, and most of them turned in immediately. A few collected in groups about the decks to spin "long yarns" about witches, hobgoblins and shipwrecks. At 2000 in Winter, 2100 in Summer the drums rolled again, the bells were struck and the bugles sounded. Marine sentries fired off their day muskets and these were succeeded by loaded ones, for the night. From the master at arms the word rang out, "Put out all fires, lights, pipes and segars and everything that can make a light; except the sentry's light and the match at the galley . . . d'you hear there, cooks?" The cooks acknowledged. By 2200 the tread of the officers of the watch was the only sound heard, except every half hour when the bells sounded

the time, and the Marine sentry would cry out "All's well . . . all's well."

For performing their duties the seaman or Marine private aboard the *Constitution* was paid a salary of between \$8.00 and \$17.00 monthly. Sergeants and petty officers were paid \$19.00 per month, a lieutenant of Marines was paid \$47.03 per month, and the commanding officer was paid a monthly salary of \$168.13.

The *Constitution's* first business at sea was against French vessels. Anger against the French had been rising due to constant interference by French ships with American trading vessels at sea. For two years the *Constitution* cruised off the east coast, but saw little action. Then, in 1800, she was ordered to the West Indies, where in a daring raid, a detachment of sailors and Marines, led by Lieutenant Isaac Hull, captured the French packet *Sandwich* while that vessel was anchored in the harbor of Port Platte, San Domingo. However, the capture was made in a neutral port, and the act was disavowed by the U.S. Government. The ship was restored to France and an indemnity was paid. In 1801, the *Constitution* returned to Boston and was laid up for two years.

In 1803, the start of the Tripolitan War put the *Constitution* back on the high seas.

On July 26, 1804, she was just six

years old and ready for battle off the shores of Tripoli. The capture of the US frigate *Philadelphia*, by the Tripolitans when she had run on a shoal, had held up naval operations against the vessels and forts in the harbor. The daring and successful burning of the *Philadelphia* after the Tripolitans had manned her and loaded her guns for action, cleared the way for a sea attack by the *Constitution*, leading a force of three brigs, three schooners, two bomb vessels and six gunboats.

The objective, however, was well-walled, well-fortified with heavy cannon, and well-manned by 25,000 Arabs and Turks. In the harbor were 18 gunboats, two galleys, two schooners with eight guns and a brig with 10, all moored for action and protected by a long range of rocks and shoals which made it impossible for a frigate to come within range and fire on them.

Weather, a determining factor, remained unfavorable for several days; on the 28th, a howling gale drove the *Constitution* along the rocky shore and continued until the 31st when it tore off the ship's foresail and close-reefed maintopsail.

By the 3d of August, the gales had abated and Commodore Preble, having made his plans for attack, communicated his orders to the commanders of the ships. At 2:30 in the afternoon the

TURN PAGE



In the sea engagement depicted in this diorama at the War Memorial in Newton, Massachusetts, Old

*Ironsides* earned her name when a shot from one of the *Guerriere's* largest guns bounced off her side

## OLD IRONSIDES (cont.)

signal came. Heavy fire was thrown by the enemy's shipping and shore batteries, but the *Constitution* made her passes, often coming dangerously near to the jagged rocks. As long as the ship's broadside pounded the batteries they were silent, but between her devastating runs they were reactivated, and she remained under perilous fire.

At 4:30, the Commodore, realizing the need of another frigate, gave the order for the force to draw back from the batteries. This was accomplished under the protection of the *Constitution's* heavy guns. The sea war with Tripoli remained a stalemate until late in the month when an attempt at peaceful terms and the return of 14 badly wounded Tripolitans aboard the American vessel, was made by Commodore Preble. The bashaw agreed to the terms but as the American fleet approached they did not see the agreed upon white flag ashore. The Commodore, taking his chances, ordered the light ships to weigh anchor and stand in the harbor. The gun and bomb boats were to cast off and stand in shore. The *Constitution* weighed anchor and stood in for the town. As she approached the harbor the shore batteries blasted a constant fire upon her, but by late afternoon, she had 13 of the Tripolitan gunboats and galleys within range. She sank one gunboat and disabled two others which ran on shore to prevent sinking. Undaunted, the *Constitution*

went within musket shot of the batteries. She fired 300 rounds of shot—and grape and canister—into the town, the bashaw's castle and the batteries. She silenced the castle and two of the batteries for an interval while they made repairs. In the fray, only the sails and rigging of the *Constitution* were damaged. Only a light peppering of grape shot scarred her hull. Sufficient damage inflicted, she withdrew to fight another day.

The following week, to draw the Tripolitans' attention from the gunboats, the *Constitution* came within range of grape and thrashed the castle, towns, and batteries with 11 broadsides. And at the time, she was in a position where she could look down the muzzles of 70 enemy guns.

Again her luck held, but she suffered more damage than usual. Her maintopsail was totally disabled, a shell had ripped through her foretopsail and all of her sails had taken a slashing. Luckily, as usual, her hull remained undamaged.

A series of these blastings soon discouraged the bashaw who began to see the light and agreed to come to terms. The following year, at an unprecedented ceremony, a treaty was signed aboard the *Constitution*.

With the Barbary Pirate Operation satisfactorily settled, she cruised her Med Station, waiting for relief. Delay after delay posed a problem for her skipper; the term of enlistment, then, was for three years and many of her crew were being held long overtime.

Eventually, the frigate *Chesapeake*

was scheduled to relieve the *Constitution*, but she was attacked by the British *Leopard* after she refused its captain permission to muster her American crew on deck for a line-up to identify deserters from the British navy. The *Chesapeake*, unable to get under way, and equally unfit to fight, took a long and heavy bombardment, lost four so-called "deserters" and returned to port for repairs.

When news of the *Chesapeake* affair reached the decks of the *Constitution*, disappointment grew into rebellion and rebellion approached mutiny. By the Summer of 1807, she had been away from home for four years. With hope gone for relief, and discontent running high, the crew requested an audience to voice their complaints.

A seasoned older quarter-gunner, representing a body of the petty officers, came to the mast and inquired of Lieutenant Ludlow what the prospects were for an early release. The lieutenant, popular with the men, listened sympathetically. He could promise the men nothing, but appealed to their sense of duty to their country in a vain effort to placate them. Immediately after the mast, he went directly to Captain Campbell's cabin.

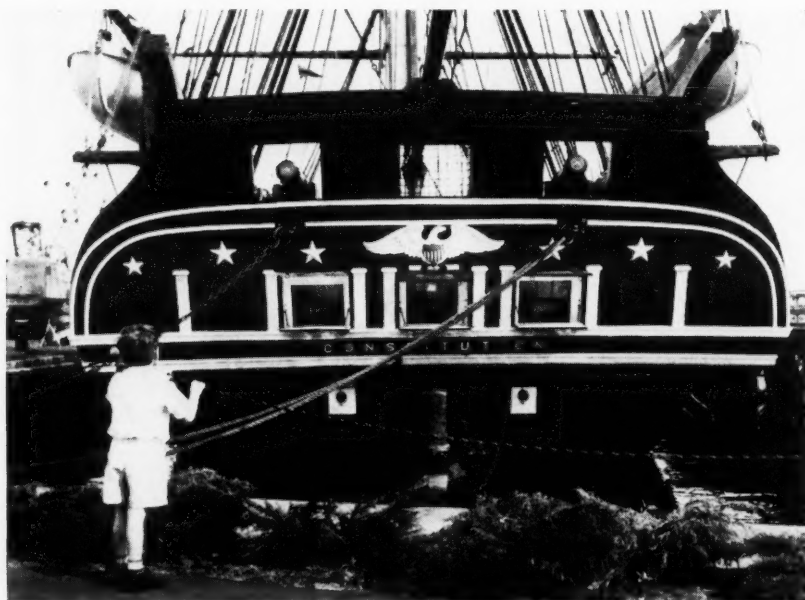
"The men are in an ugly frame of mind," he told the skipper. "The *Chesapeake*, cutting off, as it does, the hopes they have been clinging to for an early recall has added fuel to the seditious sentiments smouldering in their breasts."

Capt Campbell, evidently hoping a diversion would calm the *Constitution's* troubled waters, determined to take the ship out to sea the next morning.

Although, on that memorable day, the *Constitution* was in her usual condition of ship-shape perfection, when the order came to unmoor the ship not a man in the crew moved. Capt Campbell, standing well aft, seized the grave situation without delay. Quietly, he ordered Lt Ludlow to "Inform Lieutenant Armory that it is my order for him to parade the full Marine guard on the quarterdeck and have them provided with ball and cartridge. Place them in a position to sweep the spar deck to port. Detail midshipmen for both 12-pounders and see that a round of grape and canister is placed at hand for each."

The armed Marines took their post, Lt Armory at their head. The guard was placed on the starboard side of the quarterdeck facing to port. Two senior midshipmen armed the 12-pounders. The order was given, "Pipe all hands aft to muster."

Four hundred seamen tramped on deck, and stood, glaring defiance. Capt Campbell gave the word; the midshipmen rammed home their charges, re-



In 1934, after a tour of 90 Atlantic and Pacific ports, *Old Ironsides* put in at Boston's Naval Shipyard where it became a Naval museum



moved the leaden aprons and lit their matches. The Marine lieutenant barked crisply, "Load with ball cartridge!" Four hundred seamen stood silently looking down the muzzles of two loaded 12-pounders, burning matches in the gunners' hands. The morning sun caught the glistening bayonets fixed to the loaded muskets of the Marines. Four hundred men knew that the Marines could be relied upon to fire on command.

The boatswains and their mates were called forward. Then the captain turned to the crew. "And, now, my lads," he said, "... until you are regularly relieved from service, obedience—prompt and implicit—will be enforced on the deck of this frigate. Let the sacrifice be what it may, the outcome now rests with you."

Lt Ludlow raised his trumpet and repeated the order which had previously been disobeyed. "All hands up anchor. To your stations, men!"

In a moment, the boatswains' silver pipes shrieked in the air, and the hand of every man was raised in salute to the quarterdeck. The crew, without hesitation leaped to their stations, the near-mutiny forgotten.

Tested in the wars against the French privateers and Barbary pirates, the *Constitution* was now to achieve her greatest renown in the War of 1812, when she stood invincible against the English navy for American independence on the seas.

Three days after war was declared, the *Constitution*, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, left Washington for New York to join Captain Rodger's squadron. On July 17, 1812, off the New Jersey coast, five sails to the northward were sighted and Capt Hull, supposing them to be the American squadron, headed for them. Early next morning, Hull discovered he had given chase to an English squadron; to make matters worse, there was little or no breeze.

The British squadron gave chase, and gained on the *Constitution* at first. Fire was exchanged between the leading British ships and the lone American frigate. The situation was desperate until Capt Hull made use of a kedge anchor. The kedge, fastened to a long line of hawsers, was dropped ahead of the ship and, by hauling on the ropes, the men gradually drew the ship ahead of the anchor, which was taken up, carried one-half mile or more ahead and dropped again.

Whenever the wind failed, they "kedged" until gradually they got beyond range of the British guns. The English ships were quick to imitate, but not before the *Constitution* had a commanding lead. With marvelous maneuvering, Capt Hull, after two days

during which all hands remained on deck constantly, outdistanced the enemy.

Undoubtedly one of the most historically cherished victories in the annals of American naval warfare was the defeat of the *Guerriere*. The *Constitution*, sailing a very foggy sea on the night of August 18, 1812, sighted a brig which turned out to be the *John* of St. John's. Upon boarding her, the officers learned that she had been chased since morning by the *Guerriere* but had somehow escaped in the shrouds of mist.

With knowledge of the direction in which the *Guerriere* was heading, Capt

Capt Hull, using a psychology 75 years ahead of his time, admonished his men to use their ingenuity and initiative. "Do your duty," he told them. "Your officers cannot have entire command over you now. Each man must do all in his power for his country. . . ."

When the guns were silent, Hull, determined to close with the British, asked, "Why don't you fire?"

"We can't get our guns to bear as she now lies," answered the gunners.

"You shall have her as you please," he told them. "Sailing master!" he bellowed, "lay her alongside!"

The *Constitution* came into the wind



Although the 24-pound long guns on the main deck had a range of 600 yards, they were ineffective unless within pistol shot of the enemy

Hull was eager to give chase. He crowded his sails and steered a northeast course until morning, then veered off to the southeast. At 1000 the cry "sail ho" came from the lookout. The *Guerriere* had been sighted.

The British man of war lost no time in hauling wind, and laid to for the *Constitution*. On board the *Guerriere* were 49 guns; the *Constitution* mounted 56, which included thirty long 24-pounders, twenty-four 32-pound carronades and two 12-pounders. The British crew including Marines, totaled 272 against the *Constitution's* 456, including a Marine detachment of 58.

An eyewitness account recalls that the *Guerriere* began firing as the two ships came within range. The *Constitution* remained on course, tacking and half-tacking nimbly to avoid being raked. On one tack she came so close that an 18-pound shot came hurtling beneath the larboard knighthead. Splinters showered the gunners but no one was hurt. The shot was immediately picked up, dropped into the mouth of "Long Tom," a huge loose gun on deck, and fired back at the *Guerriere*—with the ship's compliments.

smartly. As she fell off slightly, the *Guerriere* ranged her by her full length. For moments there was silence, then a shot from the enemy struck the spar deck.

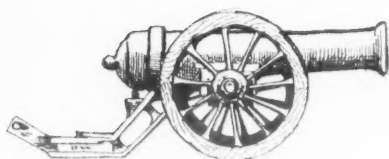
"Now, close with them!" shouted Hull. "Alongside with her, sailing master!"

A broadside from the *Constitution* blasted the *Guerriere's* mizzen mast and tore her main yard from the slings. Timber and rigging hung in a great tangle over her side, crashing against her hull with the beating of the waves.

The British ship returned fire, but it fell high in the *Constitution's* rigging, doing little damage other than tearing away the fore-royal truck and leaving the colors hanging down and wrapped around the shivvered mast. One of the men, an Irishman, Dan Hogan, clambered up the rigging under full enemy fire and nailed the flag to the mast where it flew proudly throughout the battle. Hogan made it safely to the deck amid cheers from the men and went back to his gun.

Shortly thereafter, one of the enemy's largest shot struck the hull of the *Constitution*, but (continued on page 71)

# PIRATES *and* PEPPER



**It took two expeditions to teach  
the Malays respect for our flag**

by Bernard Nalty

**A** WHALE oil lamp flickered wildly as a tall, sun-bronzed man, his face furrowed, his eyes faded from too many hours of staring out over the empty sea, grimly signed his name to a letter on the desk before him. He was Charles Endicott, skipper of the merchantman *Friendship*. His letter told of a profitable cruise in the Dutch East Indies, of piracy, and of murder.

While the *Friendship* was loading a cargo of pepper at the port of Quallah Battoo, Sumatra, a band of natives had rowed alongside, clambered aboard, and seized the ship. Endicott's first mate and two of his seamen had been hacked to pieces when they tried to resist. Aided by Sailors from other merchantmen in the harbor, he had driven off the pirates; but before they fled they had destroyed a cargo valued at \$12,000 in gold.

The letter over which the captain had sweated found its way through dip-

lomatic and military channels to the desk of the Secretary of the Navy. In an attack upon a vessel flying the Stars and Stripes, three Americans had been murdered. What did the Navy intend to do about it? Within a month, the frigate *Potomac*—44 guns—was on its way to Sumatra.

On February 5, 1832, the vessel arrived off Quallah Battoo. All her gunports were closed and painted over, and her distinctive rigging had been changed. From the distance, she resembled an unarmed Yankee merchantman on a peaceful trading cruise. Commodore John Downes, her captain, hoped that the pirates would attack, but they did not rise to the bait.

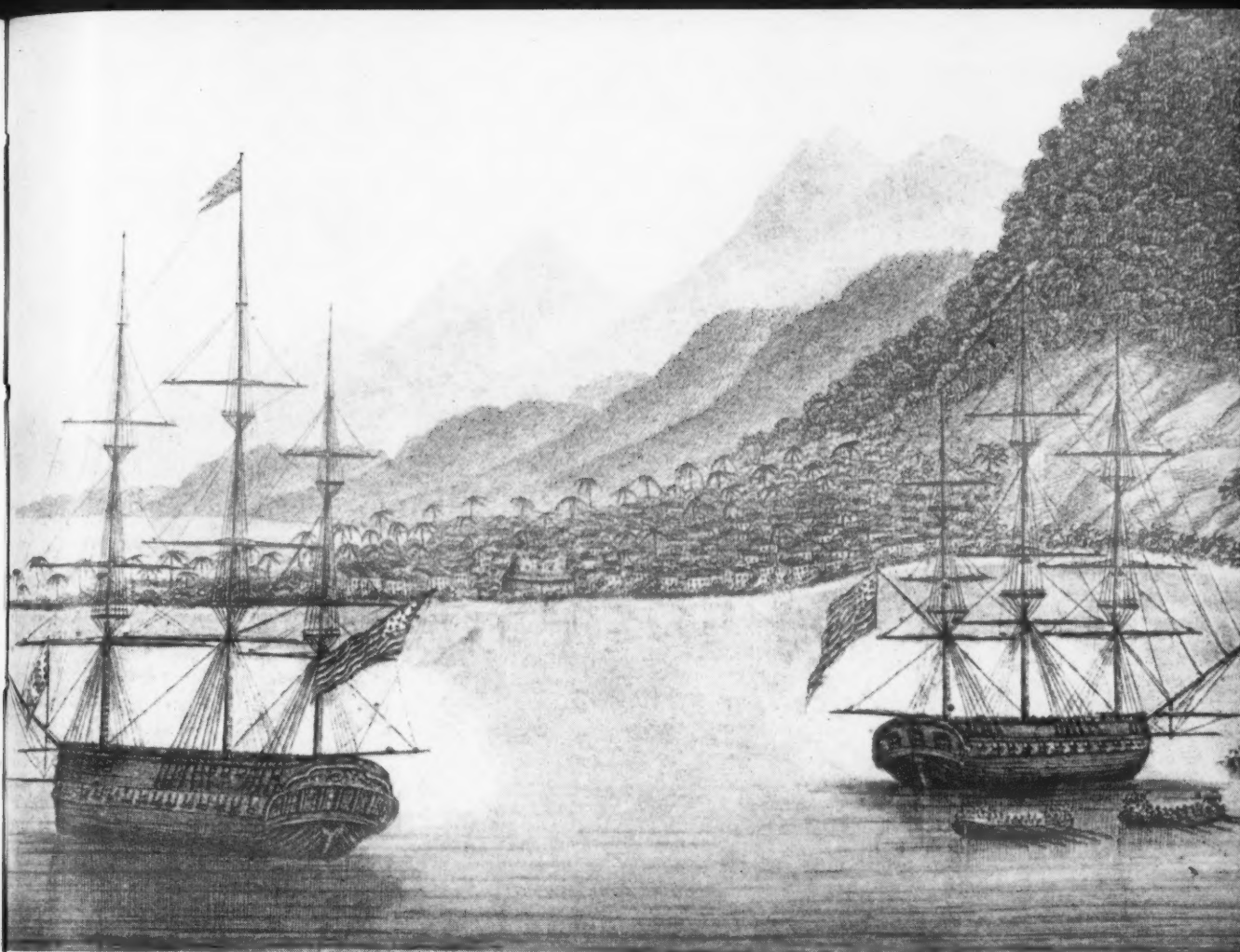
A pair of savages finally paddled out to the *Potomac*, but these were not pirates. Instead of plunder, they were interested in selling fresh fish to the crew. Not until they were within a dozen yards of the vessel did they realize that she was a man-of-war.

Before the natives could recover from their surprise, Downes had them seized and hurled into the brig.

Except for this attempt at ship-to-ship salesmanship, the villagers did not venture near the American ship. By dawn of the 6th, Downes had decided that the pirates weren't going to attack. He would have to make the first move.

Dressed as merchant seamen, Navy Lieutenant Irvin Shubrick, Marine Lieutenant Alvin Edson, and five other ship's officers swaggered ashore to spy out the lay of the land. When they returned at sunset, they brought news that deepened the furrows across Downes' forehead.

The "merchant sailors," muttering in pidgin English and gesturing frantically, had tried to arrange an interview with Sultan Po Mohamet, the Rajah of Quallah Battoo. Their offer to trade gold for pepper got them nowhere. Each time they so much as looked toward Mohamet's hut, a fierce-looking guard



As the murderous bombardment from the frigate *Columbia* abated, a landing party of Marines and

sailors debarked from the sloop *John Adams* and assaulted the pirates' redoubt, the town of Mukki

would whip out his knife and with a few unmistakable gestures let the Americans know what would happen if they didn't clear out in a hurry. Worse still, the scouting party reported that 500 armed Malays manned the three wooden blockhouses guarding the approaches to Quallah Battoo.

At about two o'clock on the morning of February 7, Commodore Downes ordered away the landing party. He had divided his crew into three assault sections, each to storm one of the forts. Two of these sections were made up of bluejackets, while Lt Edson's Marines made up the third. To gain tactical surprise, the Marines were to hit the stockade at the rear of the village at the same moment the Sailors began their attacks on the two forts nearest the beach.

A few minutes before sunrise, Edson heard the sound of firing in the distance and immediately waved his men forward. Moving on the double, the

Marines crossed an open field. Only a few yards to go, and still there was no sound from the fort. Two ship's carpenters sprinted forward and with heavy crowbars pried the wooden gates from their hinges. A short struggle with knife and bayonet, and the fight was ended.

On the other side of the village, one division of sailors had won its objective; but the second had stirred up a hornets' nest. Time and again these bluejackets had charged, to be beaten back by the desperate Malays. Muskets proved useless. It was a battle of cutlass against the sharp, thin *kris*; but the cutlass finally won out. After two hours of vicious fighting, the fort was taken; but only because the Marines and the other naval detachment had joined the fray.

Next, the landing party began the destruction of Quallah Battoo. Flimsy shacks exploded into towering pillars of flame as they put the torch to the

deserted village. Sweating, smeared with powder smoke, the Sailors and Marines were looking forward to a double ration of grog and plenty of sack time when the fourth fort suddenly opened fire on them.

Cunningly camouflaged in the dense jungle, it had been overlooked by the Americans. From within the stockade, the natives chanted their war songs and blazed away with cannon and musket. Grimly the Sailors and Marines swept forward, only to be thrown back. They formed and charged again. This time the blue-clad wave engulfed the walls, but the Americans could not keep their precarious hold on the gates. Every available man joined in the final assault. Slowly gaining momentum, the attackers rolled onward, crashed through the gates, and spilled into the fort. Bayonets made quick work of the handful of defenders who did not flee into the forest. At the cost of two killed and 11 wounded, the pirate



## PIRATES (cont.)

strongholds had been captured.

Although the village had been destroyed and the four forts leveled, Commodore Downes was not convinced that he had broken the fierce spirit of the Malays. At about midnight, under a full moon, the *Potomac* glided across the silvery water and anchored a few hundred yards from the ruins of the pirate den. The mighty ship trembled slightly as she unleashed her first broadside. Again and again flames blossomed in the half light, and choking clouds of powder smoke drifted lazily toward shore. After an hour's bombardment, a lookout sighted a white flag waving near the edge of the jungle. Downes immediately ceased firing.

Early the following morning, a small party went ashore under a flag of truce. Although they found the place deserted, they did discover several white flags flying from the shattered forts. Later in the day, a native messenger rowed out to the *Potomac* with the rajah's solemn promise to respect the Stars and Stripes in the future. Glancing nervously at the mighty cannon, the ex-pirate begged Downes not to resume his bombardment. Satisfied that he had

pacified the pirates, he set sail to join the Pacific squadron.

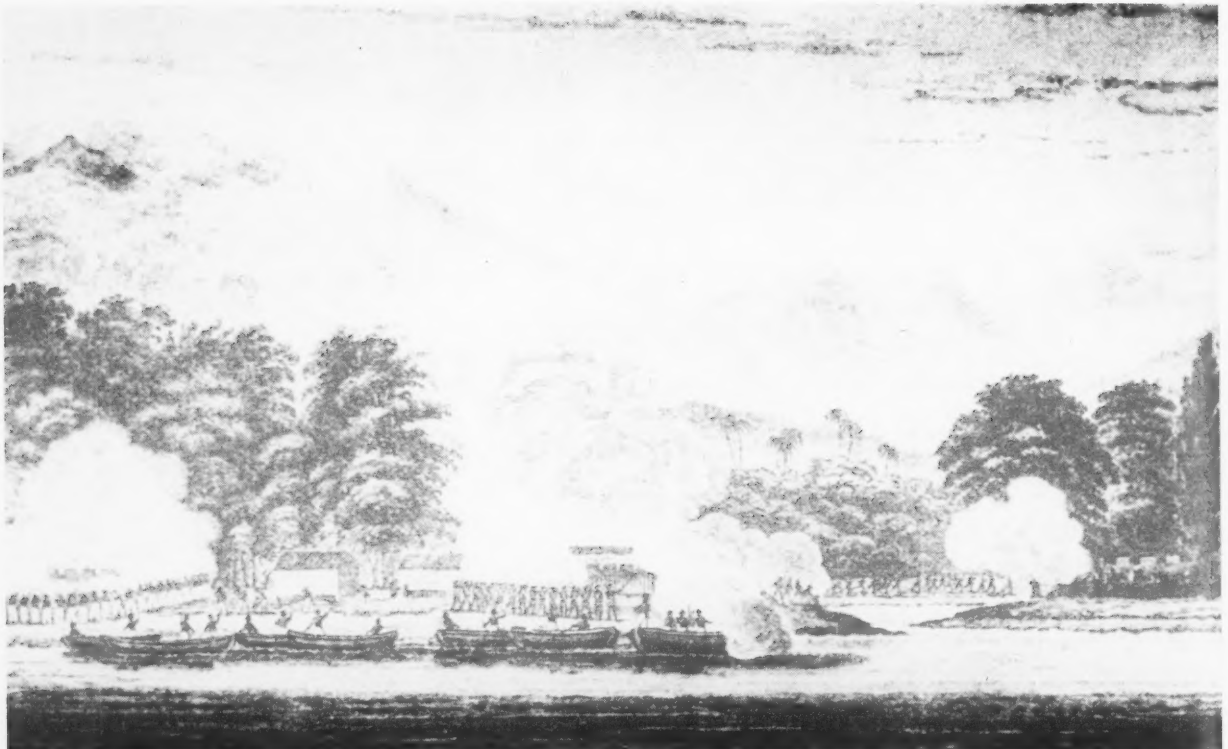
No sooner had the *Potomac* disappeared over the horizon than the work of reconstruction began. First the fortifications were repaired, then a new village was built. Within a month or two, the pirates of Quallah Battoo were doing business at the same old stand. At first, they were reluctant to attack American vessels, for the roar of cannon still rang in their ears. But gradually they grew bolder until the Navy Department was forced to organize another expedition to crush them.

On December 21, 1838, two other American vessels, the frigate *Columbia* and the sloop *John Adams*, arrived off the coast of Sumatra. On Christmas Eve, Captain George C. Read, of the *Columbia*, demanded an apology from the pirate chieftans. His message was ignored; and on the following day the bombardment began. The *Adams* was first to open fire, raking a flotilla of native boats with grapeshot. She then shifted her fire to the forts, smothering them in a torrent of round shot. Later, the *Columbia* joined in the barrage; but no troops were landed, and early in the afternoon, both vessels withdrew.

For the next few days, the tribesmen debated among themselves. Many of



Brevet Major George Terrett was Edson's second in command in the assault of Quallah Battoo



The original of this reproduction was drawn on board the frigate *Potomac*, and depicts the action

at Quallah Battoo on February 6, 1832, when the Americans struck back at the Sumatran pirates

them could recall the burning of Quallah Battoo by Commodore Downes' expedition, and on the morning of the 28th, a small boat bearing a white flag slipped across the sea toward the American flagship. As the tiny vessel drew alongside, the *Columbia's* Marines, expecting some sort of trick, stood by with loaded muskets. A handful of thoroughly frightened chiefs clambered over the rail to stammer their apologies for having offended the powerful United States. With the natives of Quallah Battoo cowed into submission, Capt Read was free to deal with a newer pirate redoubt, the town of Mukki.

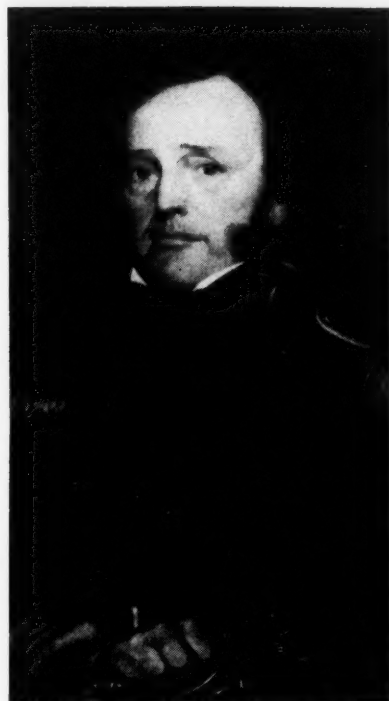
The men of Mukki, who never had faced the Marines' bayonets nor felt the earth tremble at the sound of American guns, were obstinate. Haughtily, they scorned the Navy officer sent to talk with them. When Read sent a message stating that he would bombard the city in exactly 24 hours, the warriors laughed. On the morning of January 2, 1839, the warships ran out their guns, moved closer to the beach, and opened fire.

At 9:30, the first charge of grapeshot ripped through thatched huts of Mukki; rounds of solid shot splintered the thick wooden palisade of the main fort. In vain, the natives tried to re-

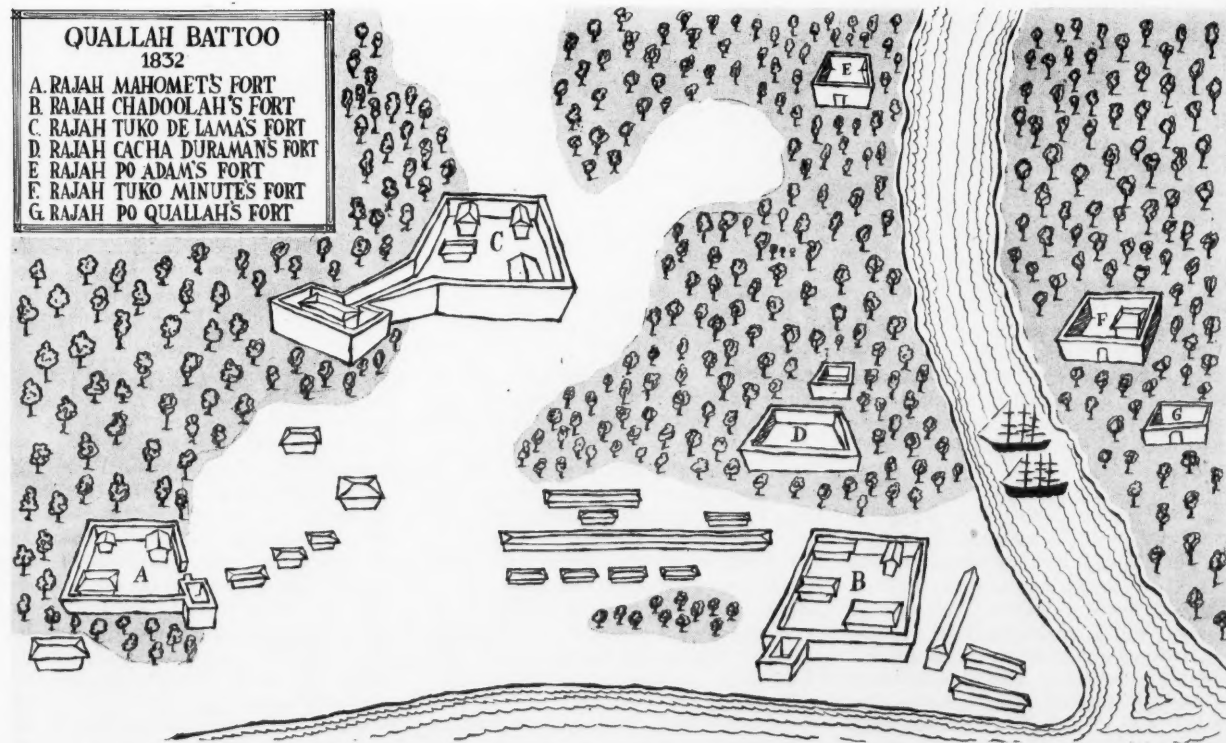
turn the fire, for the largest of their guns could not reach the American ships. Bravely they stood by their weapons, but courage alone could not stop the deadly rain. One of the men was hurled backward from the wall, torn to pieces by the vicious grape. One by one, they dropped their muskets and broke for cover. Nothing could withstand the American guns.

For over two hours, the gunners fired as fast as they could reload; then the barrage slackened, and a landing party set out from the *Adams*. Without encountering any opposition, the men from the sloop occupied the deserted village and began burning the crudely built houses. In the afternoon they were joined by a detachment from the *Columbia*. These men razed the fortifications, burning stores of powder and pulling down the walls. Two natives were found hidden in the village, but both surrendered without a struggle. On the morning of January 4, the ships moved slowly out to sea. The power of the pirates of Sumatra had been crushed at last.

Two expeditions had been needed to convert the Malays from pirates to peaceful traders. Victors in battles for right and freedom, the Marines had done their share in winning the war over the pepper trade.



Commodore John Downes was in command of the *Potomac* at the engagement of Quallah Battoo



Each of the seven rajahs of Quallah Battoo had built his own fort. Four of them (A, B, C and D),

fell in the ensuing battle. Approximately 100 of the town's 1100 were casualties; the Americans lost two

**T**HE TURBULENT months following the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States were filled with rumors and alarms. Vocal Southern journalists talked of attacks on Capitol Hill, and the weary, "lame duck" President, James Buchanan, began searching for some means of maintaining order in the rapidly disintegrating nation.

While Buchanan ordered troops to guard such vital installations as Fort McHenry in Baltimore, and the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a great many distinguished soldiers were quietly weighing their oaths of allegiance to the Constitution against the ties which bound them to their respective states. The Army was to lose one of its finest officers when Robert E. Lee cast his lot with the state of Virginia. The Marine Corps, too, would suffer when a number of its officers resigned rather than face the prospect of taking arms against their native states.

In all, 18 Marine Corps officers who tendered their resignations on the eve of the Civil War later wore the uniform of the Confederate States Marine Corps, an organization established in March, 1861. These Southern Marines, like their Union counterparts, were to see service both on land and aboard ship during the conflict. Although the two organizations were performing much the same type of duties, seldom did they clash in major engagements. Not until the Spring of 1862 did Confederate Marines collide with men of the Union Corps.

A force of 140 Confederate Marines occupied Ship Island, the key to Lake Borgne and New Orleans, in July, 1861. For almost five months they clung to their outpost despite fierce bombardment by the *USS Massachusetts*. After the garrison had been withdrawn, a detachment of Northern Marines occupied the island.

While the blockading fleet was gathering strength for an attack on New Orleans, the Confederates took advantage of the lull to improve the city's defenses. A major weapon in their arsenal was the steamer *McRae*, which boasted a Marine guard of 13 enlisted men led by Sergeant J. W. Seymour. On October 12, 1861, this gallant little ship cooperated with a handful of Confederate gunboats in a daring attack on the blockading squadron. Stunned by the sudden onslaught, the *USS Vincennes* ran aground on a sandbar while attempting to bring her guns to bear. Her crew, after lighting a fuze leading to the magazines, took to the boats and rowed away to watch the blast. Nothing happened, for the fuze had proved defective. The Confederates, however,

did not profit from its failure. Faced with an overwhelming number of guns, they fell back; and Union Sailors were able to float the somewhat battered *Vincennes*.

David G. Farragut, a veteran of the War of 1812, had been ordered by President Lincoln to attack New Orleans. At 0200 on the morning of April 24, 1862, he struck. The fierce battle which followed saw Northern and

*Virginia*, a barn-like vessel sheathed in iron which, it was hoped, would punch a hole in the Union blockade.

With 55 Confederate Marines under Captain Reuben T. Thom among her crew of 300, the *Virginia* waddled out of her lair on March 8, 1862, to attack the Union frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland*. The latter was thought to be the mightiest ship of the blockading squadron. The Union warship

# BLUE AND GRAY

It has been said, that for sheer

ferocity, few wars can rival our Civil War, in  
which Marines on both sides fought with honor

by Bernard Nalty

Southern Marines flailing away at one another. Aboard the *USS Iroquois*, two Marines were killed, and 24 wounded in a wild melee with the *McRae* and her supporting gunboats. In spite of this determined opposition, the Union fleet bulled its way upstream to seize New Orleans.

During the Winter of 1861-1862, while the handful of Marines on the *McRae* were helping to maintain the Confederate grasp on the lower reaches of the Mississippi River, a band of shipwrights were hard at work in the abandoned navy yard at Norfolk, Va. They were trying to raise the scuttled *USS Merrimack* and convert her into an ironclad. They succeeded. The result of their handiwork was the CSS

fired first. A hail of shot screamed through the *Virginia's* opened gunports, killing 19 Confederate seamen. The ironclad replied, scourging the frigate's gun deck with round shot and grape. Nine United States Marines were cut down by this terrible fusillade, but Lieutenant Charles Heywood (to become ninth Commandant of the Corps) kept the survivors at their guns. The iron ship prevailed. Battered by the *Virginia's* guns, her hull gored by the ironclad's ram, the gallant *Cumberland*, slipped beneath the waves.

Before devouring the *Cumberland*, the iron dragon had raked the *Congress* with grapeshot; and in maneuvering to avoid this attack, the Union vessel had run aground. Now, the *Virginia* was



able to close to within 150 yards of her helpless victim to blast the wooden ship to splinters. Her decks littered with dead, the *Congress* surrendered. The white flag, wreathed in smoke, was not visible from the shore; and Union riflemen continued to blaze away at the Confederate ship. Enraged at what seemed to him the basest kind of treachery, Captain Franklin Buchanan, skipper of the *Virginia*, ordered his

lar Campaign, forced the Confederates to abandon the Norfolk Navy Yard. They tried, of course, to save the *Virginia*, but the lumbering vessel drew too much water to escape up the James River. On May 10, 1862, she was beached and burned.

With the destruction of the *Virginia*, the Union ironclads *Monitor* and *Galena* were freed to aid McClellan in his drive along the James toward

cession, drifted downstream out of control. Shortly afterward, a powder explosion, touched off by an incoming round, put the *Galena* out of action, and the attacking flotilla began its withdrawal.

Among the officers who received the thanks of the Confederate Congress for helping halt the Union advance were Majors George H. Terrett and Alger non S. Taylor, Captains Reuben T.



The naval brigade which helped to assault Fort Fisher at Wilmington, N.C., included some 400 Marines

gunners to open fire with heated shot. Moments after the first glowing, red-hot ball struck home, the *Congress* was a mass of flame.

Forced to withdraw because of the falling tide, the *Virginia* returned on the following morning to renew the attack. This time her efforts were stymied by a Union ironclad, the *Monitor*, which had arrived at Hampton Roads the night before. Capt Thom and his Confederate Marines took part in this second battle, but the *Monitor* carried no Marines. The next clash between Marines took place after the *Virginia* had been scuttled.

The initial successes enjoyed by General George B. McClellan in his long-awaited Spring offensive, the Peninsula

Richmond. To balance the scales, the loss of this same ship and the navy yard permitted the hard-pressed Confederacy to place a fairly large force of Marines and Sailors directly in McClellan's path. At Drewry's Bluff this hastily assembled group mounted guns salvaged from ships of the James River Squadron and dug in to halt McClellan's thrust toward the key city of Richmond.

On May 15, 1862, a Union flotilla, spearheaded by the *Monitor* and *Galena*, tried to shoulder its way past the batteries on Drewry's Bluff. Unable to elevate their guns sufficiently to engage the Confederates, the Union ironclads took a dreadful pounding. The *Monitor*, hit three times in rapid suc-

cession, drifted downstream out of control. Shortly afterward, a powder explosion, touched off by an incoming round, put the *Galena* out of action, and the attacking flotilla began its withdrawal.

The next encounter between Northern and Southern Marines was occasioned by the fact that an officer in the latter organization, First Lieutenant Beckett K. Howell, found himself without a command. Impatient for action, he signed on with Raphael Semmes, to become the only Marine aboard the raider *Alabama*. This set the stage for a clash

## BLUE AND GRAY (cont.)

of Marines which resembled comic opera rather than war.

Late in 1862, a battalion of about 140 United States Marines, commanded by Major Addison Garland, boarded the packet *Ariel* and sailed jauntily into the Caribbean. Off Cuba, the *Alabama* swept down on the graceful steamer. Semmes fired the customary warning shot. On the *Ariel* the ship's officers conferred hurriedly with Garland. Since there were women and children among the passengers, they decided not to resist.

Semmes, with his usual flair for the theatrical, donned his full dress uniform, boarded the prize, and in his honeyed Southern accent, soothed the fears of the ladies. The drama ended, Semmes showed real concern for the welfare of his captives. He refused to land them at Kingston, Jamaica, where an epidemic was raging. Instead, he arranged for a cash settlement with the *Ariel's* owners and allowed the vessel to go its way. After solemnly pledging

not to bear arms against the Confederacy, the Marines were released. This promise was easy enough to keep, for the battalion was destined for Mare Island off the California coast.

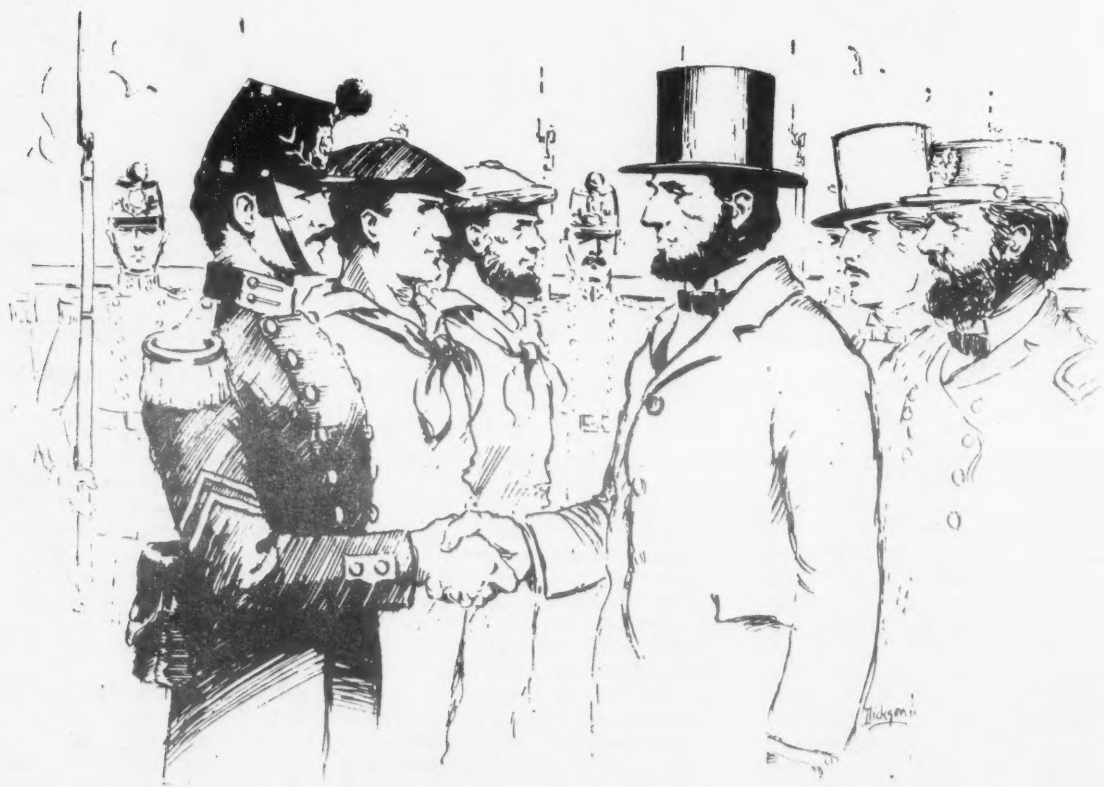
Lt Howell, by the way, still was the only Marine assigned to the *Alabama* when the raider was destroyed off the French coast on June 19, 1864. Victor in this battle was the *USS Kearsarge*. Her Marine detachment, assigned to man a rifled gun, was cited for gallantry and steadiness under fire.

Next major action involving Marines of both sides was the Battle of Mobile Bay, fought on August 5, 1864. As the sun rose blood-red in the eastern skies, David Farragut led his ships past powerful Fort Morgan, through torpedo fields, and into the bay. Beyond the harbor defense lay the ironclad ram, *Tennessee*, her Marines, commanded by Lieutenant D. G. Raney, and a cluster of smaller ships, two of which carried Marine guards. These frailer vessels were no match for Union guns, but the mighty ram hurled herself at the attacking squadron. The *USS Monongahela* steamed full tilt into the Con-

federate vessel; but her iron prow buckled, and the *Tennessee* suffered only minor damage. Next, the *Lackawanna* rammed the ironclad. Spun around by the impact, the Union vessel drifted alongside her opponent; for a few violent moments, the two ships lay head to stern. United States Marines fired their muskets into open gunports, and an enraged Yankee seaman bounced a spittoon off the *Tennessee's* armored sides.

Now, the *Lackawanna* backed off, only to collide with the flagship *Hartford*, which was rushing to the attack. Despite the crash, the *Hartford* managed to strike the ironclad a glancing blow, then slammed a broadside of nine-inch solid shot against her plates. Although listing, the *Tennessee* remained in the fight until the Union monitor *Chickasaw* drove a 15-inch shot into her stern. Captain Franklin Buchanan, one-time commander of the ill-fated *Virginia*, had no choice but to strike his colors.

Of the Confederate Marines who fought at Mobile Bay, those on the *Tennessee* were the first to be taken



President Lincoln shook hands with Marine Cpl John Mackie, who became the first United States

Marine ever to receive the Medal of Honor. The medal was first authorized during the Civil War

prisoner. The detachment aboard the gunboat *Gaines* also was captured, but one small vessel escaped. The *Morgan*, with about 24 Confederate Marines under Sergeant J. M. Bennett, found refuge up the Tombigbee River and was not formally surrendered until after the war ended.

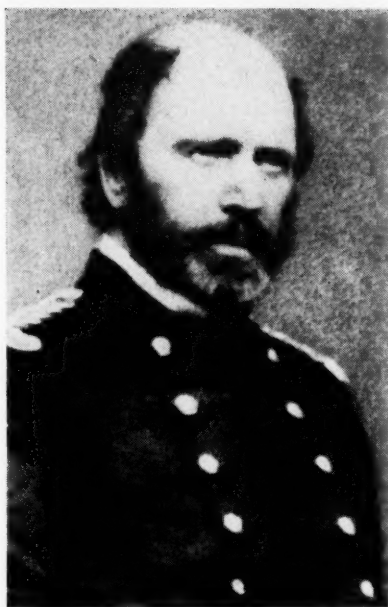
After the fall of Mobile, Confederate blockade runners began to concentrate at Wilmington, N. C., an excellent port defended by powerful Fort Fisher. No great imagination was needed to determine that this would be the next Union objective. To meet the expected thrust, 29 Sailors and Marines, all of them volunteers, were added to the garrison at Fort Fisher.

Union General Ben Butler had devised a truly spectacular plan for the destruction of the fort. A ship was to be loaded with explosives, moored at the base of the work, and detonated. When the walls came tumbling down, Butler would lead his army into the ruins. The explosion came on the night of December 23d, but it scarcely disturbed the sleep of the Confederate garrison. Butler, nevertheless, decided to land his men, relying on the Navy to batter the walls to dust. This, too, failed, and he withdrew.

This failure brought about the immediate replacement of Butler with Major General Alfred H. Terry. While Admiral David D. Porter supported him with naval gunfire, Terry made a second landing before Fort Fisher. By January 14, 1865, his troops were ashore, poised for the final assault.

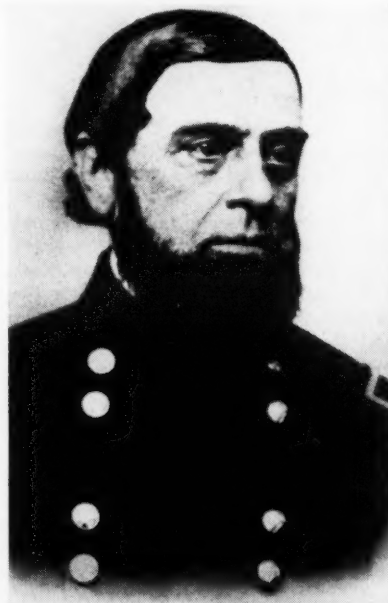
Although Terry had requested no help from the Navy except for gunfire, Porter became obsessed with the notion that the Army should be reinforced. Perhaps he was secretly afraid that Terry would withdraw as Butler had done. Whatever the reason, he decided to employ his naval brigade, a large landing force which he had assembled less than two weeks before. This brigade was made up of about 1600 Sailors, most of them armed with cutlasses or pistols, and some 400 Marines who carried rifles or carbines. According to Porter's plan, at the moment of the Army assault, the Marine riflemen were to seize the parapet and pick off the Confederates within the fort. The Sailors then would rush past the Marines to skewer the Southern cannoneers.

On the afternoon of January 14th, the brigade went ashore. Captain Randolph K. Breese, in command of the unit, modified Porter's plan only slightly. Instead of scaling the walls, the Marines were to prepare rifle pits from which they could support the advance. The Sailors, however, still faced the grim prospect of running across an open beach to clamber up the



The Corps' sixth Commandant, Col John Harris, died in office in 1864 after having served as CMC during most of the war

walls and close with the Confederates. This alone was enough to render the plan suicidal. A rifle could kill a person at ranges up to half a mile; at 250 yards it was a murderous weapon. The



Jacob Zeilin became the seventh Commandant upon Harris' death and he served with unquestioned ability until his retirement in 1876

Marines, it was true, could knock a man from the parapet; but only if the man were fool enough to expose himself. No Confederate trooper would take such an unnecessary risk. While the Marines were sniping at the protected Southerners, they in turn, would be blazing away at the densely packed wave of bluejackets charging across open terrain. There was little hope for the Union's naval brigade.

The following day, Capt Breese sent two detachments of Marines, one commanded by Lieutenant Louis E. Fagan, the other by Captain Lucien L. Dawson, into the rifle pits. He then tried to form the Sailors into three assault waves to attack through the Marines. Somehow his orders went astray, and the bluejackets collected to the left of the rifle pits. To complicate matters further, Breese could not find out the exact time of the Army attack. The final misfortune came when Dawson received a garbled order to join in the assault. He complied by pulling his men out of their trenches, marching off to the left, and mingling them with the Sailors. Instead of moving directly toward Fort Fisher, the column marched almost parallel to the face of the fortification before it wheeled and charged. In the meantime, Lieutenant Fagan's men were supporting the attack at best they could, but they could not cope with the 800 Confederates who manned the ramparts. Both Sailors and Marines displayed great gallantry, and some of them almost reached the walls; but courage was not enough. The attack was easily broken. As the naval brigade was stalled, the Army launched its assault, succeeded in obtaining a foothold within the bastion, and finally carried the day. Porter's men had provided a helpful, but costly, diversion.

Heroism was just as common among the Marines of the Confederacy as among those of the Union. Of the 29 volunteers who had joined the garrison before the attack of December 23d, 19 had been killed or wounded in turning aside the Union thrust. Three Marine officers, Captain A. C. Van Benthuyzen, Lieutenants James Thurston and H. M. Doaks, served in the Confederate ranks during the second battle. All were wounded and taken prisoner.

Never again did Confederate and Union Marines face each other in combat. For the Southerners, the trail led to Sayler's Creek in Virginia. There, on April 6, 1865, the Marines, part of a naval brigade in General Richard Ewell's Confederate force, participated in the last battle of the war. Their countercharge momentarily stunned the attacking Union troops. Only after six batteries of artillery had been massed to fire upon them, did the Confederate Marines, at last, lower their colors. **END**





by Col R. D. Heinl, Jr.

# THE LAST BANANA WAR

**The Banana War ended in 1933. Ahead lay campaigns undreamed of by all but a few**

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

*The Last Banana War, which Leatherneck has printed in two parts, is an extract from a forthcoming history of the Marine Corps, Soldiers of the Sea, to be published by the Naval Institute. The book, not a "compact" or "popular" history, will be documented, the first of its type among the histories of the Corps. Publication is tentatively set for Spring, 1961.*

**D**ISMAY reigned in Washington after word arrived of the reverses sustained in December. Orders flew for immediate reactivation of the Eleventh Marines, to be commanded by Colonel R. H. Dunlap, one of the best available. All Marines in the Special Service Squadron (about 300), were landed and attached to the 2d Brigade; several Marine guards from ships of the Battle Force were added. More aviation—including three tri-motor Fokkers, the first transport planes ever assigned to the Marine Corps—reinforced Maj Rowell's shoestring outfit. Col Gulick was relieved as brigade commander by Brigadier General Feland, who, despite poor health, arrived at Corinto on 15 January with the leading elements of the Eleventh Regiment. Accompanying Feland was the Major General Commandant himself, who, in typical Lejeune style, came along to see for himself. By the end of

January, the strength of the 2d Brigade had sky-rocketed to 2700 officers and men.

Feland's first step was to reorganize the country into three areas—Northern Area, Southern Area and Eastern Area. The Northern Area, hot potato for the moment, he assigned to Col Dunlap and the Eleventh Regiment. To the Eastern Area, where unwelcome signs of renewed banditry were making an appearance, he assigned an aviation detachment of four Loening amphibians.

While this build-up took place, the force under Maj Young at San Albino Mines concentrated for the final drive against *La Fortaleza*. Young now had a battalion of four companies—16th, 20th, 45th and a *Guardia* company, with a detachment of the 8th (machine gun). And while the cruisers bearing the first reinforcements for the brigade were breasting their way north from Panama to Corinto, Maj Rowell

launched an all-out—four-plane—air offensive against *El Chipote*.

"On the 14th of January, [related Lejeune] *El Chipote* was bombed. The aviators approached it from the clouds, 5000 feet up, and they came down at the rate of about 200 miles an hour, vertically, so they could drop their bombs accurately . . . it was a very successful bombing operation."

For an hour, using 50-pound fragmentation bombs, white phosphorus hand grenades, and machine guns, Maj Rowell and three other pilots (Lieutenants Weir and Lamson-Scribner, and GySgt Munsch) worked over *La Fortaleza*. Their approach was signaled by the bandits by two rockets, and the airplanes received heavy machine gun and rifle fire during most of the attack. Several of Sandino's barracks and storehouses were hit, and Rowell reported about 45 dead which could be

counted from the air—an indication of the still leisurely pace of aerial warfare.

Under cover of this diversion, Maj Young advanced from San Albino and captured, without casualties, a main bandit outpost atop San Jeronimo Mountain, which overlooked San Albino Mines from a distance of only two miles, and covered all trails leading toward *Chipote*.

Five days later (19 January), Young's columns converged on Sandino's stronghold, meeting steady but not strong resistance. It was hoped that the entire bandit force could be encircled and cut off, but this was not to be. Except for a few stragglers, the bandits made good their escape.

Even so, it was a close call. On 26 January, when the 20th Company reached the very top of *Chipote*, First Lieutenant Howard N. Kenyon, in command, found cooking fires smoking, a freshly butchered beef hanging in the kitchen, and a still limp, undressed chicken by the fireplace in what a prisoner identified as the quarters of "General" Salgado. Fresh tracks led in all directions into the bush. Captured papers showed that Sandino had been there as late as the 20th of the month.

Before returning to San Albino, the Marines destroyed all buildings and supplies, and staked out various small ambushes, which garnered in, as noted above, a handful of prisoners. On 28 January, Maj Young withdrew via Quilali, where he found that Sandinistas, who were definitely not air-minded by now, had done their best to return his favors by digging holes and pits all through Schilt's airstrip.

Sandino's forces evidently were still in the field, and they thus continued to be the main objective of the Marine brigade.

**T**O MAKE the Northern Area too hot for Sandino & Co., Gen Feland and Col Dunlap continued intensive patrolling and established enough additional garrisons so that practically every town in Nueva Segovia was safe. Sandino's home town, San Rafael del Norte, was occupied. Patrols began to travel at night, going off the trails into ambush positions by day, a practice which must have shaken the bandits. As a measure not only of the serious state of affairs, but of Feland's energy, there were 28 clashes with bandits between 15 January and 18 April 1928; during the preceding six months, there had been only 36.

Although rooted out of *La Fortaleza*, Sandino was far from benched. After a brief respite in Honduras, he re-entered Nicaragua and made straight for the coffee district about Jinotega and Matagalpa, where the rich planters crossed themselves and prayed for protection.

At 1330, 27 February, an empty pack train which had been on circuit to various outposts, was on the march between Yali and Condega, its home base. The 95-mile train, herded along by 22 cynical native *muleros*, was escorted by 35 Marines and one Navy pharmacist's mate, under command of First Lieutenant Edward F. O'Day.

As O'Day's column toiled and jingled along an open stretch of country near the town of Bramaderos, with a high ridge and a crude native lava wall to the right, they were hit by a fierce burst of fire, accompanied by a shower of dynamite bombs, along the entire right, from behind the wall, and from front and rear. The mules stampeded in utter confusion, and the Marines, rallied by Lt O'Day and Sergeant Isham, his leading NCO, formed a firing line along a lower ridge to the left, facing the bandits across the trail.

After an hour of heavy firing and skirmishing, the bandits—altogether more than 600 strong—actually charged the Marine position in a regular skirmish line, covered by bursts of fire from at least four machine guns. Despite their superiority in numbers they were thrown back to the line of the trail, where they regrouped, and, under cover of their machine guns, pillaged what they could find in the welter of dead and leaderless animals. Just before nightfall they attacked again; again they were stopped by Marine rifle fire. And again they fell back and resumed continuous small arms fire on the beleaguered platoon of Marines.

Meanwhile, although Salgado, the bandit leader, did not know it, O'Day's get-away man, a corporal from the battalion intelligence section, had made contact with Condega, and the 57th Company, 2d Battalion, Eleventh Marines, commanded by Captain William

K. MacNulty, was on the way. Among MacNulty's NCOs was a lanky young corporal, James P. Berkeley, destined 30 years later to be a major general.

As day broke, the 57th Company established contact with O'Day, and attacked the bandits' right flank, supported by a machine gun. At first the outlaws fired back, but by eight o'clock they had retired, and the field remained in the hands of the Marines, five of whom died—three of machete wounds—and eight of whom were wounded. Thus ended the Bramaderos fight, which Sandino subsequently described to a confidant as his most important battle in 1928.

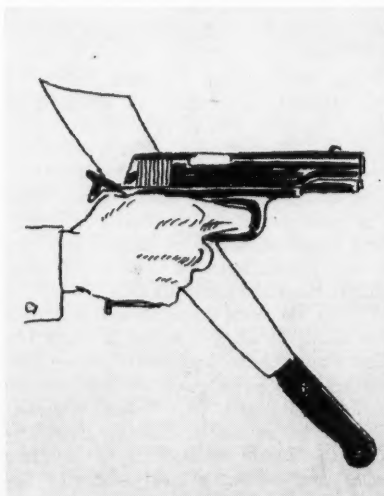
Under steady pressure throughout the Northern Area, Sandino's forces began to dissipate and operate defensively, conducting depredations against natives but avoiding combat with Marines. Another result of changed conditions in the north was that, as will be seen, the focus of bandit operations shifted, in mid-1928, to eastern Nicaragua. One exception to this general improvement was the action on 13 May—really a collision of forces—in which Captain Robert S. Hunter, leading a patrol northeast of Santa Cruz, was fatally wounded while siting a machine gun against a strong bandit group.

By mid-Summer, more than 1600 bandits had turned in themselves and their weapons (at \$10.00 per rifle), taking advantage of the amnesty which still prevailed. This was a measure not only of the temporary decline of bandit fortunes, but also of what strength Sandino had when he was riding high.

**T**HE EASTERN Area (Major H. Utley) was swamp, jungle, banana plantations, mahogany forest, and occasional gold mines. Its highways were the rivers; its inhabitants, mainly peaceable Mosquito Indians. The interior country which separates it from western Nicaragua is among the most difficult and remote in Central America. It was into these fastnesses that the campaign in Nueva Segovia forced the bands. The first warnings that this was happening came when Sandino made a sweep of the gold mining region, raiding and looting two principal mines—La Luz and Neptune, about a hundred miles inland of Puerto Cabezas, where Utley had his headquarters.

To confine and compress the bandits, pressure from the east was needed. A principal agent for effecting this pressure was a short, red-haired, icy-eyed captain, Merritt A. Edson.

Two posts—Bocay, on the Coco River, and Cuvali, in mining country—defined the farthest line held by Marine garrisons from the Eastern Area. These had been established by Edson—CO of



## BANANA WAR (cont.)

the *Denver's* Marine guard—and by Captain Henry D. Linscott (both destined to become general officers).

In mid-July, 1928, aviation reported a sizable concentration of bandits far up the Coco River, at Poteca, which seemed, from the air, to be an outlaw headquarters, perhaps that of Sandino himself. Although Poteca was 400 miles upstream from the sea, and was generally held to be inaccessible, Edson proposed a river expedition in native dugouts. The idea was approved—nobody else had anything better, or in fact, anything else at all—and, with 46 men, Edson set out.

Boats capsized (intentionally, with the help of native boatmen, Edson soon realized), supplies were lost in the swift jungle river, men faltered with malaria, food ran short and the patrol would have starved but for air drops. Nothing like this had been experienced by Marines since the march across Samar. But "Red Mike" pressed on. And on 7 August the patrol hit, and deftly outflanked, Sandino's main outpost, 60 miles above Bocay, where one Marine was killed and three wounded, and 10 bandits died. The bandits had a 60-man ambush laid with machine guns but a too-itchy trigger finger betrayed them prematurely. Ten days later, Edson reached Wamblam, just downstream from Poteca, to find that Sandino had fled, leaving most of his stores (and one prisoner, a "colonel") behind. These were a godsend for the patrol, whose uniforms were falling off and who had, in many cases, even been unable to shave for almost a month.

After Edson had established a permanent garrison at Poteca, Gen Feland commented, still almost unbelievably:

"From the standpoint of difficulty, danger, isolation from friendly ground troops, and accomplishments, this small expedition is without parallel in the hard work done by this Brigade."

**I**N NOVEMBER, 1928, Nicaragua had its first free and peaceful national election. The resultant change of administration to the winning Liberal Party, headed by General Jose Maria Moncada, was the first peaceful change of party government in the history of the country. This truly remarkable event resulted from the agreements reached at Tipitapa and from the U.S.-supervised electoral machinery set up under Brigadier General Frank R. McCoy, USA, a distinguished officer with long political and diplomatic experience. The chairmen of the 432 electoral precincts throughout the country were—at the request of leaders of both parties—enlisted men of the Marine Corps or

Navy, while the *Guardia Nacional* and the 2d Brigade provided protection for polling places and ballots. In the words of Dr. Harold W. Dodds, Technical Adviser to the Electoral Commission and later President of Princeton:

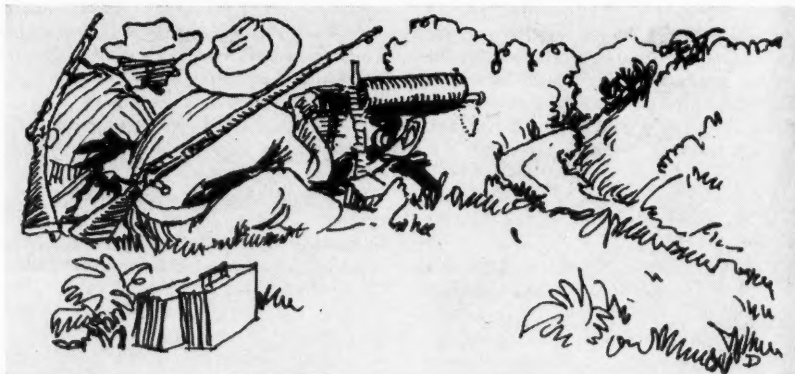
"These measures were so successful that registration and voting in the remote departments were heavier than in 1924, the only year in which conditions had previously approached a free election. For this the Marines and *Guardia* deserve great credit. Their task was more difficult than anyone unfamiliar with jungle territory and the operation of bandit bands can readily appreciate."

Following this *tour-de-force* and as a result of the military pressure which had gradually compressed his forces into the wastes and jungles of the interior, Sandino fled in 1929 to Mexico, then and for years after the center of Communist influence in Latin America. This flight reduced banditry to the occupational level which had been endemic in Nicaragua for many years.

One immediate consequence of Moncada's ascendancy was a new policy regarding employment of the *Guardia Nacional*. *Guardia* Brigadier General Beadle was relieved in March, 1929, by Colonel Douglas C. McDougal, who, with the backing of Moncada and cheers from the Brigade, immediately

tached from the 2d Brigade and, on the 31st, disbanded while en route to Quantico. The total strength of the Marine Brigade then approximated two thousand. All but 10 posts in the once hot Northern Area were turned over to *Guardia* units. This commitment of the *Guardia* imposed new strains and temptations on a few of its frailer members. There were 10 mutinies or individual outbreaks in detachments of the *Guardia Nacional* between 1928 and mid-1932. Five Marines, seconded to the *Guardia* as officers, were murdered or killed defending themselves in these affrays. But the bulk of the *Guardia* proved steady and loyal, and, even in certain of the mutinies, some of the natives stood by their officers.

**W**HILE THE *Guardia Nacional* continued the war against bandits, the Marines, following the pattern in Haiti and Santo Domingo, were gradually concentrated in reserve, and the native units took over offensive duties. Marine aviation, however, continued to support all field operations, whether Marine or *Guardia*. In April, 1930, all Marine detachments were pulled out of the Eastern Area. A year later, the entire Brigade was concentrated at Managua and Corinto, leaving the country to the *Guardia Nacional*, now commanded by *Guardia* Major



began committing *Guardia* units to anti-bandit operations at which they soon became competent. One reason for the effectiveness of the *Guardias* was that they possessed the sanctions and compulsions of police power over the inhabitants, which Marines did not, and could thus dig far deeper into the civilian base, such as it was, that supported Sandino's terrorism.

With the long overdue activation of the *Guardia* as a fighting force, it became possible to withdraw Marine garrisons from some posts and reduce the Brigade strength. Gen Feland was succeeded on 18 April 1929 by Brigadier General Dion Williams. In August, 1929, the Eleventh Regiment was de-

General (Lieutenant Colonel, USMC) Calvin B. Matthews. Gen Matthews had 267 officers and 2240 enlisted men in his command, while the Brigade was cut back to a thousand officers and men.

Despite this fundamental improvement which made the situation of the Marine Brigade more realistic and more tenable, banditry was by no means dead. In May, 1930, financed by worldwide leftist contributions—including a sizable sum from New York City—Sandino returned from Mexico and resumed practice in the Northern Area. By coincidence, no doubt, on the first day of the month in which he took the field again—May Day, 1930—a large



Communist meeting was held in Union Square, Manhattan, for the purpose of raising funds to rearm Sandino.

By the end of 1931, the *Guardia* had chalked up 141 bandit contacts, and could take encouragement in the rumor—later confirmed—that Sandino himself had been wounded near Jinotega by a Marine air strike in June, 1930. Earlier, had it not been for strict obedience to orders on the part of Maj Rowell, Sandino might well have been killed. Rowell, on an armed air patrol, discovered Sandino's main force bivouacked at San Rafael del Norte. Rather than execute an attack on a town containing innocent civilians, Rowell—in accordance with Gen Feland's policy—forebore to strike, but merely made a non-firing pass. As Maj Rowell later commented dryly:

"It so happened that the radical news writer, Br. Beals, was present in the act of interviewing Sandino at the very moment the planes arrived."

Late in 1931 and early in the new year, Sandino, now recovered, again accumulated foreign arms from Honduras and Mexico and was able to bring his forces up to more than a thousand men. Again the *Guardia* reacted energetically, and, in 1932, after 160 contacts, shattered the bandit organization.

TO STATE that the *Guardia Nacional* had 160 contacts in 1932 is only to note a statistic. *Guardia* Company M (for "Mobile") based on Jinotega, was anything but a statistic. Commanded by *Guardia* Captain (First Lieutenant USMC) Lewis B. Puller, and *Guardia* Lieutenant William A. Lee (Gunnery Sergeant USMC), Company M carried the war to the bandits in a series of patrols seldom excelled in the history of the Corps. Foremost among these was Puller's patrol into the mountains northeast of Jinotega.

One day early in September, 1932, when Capt Puller was reconnoitering north of Jinotega, he stumbled without warning across a trail he had never known existed, and which did not connect with any known trail. It was 15 feet wide, newly cut, and obviously well maintained. Equally obvious to Puller was the fact that this lost trail, which pointed straight for uninhabited fastnesses, was the bandits' means of descending completely unknown from the wilds of the upper Coco River, east of El Chipote, into the populated area surrounding Jinotega.

On 20 September, at the head of the 40-man company, with 18 pack animals, Chesty Puller and Lieutenant Lee struck out of Jinotega for the secret trail. On the fourth day out, more than 40 miles from Jinotega, scouts found a well prepared bandit camp site,

then another, and another. That day the patrol rooted out and leveled 18 unoccupied bandit camps along 12 miles of trail. Next day, during a 16-mile march of the kind that made Puller's company the terror of bandits, nine more camps were found and destroyed. So far, despite every sign of bandits, including evidence that scouts were tracking the patrol, not a living man had been seen.

On the following morning, 26 September, as the patrol crossed a stream 75 miles out of Jinotega, rifle fire, mingled briefly with the chatter of automatic weapons, burst from the jungle on the right of the trail. The *Guardias*, keen and aggressive, counterattacked, and the bandits melted into the brush. Puller estimated that the brief ambush came from 80 men with at least two machine guns, trying mainly to pick off the officers.

As the patrol moved silently ahead, across a ridge, over another stream, up a long narrow draw with ridges on both sides, Capt Puller, second man in the column, dove for the deck; so did the point. As they dropped, a bandit auto rifle blasted on full automatic fire and, with its first burst, literally truncated the man behind Puller, drenching the captain with a sheet of blood. The whole ridge to the right exploded with dynamite bombs, musketry, hand and rifle grenades, and fire from at least seven machine guns or auto rifles. Three *Guardias* fell wounded. So did Lt Lee, hit twice and unable to slash the patrol's Lewis gun loose from its pack mule.

Up the slope the *Guardias* began to fight their way under intense fire. Exerting all his strength, Lee managed to get at the Lewis gun and bring it into action. Then more bandits opened fire from the opposite ridge, now the patrol's rear. This brought the total number of bandits to more than 150. Finally the *Guardias* topped the right-hand ridge, faced about, and raked the opposite high ground with musketry and rifle grenades. The bandit firing slackened and ceased. After more than an hour's desperate fighting, the *Guardia* patrol was safe. Better still, they had won. Sixteen dead bandits were found, plus traces of many more wounded.

His own wounded forced Capt Puller to turn back. Even with these the patrol covered seven miles—"You can never stop, you've got to keep going, when you're carrying wounded on the trail," said Puller. That night one of the *Guardias* died, and, like the other who had been killed in the main ambush, was buried in a hidden grave. Four days later, after two more futile ambushes which only further lacerated

the bandits, Puller's patrol emerged from the jungle at Jinotega. In 10 days they had marched more than 150 miles, fought four battles, destroyed 30 bandit camps, killed 30 counted bandit dead and probably many more. Lt Lee was promptly flown to Managua. "In the days of the wooden ships," reported Puller, himself a man of iron, "Lee would have been an iron man." For this epic patrol Capt Puller was awarded his second Navy Cross, and Lee his third—until the second World War, the highest number of Navy Crosses ever won by a single individual.

WITHIN LESS than three months, Puller and Lee were again in combat. In the last serious fight of the year, on the day after Christmas, 1932, 250 bandits waylaid a train on the new El Sauce-Leon line. After an hour's spirited action, the bandits retired. Three out of 60 of Puller's *Guardias* on the train were killed; but so were 31 bandits.

Meanwhile, the Marine Brigade successfully and peacefully supervised the elections of 1930 and 1932, interrupted by the earthquake and fire of March, 1931, which nearly leveled Managua. The rescue and relief work of the Marines won gratitude and thanks throughout Nicaragua.

In April, 1931, while Managua was still picking itself up, Secretary Stimson had announced that the U.S. Government would no longer undertake general protection of our nationals throughout the interior of Nicaragua; also that the time for withdrawal of the Marine Brigade was approaching. Eighteen months later, with another honest election completed, even though banditry was definitely not suppressed, new policies impelled the United States to terminate military occupation of Nicaragua. In so doing, the Americans would leave the country an efficient *Guardia Nacional*, a national system of communications, numerous airfields, and many other improvements unheard of before the 2d Marine Brigade's arrival almost six years before. In the views of Secretary Stimson:

"The Marines had come to save lives in the civil war; they had remained to disarm the contenders, chase bandits, and hold an election, and they left behind in the end a country peaceful and independent. It was a job well done."

Indeed, on balance, it was, and Brigadier General R. C. Berkeley, the last Brigade commander, could feel pride as his flag was hauled down in Managua on 2 January 1933. And little more than a year later, it seemed a fitting finishing stroke that, on 22 February 1934, Augusto C. Sandino was murdered in Managua.

THE Nicaraguan campaign was both Alpha and Omega in many more senses than most Marines who fought in it then realized.

Nicaragua was the last of the Caribbean expeditions which had been the Marines' stock-in-trade since Panama in 1885. It was also the last paternal military operation in which U. S. forces landed to stabilize, pacify, and, if possible, improve a small, backward country. Years later the mark of Nicaragua would remain on in the Corps through the requirement that every second lieutenant must complete a course in Spanish—"Bull-cart Spanish" to the old-timers—and through the strong emphasis on small wars tactics and techniques which marked the Corps of the 1930s.

Nicaragua also provided the Marine Corps its last serious fighting until World War II. There is no doubt that the hard campaigning, the perpetual stretching of insufficient means, and the tenacity of the enemy did much to maintain the professional temper of the Corps between the two world wars. Forty-seven Marines were killed in action or died of wounds; 89 more died from other causes, including malaria, aircraft accidents, and other mishaps. Considering the ferocity of the bandits, the total seems small enough.

But if Nicaragua was the last in a long line, it confronted Marines with two innovations of 20th century warfare, neither very clearly recognized by participants in the campaign, and each, paradoxically, tending to cancel out the effects of the other.

Augusto Sandino was the first opponent of his kind to be encountered by U. S. Marines—a modern-style guerrilla-demagogue, internationally supported, schooled and fostered by a communistic oriented Mexican left, waging a ruthless politico-military campaign by methods which demonstrably owed much to Lenin's sharp precepts on the technique of revolution. This is not to say that Sandino was a Communist or would have so recognized himself. Yet it now seems clear that much of Sandino's support abroad had ultimate roots in world Communism. Coincidence hardly accounts for the naming (in 1927 when Sandino was still barely recognized by U. S. forces in Nicaragua) of a "Sandino Division" in the leftist army of Canton during the Chinese civil war. Or for the chorus of hallelujahs from 1928 on, by prominent foreign writers of the left, hailing Sandino—who was in truth an unscrupulous, bloody-handed slave of ambition—as a "George Washington." Or

for the well organized fund-raising drives in lower Manhattan which amassed contributions to buy arms with which Sandino terrorized his fellow countrymen and killed U. S. Marines. Such phenomena as these—and grossly slanted articles datelined in the camp of enemies of United States troops—came under the abuse heading of "liberalism" in the 1920s. The 1960s have another word for it.

Thus Sandino was in every respect a wholly new phenomenon to the Marine Corps, and very much a man of the new century. Unlike Haiti's Charlemagne Peralte or the fiery bandits of Santo Domingo, Sandino was no local primitive who could be isolated by control of the sea and removed from power by systematic police action. In his literacy, his international connections, his exploitation of the press, his deft intrigue, his vanishing powers across "neutral" frontiers, he is far more readily recognizable in the 1960s than in the 1920s. Sandino posed radically new and stubborn problems which were greatly aggravated by the unprecedented difficulty of Nicaragua's terrain and by the insufficiency of the forces supposed to lay him by the heels.

If the Marine expeditionary forces in Nicaragua had been equipped and supported only with the simple weapons and techniques of Haiti and Santo Domingo, the results would have been even less satisfactory than they were. Fortunately this was not the case—the second wholly new factor which distinguishes the Nicaraguan campaign from its forerunners was that it was the first air-ground war in the history of arms.

Most of the things done by Marine aviation in Nicaragua—dive-bombing conspicuously expected—had been done before. But never before had they been done simultaneously and routinely, and never before had combat and logistic air support been woven into the fabric of a campaign as it was by the 2d Marine Brigade between 1927 and 1933.

Taking the state of affairs by mid-1928 as typical, the statistics for the preceding year give a measure of aviation's contribution to the campaign:

- Eighty-four attacks on bandit forces (including the first dive-bombing attack in history).

- Ammunition expended in action: 300 bombs; more than 30,000 rounds.

- Sorties hit by ground fire—82.

- Passengers and cargo hauled: more than 1500 people (including casualties and sick) and 900,000 pounds. Accident rate—zero.

- Airfields built—Managua, Ocotal, Esteli, Apali, Jalapa, Puerto Cabezas, Jinotega, Somotillo, El Sauce, Leon, Quilali, Limay, Condega, Jugalpa, Corinto, Somoto, Telpaneca, and Gra-

nada. Typical construction incentive for native labor on one field (Condega): a bonus issue of canned sardines, never a popular item in the tropical field ration; Cpl J. P. Berkeley recounted that the total cost of the completed field was \$900 in pay, plus God knows how many cases of sardines.

- Miscellaneous services—airial mapping and photography, meteorology, daily message and mail drops and pick-ups throughout the Brigade's area; long-range radio communications for the Brigade.

- Technical advances—substitution of Vought "Corsair" for the World War DH; advent of metal fuselages (duraluminum); first transport plane in Marine Corps history (Fokker tri-motor); brakes on landing gear ("... hailed with joy by all pilots"); trials of the OP-1 autogiro, an exasperating contraption which was the first rotary-wing aircraft in the Marine Corps, and, with its two Navy sisters, the first such in the U. S. armed forces.

Later on, aviation outdid itself in logistic support. In a single week in August, 1928, Marine planes lifted 68,614 pounds of cargo. Nine weeks later, the squadron flew 209 sorties in one week (the score for a single year—1930—was more than 5000 sorties amounting to 5900 hours). One of the longest remembered logistic missions of the year was executed for the express benefit of a hulking second lieutenant, Wilburt S. Brown, justly nicknamed "Bigfoot"—when Lieutenant Brown's shoes gave out on him in the Northern Area, a replacement pair was flown up from Managua: one shoe per airplane.

THE YEAR in which the last Banana War ended, 1933, was the year in which the Fleet Marine Force began. The Marines who sailed home from Corinto were the cadres of the FMF. Only a few months later, when the last Marines left Haiti (which had been peaceful for many years), the role of the Marine Corps as colonial infantry came to its close. Ahead lay campaigns and battles undreamed of by all but a few. Thus Nicaragua, final campaign of the old Marine Corps, set the stage for the new.

"The past is prologue," we say. Nicaragua certainly was. In a climate of military thought which is addled by preoccupation with a hypothetical, megaton-scale general war, it is easy to disregard seven years of obscure campaigning in a small Central American republic. But when we consider the real—not the hypothetical—war which is being fought today, a series of unending politico-military actions involving limited forces in remote, backward countries, the shadow of the last Banana War looms longer. **END**

# the old gunny says...



**"I** RECENTLY read about a Marine lieutenant who voluntarily had been teaching English language classes to Okinawans. His efforts had been very well received by the local people and the Marine command noted how this sort of thing promoted good relations and understanding between Americans and other nationalities. The report recommended that our military could do more of this sort of thing.

"It occurred to me how much the U. S. military forces overseas have done—and still can do—in such simple and basic ways to promote people-to-people understanding. Our military personnel are now living overseas, many with families, numbering in the hundreds of thousands. They are not transient tourists; they are residents in a foreign country for periods of months and years. Never has a nation had so many of its citizens living overseas for so long and in so many places. They are potential ambassadors of good will and disciples of the democratic freedoms unparalleled by any other country. There is an opportunity for the American military man overseas to help win the peace without ever firing a shot. The effort required mainly involves a spontaneous and natural desire to know, understand and respect the peoples of other countries.

"This is the 'people-to-people' program started by President Eisenhower back in 1956. It's not a 'Cold War' national program to 'sell' America in the face of communist aggression and propaganda, but it is a normal effort to improve understanding between human beings. It means the sort of relations that result from a common desire of people to know about each other and to live in good health and peace. It is not a design to promote alien politics or culture. It is an approach to harmonious relationships.

"A benefit from the people-to-people approach can be resistance to communist ideology and methods. It can

result in increased support for the accomplishment of 'Free World' objectives and resistance to communist aims in the 'Cold War.'

"Americans living in foreign countries must approach their host citizens with an attitude of friendly interest and with a true desire to learn, understand and appreciate.

"Remember, many of these countries existed, with advanced cultures, when the U. S. was nothing but a wilderness. These people are proud of their past, their customs and their creations. They are not always impressed by comparisons of American plumbing, kitchens or shopping centers. They don't all agree that our automobiles, music or clothes are of the best quality or best taste. In other words, most people have ideas and opinions of their own—and they aren't always wrong. Try to understand the other fellow's point of view—or keep quiet.

"Americans abroad often tend to

band together in their housing and social life and neglect to mix with the local folk enough to either learn much about the country or its people. Usually, language barriers are the cause of this segregation, which is often misinterpreted as unfriendliness or lack of interest.

"Of course, the first step to take in going to a foreign country is an attempt to learn the language. When people can talk and communicate with each other, they soon learn that despite race, creed or color, they have much in common.

"Other simple things that military men should consider in order to make a favorable impression are:

"Don't talk in a loud and vulgar manner. This offends everybody.

"Don't throw your money around. Some people resent this kind of show.

"When you are ashore, be interested in local attractions—in addition to the local girls. When you get older and have long forgotten the girlyies, you will regret the things you didn't do and see.

"Be polite and considerate. This is universal language—understood by all.

"Don't criticize the local way of life. Maybe you can learn something.

"Try the local food. You will learn that hamburgers and milk shakes are not the *only* good chow.

"In other words, mix it up—get with the people—try to understand and appreciate. This is the peaceful means of achieving greater mutual respect among nations. It's the way to win friends and influence people. It's the way to maintain allies on the side of freedom. It's your part in the world struggle we face for the rest of our lives."

**END**







# BIRTHDAY BALL



by Major Earl J. Wilson, USMCR

This is the night when across the vastness of the earth  
and sea,  
Across the varied lands, across the restless oceans,  
At storied posts and far-flung stations,  
At outposts lonely as a crater on the moon,  
This is the night we draw O'Bannon's sword—  
The Mameluke sword from Tripoli.  
This is the night we cut the cake and drink a toast  
To those who have gone before. Listen!  
A young lieutenant is reading words that are read  
To all Marines throughout the globe on the Birthday of  
the Corps.

"... This high name of distinction and soldierly repute  
We who are Marines today have received from those  
Who preceded us in the Corps. With it we also  
received  
From them the eternal spirit which has animated our  
Corps  
From generation to generation and has been  
The distinguishing mark of the Marines in every  
age...."

Yes, this is the night of the Birthday Ball,  
And as we stand at attention for these few moments  
Of the traditional ceremony, do you not feel  
There are others here beside us—  
Silent, invisible ranks who join with us this night  
In honor of the Corps.

\* \* \* \*

Turn up the scuffed and wrinkled sea bag and shake out  
Upon the rolling salty deck those names that smell of  
powder smoke.  
Island here! New Providence,  
Tristan Acuncha, Wake and Wolmi-do,  
And rivers like the Hatchee-Lustee, the Cua, and the  
Han.  
Shake out the beaches, strips of sand, the surge and crash  
of waves,  
Rocks and wheeling gulls,  
And a rusting hulk that bears the name, *Maria*.  
Beaches—Whitehaven Shore, Volupai Plantation—  
Shake out the sleeping towns—Blue Barra, Manchado,  
Quilali—towns  
That once woke suddenly to the snapping sound of death.  
Names—Bataan, the Chosin Reservoir, Verdun, and  
Belleau Wood.  
Shake out the hills, the forts, the mountains, and the  
ridges,  
Shake out all those bits of ground that for a space of time  
Became of great and soaring significance to a few  
Marines—  
Piva Road block, Chapultepec, Fiddler's Fort, Cruzco  
Well,  
And Blanc Mont—its chalk surfaces white as a sun-  
bleached skull.  
What's in a name? Quite often blood and history,

Freedom and a way of life. These are Leatherneck names,  
These and a thousand more.  
Especially tonight at the Birthday Ball remember them—  
For here is where the heavy boondockers of Marines  
Have left footprints on the rugged trail  
They beckon now for us to follow.

\* \* \* \*

Four hundred and eighty years before the birth of Christ  
The Greeks and the Persians brought forth  
The world's first decisive naval engagement,  
A matter of some interest to Marines  
Whose veins are filled with the salt sea water.  
Geography thrust the ancient Greeks into the sea,  
Brought about development of the Athenian trireme,  
A warship with a 10-foot metal ram,  
A crew of 174 rowers, 20 sailors,  
And a few Marines.  
They met the Persian ships at Salamis,  
A narrow strait, to grapple ship by ship.  
Though outnumbered, the Marines beat down  
The Phoenician hirelings and won the day.  
And this took place at Salamis and that was long ago.  
Spin the globe and watch the years and decades pass!  
Centuries of mixing men and sea,  
A thousand different battles.  
In 1664, creation of the British Marines, moulding the  
form.

Now see the American colonies—like one vast beach-  
head—  
Our own forebears, forced like the Greeks into the sea,  
Learning the way of wind and wave, muskets in the  
fighting tops.  
And see the seed of freedom planted on our shores,  
Sprouting into a sturdy tree—trunk of white,  
With leaves of red and blue, and shaped like stars.  
And strong, tenacious roots, with one deep root  
'Twined around a hostelry on the east side of King Street,  
In Philadelphia. A hostelry called Tun Tavern,  
Where men are called to fight  
Under a worthy motto for a worthy cause—  
"Don't Tread on Me!"  
Rattlesnake flag of the Revolution.  
Here, the beginning  
Of that long line of illustrious men  
Who have borne the name, Marine.  
Who were these men?  
Ho, spin the globe and drop the anchor,  
And tonight at the Birthday Ball  
Call them forward once again!

\* \* \* \*

Call Captain Nicholas from those misty ranks.  
Captain Samuel Nicholas—front and center!  
Mark him well as he strides forward—

Native of Philadelphia, skilled horseman,  
 Damned good sailor. First Marine officer,  
 Commissioned 28 November, 1775,  
 Later, our First Commandant.  
 Led our first landing, New Providence in the Bahamas.  
 His Marines were dressed in uniforms  
 Green as they were green as troops;  
 Tall, rawboned men carrying flintlock muskets,  
 Lance and cutlass, pike and spear,  
 And deadly tomahawk.  
 Their objective? Some 600 barrels  
 Of badly needed British gunpowder.  
 As they approach the fort, the enemy fires three rounds  
 Then quickly retires to the town—  
 A pretty, delaying trick.  
 For that night as Sam's troops snore and snuffle  
 In the uncontested fort,  
 The British governor is busy dumping the precious  
 powder  
 Into an exceedingly wet ocean.  
 Oh, ho! You know next morning Sam filled the air with  
 salty oaths!  
 So our American Revolution.  
 The grinding months and years of the fighting pass,  
 Green uniforms stained with blood  
 On many a bitter field, in many a fight at sea.  
 And then the war was over and here began a pattern,  
 A dull grey pattern of forgetfulness,  
 To be repeated and repeated after every war.  
 Our Continental Navy and Marines abolished.  
 Last mention of a Marine is one Private Robert Stout  
 Serving in 1784, on the *Alliance*, our last fighting ship.  
 Then she, too, was gone.  
 Three cheers for independence!  
 We were independent, yes,  
 But we were virtually defenseless  
 On the wide and rolling sea.

\* \* \* \*

Soon they came, like flies to the honey pot,  
 The Barbary Corsairs, capturing defenseless American  
 merchant ships,  
 The crews—free Americans—imprisoned, chained, beaten,  
 Tortured, used as slaves. While we tried to buy our way  
 With ransoms, and miserable bribes—  
 Enough, Great God, enough!  
 Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!  
 Fine words, yes, but it was not until five years later—  
 Not until 1798, that the new Navy and Marine Corps  
 Were born again. A time of  
 Wooden ships and iron men, a time of flogging  
 Laid on with a cat-o'-nine-tails to the tap of a drum,  
 Of cocked hats, and black leather stocks around the neck,  
 Against a cutlass blow—the Leathernecks!  
 O yes, you've heard the tale, no doubt,  
 And one to stir the blood,  
 Of how Lt Stephen Decatur, with a group of picked  
 Marines and sailors,  
 Faces blackened, sailed under the very guns of the enemy  
 To burn to the waterline the captured warship,  
*Philadelphia*.  
 Makes it almost seem too easy.  
 But remember this tonight at the Birthday Ball:  
 From the time the Pasha of Tripoli  
 Insolently cut down our flag

And declared war on our stripling nation  
 Until Lt O'Bannon could proudly hoist Old Glory  
 Over the fort at Derne—all this  
 Took five more long and desperate years.  
 Yet, when it was over,  
 When we had finished with the Med,  
 One thing was certain, for tribute silver,  
 We had substituted lead.  
 And the Pasha understood.

\* \* \* \*

Call forward now 1stLt John Gamble, who, in the War  
 of 1812,  
 Found it wasn't the British that bothered him the most,  
 It was love . . . In a word—women,  
 Beautiful Polynesian women with red flowers in their hair.  
 Lt Gamble, speak up!  
 Yes sir. Well, I sailed 'round Cape Horn under Captain  
 Porter,  
 Wound up on Nukuhiva, an island in the Marquesas  
 group.  
 Captain said, hold this place as an advance base for five  
 months,  
 Then shove off, understand? Aye, aye, sir, I said.  
 I had 21 sailors, sea scum, not even Americans,  
 Riff raff from the captured ships. I had three Marines,  
 Two 16-year-old-midshipmen, three prize ships,  
 And damned few supplies—with hostile natives on the  
 beach.  
 At first it weren't so bad, but as the months went by,  
 Those beautiful Marquesan girls would swim out to the  
 ships,  
 And when they left in the early hours,  
 The larder was always lighter. I tried every means  
 To control this midnight requisitioning without success.  
 One night, just before the five months were up,  
 A group of these love-sick swabs grabbed me,  
 Forced me at pistol point into my own brig,  
 Shot me in the heel . . .  
 Then they hauled aboard their women and put out to sea.  
 Four miles from shore they put me and the loyal men  
 Over the side in a leaky boat. Never mind,  
 We bailed our way back to the harbor  
 Where I quickly ordered a working party ashore  
 To bring out what supplies they could and make ready  
 to leave.  
 Bad luck! The Marquesan men had heard of the mutiny.  
 They attacked the working party and killed four men.  
 The others withdrew in a small boat—  
 I watched through the telescope—  
 Natives in pursuit, while other hooting thousands  
 Swarmed along the beach.  
 My heel slowed me down, but I hobbled from one gun to  
 the other,  
 Managed to drive the nearest canoes back.  
 We weren't ready to go, but I had no choice—  
 Eight men, weak, sick, half-starved, our ship  
 With no compass, no charts, and practically no supplies.  
 But they were coming now in hundreds of canoes.  
 I gave the order. We were too weak to more than  
 partially  
 Raise the anchor and spread a few sails.  
 A land breeze carried us out to sea,  
 Took us away from the beautiful girls with red flowers  
 in their hair,

## BIRTHDAY BALL (cont.)

Beautiful girls who almost, but not quite, wrecked my mission.

I didn't know about the others, but for myself,  
I was happy to be going back to an ordinary  
Kind of fighting.

\* \* \* \*

Now, before the guests of the Birthday Ball,  
Call forward 1st Lt Archibald H. Gillespie,  
President Polk sent him out to California as a special agent

With secret instructions which he memorized and then destroyed.

He traveled as a businessman, down through Mexico,  
Then up through wild Indian country  
To reach Fremont at Klamath Lake.  
Meanwhile, war with Mexico—the Halls of Montezuma,  
Raising the American Flag over San Francisco,  
Then called Yerba Buena, and Gillespie being made  
Military commander of Southern California  
With headquarters at Los Angeles,  
A company of 48 volunteers.

The Mexican leader, Flores, stirring up the countryside  
Then laying siege to the garrison.

It was hopeless from the first.

Cut off from supplies with little water or ammo,  
Gillespie came at last to terms

And swore a mighty oath he would be back.

Months later our Pacific command rounded up 600 men  
To recapture Los Angeles, a tough route march  
For men in canvas shoes in the coldest time of the year.  
Gillespie went along as a company commander.

On hills by the San Gabriel River

The enemy lay in ambush position.

They tried an old trick, drove a band of wild horses  
against our troops,

Trying to separate them from their supply of beef cattle.

But his move had been anticipated.

Our troops had already formed into a rough square.

With the herd of cattle in the center.

Under enemy fire with rumbling carts and the bleat of cattle

They pushed on to victory. Lt Gillespie was wounded,

But he limped all the same down the main street

Of Los Angeles while the band played.

In his shirt was the same flag

He had been forced to haul down earlier.

They gave him the privilege of hoisting it once again

To where it had been before.

\* \* \* \*

Spin the globe! Drop the anchor! The Marines are landing

With Commodore Perry, opening up Japan

With flourishes and fancy dress.

Then blood and guts. Canton

And Cpl McDougal planting our flag on Fiddler's Fort

In the face of a thousand Chinese soldiers!

Spin the globe to fighting in the Fijis,

Panama, and the gold rush, protecting wild-eyed

Transiting railroad passengers—this before the Canal.

Marines on the high seas, patrolling off the coast of Africa,

Halting the slavers—in 1860 alone

Freeing more than 3000 men, women, and children

From these stinking ships.

And domestic duties—the Pug Ugly gang from Baltimore,  
Invading Washington with brass knucks, blackjacks,

And their own cannon. Tough guys,

And old General Henderson in street clothes,

Mixing with this gang, pushing the muzzle of their cannon

Away from his beloved Marines when they tried to fire!

Harper's Ferry and Lt Israel Green with 90 Marines

To capture John Brown and restore order.

The Civil War, The Confederate Marine Corps,

And then the Gilded Age,

The Marine Corps, all but forgotten in the frenzied excitement

Of building the West. Spin the globe

To John Philip Sousa and the Marine Band;

To the Krag-Jorgenson rifle, the Gatling gun,

And the Hotchkiss revolving cannon.

The sinking of the *Maine* and the Captain's orderly,

Pvt William Anthony, awakening after the violent explosion,

Stumbling through the smoke and darkness,

Crawling over the bodies of his comrades

To national fame,

Focusing again the attention of the Nation on the Corps,

The Marines, first to land and raise our flag over Cuba,

Hastening their independence.

Then 1899 and the Philippine Insurrection,

Samar, Waller, and Gunnery Sgt Quick,

Spin the globe to the Boxer Rebellion, to Mexico and Veracruz,

To Cuba, and the Dominican Republic. To Haiti,

And Sgt Hanneken leading a group of Marines

Disguised as bandits through six lines of Caco outposts

To reach at last and kill the bandit leader.

Charlemagne, one of the most daring exploits of the Corps.

Spin the globe to World War I,

To St. Nazaire on 14 June, 1917

And the Fifth Marine Regiment landing,

Training in trench warfare under the French blue devils.

Fighting on the Western Front, back towards Paris

And the immortal Marine cry:

"Retreat, Hell, we just got here!"

Belleau Wood—Wood of the Marine Brigade,

Where in one day's fighting we lost more

Killed, wounded, or missing, than the Corps had suffered

In all its previous battles.

The St. Mihiel offensive, Blanc Mont, and Cpl John H. Pruitt,

Medal of Honor man, capturing machine gun nests, killing Huns.

Spin the globe to the mud and wet and cold,

The Devil Dogs, the Leathernecks, the United States Marines.

And then, the Armistice, and the benumbed Marines on the front lines

Who could not at first believe the news;

The front, strangely silent, the bonfires,

And the men gathering in small groups to talk,

While elsewhere the world was going crazy—the war was over!



Yes, spin the globe! Drop the anchor!  
 The Marines have landed once again  
 And have the situation well in hand.  
 Tonight at the Birthday Ball  
 Focus down on Sapotillal Hill near the town of Quilali,  
 In Nicaragua, Central America.  
 The time, New Year's Day, 1928.  
 A patrol winds single file through the tangled brush  
 Like an enormous mustard-colored snake,  
 A file of the Guardia Nacional,  
 Officered by United States Marines.  
 The jungle is all about them.  
 Thoughts of the New Year, thoughts of new resolutions  
 Run through their heads  
 While the sweat drips under the tropic sun.  
 Suddenly, the gut-rending sound of bandit yells  
 Mixed with the chitter-chatter of machine gun fire!  
 Ambush! A shower of homemade dynamite bombs!  
 First Lt Thomas E. Bruce, a regular 1stSgt in the Corps,  
 Killed immediately.  
 First Lt Merton A. Richel, serving as captain,  
 Mortally wounded a few minutes later.  
 Gunnery Sgt Edward G. Brown takes command.  
 The wounded snake coils around the crest of Sapotillal  
 Hill.  
 The patrol is hemmed in by bandits on every side.  
 Bullets whine through the brush  
 As Brown coolly moves among his Nicaraguan troops.  
 Under his calm direction the defensive perimeter  
 strengthens  
 Around this lonely hilltop  
 In the midst of the Central American jungle.  
 Brown held out there with his men  
 Until reinforcements could arrive  
 And rescue them from extermination.  
 Just a small incident in the long history of war,  
 But one that we remember. Gunnery Sgt Brown  
 Is here with us tonight, and Bruce and Richel, too.  
 At the Marine Corps Birthday Ball.  
 This long line of illustrious men, this high name,  
 The United States Marines.

\* \* \* \*



Look now on Gunnery Sgt Thomas E. Hailey, 25 years  
 of age,  
 Sleeping like a baby in his bunk aboard the battleship  
*Oklahoma*  
 On the morning of 7 December, 1941. At 0755, general  
 quarters!  
 Clad only in his skivvies, he sprints for his station—  
 Japanese torpedo strikes his ship—  
 As he reaches topside, utter confusion,  
 The *Oklahoma* slowly heels over,  
 Dumping Hailey into an oil-covered sea.

Nearby, another battleship, the *Maryland*.  
 He clambers up a line, helps man an anti-aircraft gun  
 Until a Japanese bomb puts the weapon out of action.  
 Flames force him once again into the water.  
 He swims through the muck to Ford Island—the airfield,  
 Volunteers to fly rear seat with a Navy pilot  
 Going up against the hordes of zeros in an unarmed  
 scout plane,  
 And needs an expert rifleman to act as gunner.  
 Look at Hailey now, his face black with oil,  
 Sitting there in the rear seat of that little plane, clutching  
 his  
 Springfield rifle—  
 Damn it—"Don't tread on me!"  
 Sentiment of a nation.  
 That was the day our world came apart with the news  
 crackling in  
 Over the radios—the Japanese have bombed Pearl  
 Harbor!  
 Yes, then Guadalcanal, General Vandegrift, and Sgt  
 Basilone,  
 A time for heroes. Marine planes over Vella Gulf,  
 Kolombangara Island, Tulagi and Munda—"Pappy"  
 Boyington  
 And his Black Sheep, milk runs, and close air support  
 And a prayer for those who couldn't make it back.  
 The hell of Tarawa, and the Isle of Betio,  
 Defended by 4000 Imperial Japanese Marines, who  
 boasted  
 A million of our men could never carry Betio  
 In a million years. And yet we did. Yes, Betio, a spit  
 of land,  
 And Bougainville, Cape Gloucester, New Britain,  
 And one brief scene, if you will, from this wild tangle  
 of war:  
 Back in the States it was Christmas Day.  
 Out there, across the date line, the day after.  
 Our assault waves cross the narrow beaches,  
 Hit the mud of the damp flats,  
 Then press on to dry ground  
 Where the enemy is waiting.  
 At one point elements of the First Marines  
 Are stopped by a strongly defended road block.  
 An amphibious tractor loaded with ammo lurches  
 forward.  
 It has a crew of three, Sgt Robert J. Oswald, Jr.,  
 And two brothers—Pvts Leslie and Paul Hansen.  
 They volunteer to use their vehicle as a tank  
 To crush the enemy position  
 With machine guns blazing, they go forward  
 Until their tractor is stopped,  
 Wedged between two giant trees.  
 The Nips swarm out to attack the cripple.  
 Sgt Oswald and Leslie Hansen are killed.  
 But, somehow, Paul Hansen backs his tractor out,  
 Then leads a second charge on the road block,  
 Other Marines behind him, his dead brother by his side.  
 This time they make it; the assault pushes on.  
 In 1944, landing on Roi-Namur in the Marshalls.  
 Pvt Richard K. Sorenson, crouching in a hole  
 With five other Marines, waiting orders to advance.  
 A Nip grenade falls in their midst and Sorenson covers it  
 With his body to save the others.  
 Saipan, Tinian and Guam—50,000 Japanese died



by GySgt Mel Jones

**I**N THESE days of vertical envelopment and atomic warheads, the fighting man looks to the future for the tools of war which may bring peace through an enemy's fear of annihilation. Weapons may change, but the man who carries or fires them remains the same—dedicated to his mission, steeped in tradition. History records the deeds of his ancestors on the battlefields of the world; museums display the relics they used.

The past is prologue, they say, and at the Corps' new museum at Quantico, displays, dioramas, paintings and photographs recreate a tangible heritage for today's Marine—a powerful reminder that his forebears built a reputation as the world's finest fighting

organization with the barest necessities of war and weapons one step removed from the primitive.

A visit to the new museum is a stroll back through the Corps' history.

It recalls—the Marines' first landing at New Providence.

The feel of battle—when cutlass, lance, pike and spear were TO weapons.

The Quasi War with France—sniping from the rolling tops of sailing ships.

The Barbary Wars—a trek into the desert to a town named Derne.

The War of 1812—too many battles and never enough men.

The Indian Wars—Colonel Com-

mandant Archibald Henderson personally leads his Marines against the Seminoles.

The Mexican War—Captain George Terrett and 40 men spearheaded the assault on Chapultepec.

The Civil War—U. S. Marines one month, Confederate States Marines the next.

The Spanish-American War—Marines at Guantanamo Bay, Puerto Rico, Guam, the Philippines.

The Boxer Rebellion—first-to-bayonet combat on a wall to protect a legation.

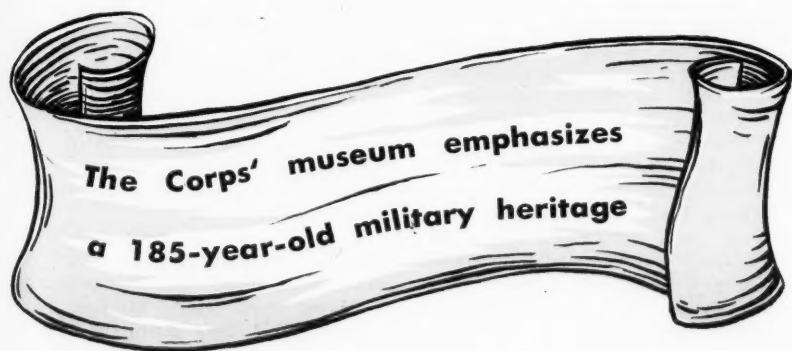
The Banana Wars—jungle patrols in



The evolution of automatic weapons is depicted in the displays at Weapons' Hall. Many pieces are originals



Lieutenant General Wallace M. Greene, Jr., (L) discussed cannons with Lieutenant Colonel J. Magruder, MSgt G. McGarry



Photos by  
GySgt Rod Ayers

Nicaragua and Haiti.

The First World War—the Fifth and Sixth Marines in France.

Then World War II—when the Corps collected islands at the approximate rate of one bullet for every square inch of ground.

And, finally, the Korean Conflict—when everything but bayonets and guts froze in the hills around Chosin.

Among the displays are individual items with historical significance of their own. There is a powder horn used by a Marine at New Providence, the sword used by Lieutenant O'Bannon at Derne and, on one bulkhead, a shredded,

wrinkled American flag—the one raised at Iwo.

There are other individual attention-getters in the displays. The pay of privates of various periods is duplicated with the money of the period. There are weapons used by various enemies right up to and including the "Burp" gun. And there's a belt once owned by a German infantryman in World War I. He collected insignia from the bodies of Allied dead and fastened them to his belt. A Marine with a rifle ended the macabre hobby before the soldier had a chance to add any Marine Corps emblems.

Five years of work have gone into the collection of these items and their display. Some of the exhibits were first

collected in 1940 when a sort of trophy room was set up under the jurisdiction of Quantico's Special Services. During World War II, the trophy room overflowed into a warehouse as items such as the first jeep onto Guadalcanal came back for display.

When General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., was Commandant, he decided on the establishment of a museum which would tell the Corps' story. As project director, he chose Lieutenant Colonel John H. Magruder, an Inactive Reservist intensely interested in history and its presentation. Back in uniform, LtCol Magruder recruited his two assistants: Major David Schwulst and MSgt George McGarry. When he was asked to serve as curator, Maj Schwulst





A diorama of exacting detail shows a segment of Tarawa's beaches with then-Colonel David Shoup

(pointing) rallying his assault troops. Other museum dioramas re-enact Bladensburg and Belleau Wood

## MUSEUM (cont.)

was a historical researcher at HQMC. MSgt McGarry was selected because he has two specialties beneficial to a newborn military museum; he's an inexhaustible worker with a do-it-yourself gift and he's an acknowledged ordnance expert.

With the idea, the funds and a warehouse full of collected war gear, the three Marines plunged into their task. They sorted, they investigated leads, they planned displays and they traveled on bartering expeditions. The colonel, for example, went to England to exchange Boxer Rebellion weapons and uniforms for a cannon captured at Peking by the Marines and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

When they started, Col Magruder and his men had almost everything they needed—except a building. Then, in 1958, a disbursing office moved into newly built Lejeune Hall and the former disbursing site was given to the museum. A year and a half later—last September—the final display case had been built to specifications, the last display had been blueprinted and the museum opened to the public.

Aside from the displays depicting the Corps' ebb and flow, there are—or will be—a few other rooms of note. One of them is downright remarkable.

Weapons' Hall has more guns of more descriptions than any healthy-rated TV shoot-'em-downer would ever be able to use. It is, as advertised, the world's

most complete collection depicting the development of automatic weapons. And some of the pieces are originals, hand-made prototypes of models later manufactured by machine. As a random pick, one of the guns is the first automatic machine gun to take advantage of energy within the bullet for full-cycle firing. It is not, as one might guess, the Gatling Gun, although Gatlings are exhibited. It is, rather, the Maxim, built by Hiram Maxim in 1884. The Gatling was not an automatic machine gun because it was hand-cranked, thereby relying on an outside source of energy for firing.

Weapons' Hall also houses the prototype of John Browning's first (the world's first) gas-operated automatic machine gun. Additionally, there's an example of every type of automatic weapons action ever used.

Then, too, the museum is the only known spot in the country where every weapon in research or development—from all services—will be kept for future reference.

Along the reference lines, there's an annex to Weapons' Hall, called the Research and Study Room. It's a weapons technical reference library and has microfilms of every weapon patented in the States.

The Aviation Hall is now under construction. Completion is expected in a few months.

Lack of space restricts the display of actual aircraft; to solve this problem, a gunnery sergeant who has no official connection with the museum, has built scale models of every Marine-type aircraft from Noisy Nan to jets. The

sergeant is Walter Gemeinhardt, of MARTD, Floyd Bennett Field, N.Y., whose only pay will be the sincere thanks of those responsible for the museum.

Aviation Hall is still in need of some displays. Especially lacking, according to Maj Schwulst, are flying suits of World War I vintage.

The museum's final annex is the Marine Corps Association Room, variously used as a browsing lounge and discussion chamber. Its decor? Personal mementoes contributed by Marines, ranging from an as-yet-unidentified statue to a suit of ancient Japanese armor.

There are plans for the future. Perhaps a gun park will surround the museum building, consisting primarily of Naval guns which Marines have manned. And there definitely will be two more museums.

A Marine Corps Memorial Museum will be opened in Philadelphia soon. It will be a single huge display showing the Corps' beginning in that city, and stressing the Continental Marine. The other museum will be at Parris Island, contained in the rotunda of the War Memorial Building. This display will feature the enlisted Marine, past and present. All three museums will be under the control of LtCol Magruder.

The exhibits at Philadelphia and P.I. will have one pertinent difference from the museum at Quantico. They will be collections depicting a specific period or theme.

Quantico's Corps museum isn't a collection. It's a tour through the past.

END

## OLD IRONSIDES

[continued from page 49]

the plank was so formidable that the ball bounded off and sank into the sea. The shout was heard, "Huzza! Her sides are made of iron! See where the shot fell out!"

At that moment, her lifelong nickname, *Old Ironsides*, was born.

With her guns apparently ineffective, the *Guerriere*, in shambles, closed to attempt boarding, only to find that the Americans were prepared to board her. In a brief boarding attempt, Lieutenant William Bush, commanding *Old Ironsides'* Marine Detachment, was mortally wounded as he leapt to the rail to lead the Marines. The *Guerriere*, outmanned by the *Constitution*, fell away in despair.

Now the real battering began. The *Constitution's* stern guns poured it on, raking the enemy fore and aft. In moments, the foremast came crashing down, then the mainmast. The *Constitution* remained almost untouched.

The British had, insultingly, hoisted a puncheon of molasses on their main stay. "Switchel for the Yankees," they had cried. "They will need it when they are our prisoners."

But the Marines aboard *Old Ironsides* had other ideas. They sniped away at the puncheon until it drained streams of molasses over the deck of the *Guerriere*. The planks were so slippery and sticky that the enemy had difficulty staying on their feet.

Aboard the *Constitution*, repairs were under consideration, but the *Guerriere* still had numerous men and plenty of ammunition to continue the fight. Unexpectedly, however, the British ship suddenly fell to leeward and fired a signal for assistance.

A boat was sent and brought back Captain Dacres, skipper of the *Guerriere*, who surrendered himself as a prisoner of war. *Old Ironsides* stayed with the all-but-demolished ship through the night, taking off its prisoners, some horribly wounded, and trying to keep the *Guerriere* afloat with her pumps. With six feet of water in her hold she was soon reported to be in sinking condition. All men were removed and it was decided to blow her up. After the removal of everything of value and use, a "slow match" was put to her magazine. Later, from a distance of three miles all eyes aboard *Old Ironsides* watched the *Guerriere* part in the middle with a thundering crash, stagger for a few moments, then sink into the roiling sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the end of the War of 1812, the

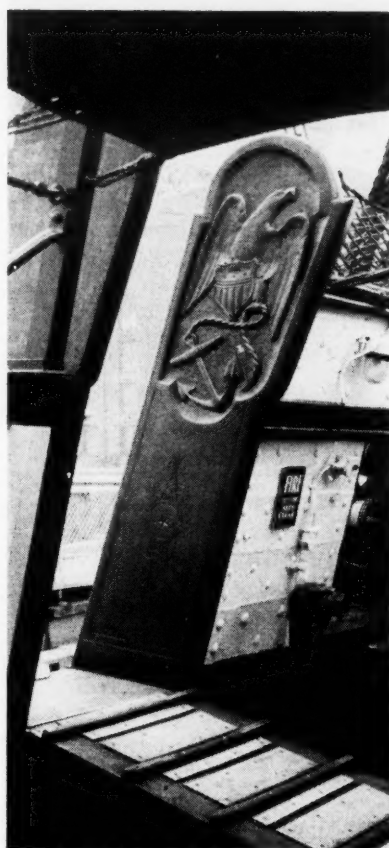
battle-scarred ship was laid up about six years for extensive repairs. Then she went on two cruises to the Mediterranean. In 1830, she was reported unseaworthy and condemned to be broken up, but a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, called "Old Ironsides," aroused such popular feeling that money was appropriated for rebuilding her in 1833.

The day the *Constitution* was launched she bore a figurehead of Hercules. In one of the battles before Tripoli an enemy shot down the formidable Greek hero and, at the suggestion of Capt Hull, a carved wooden Neptune replaced it. Shortly before the war of 1812, old Neptune returned to the deep and a billet head in the form of a scroll, led the *Constitution* to her glories. In 1833, while the ship lay at Boston in dry dock for overhauling, Andy Jackson visited the Yard and received tremendous acclaim. Captain Elliot, who had recently become Commandant of the Yard, advocated the substitution of a full-length carved figurehead of Andy Jackson as a replacement for the scroll. The idea was approved by the Navy commissioners, and an artist-wood carver, L. S. Beecher, was hired to chisel out Jackson for the ship.

Outraged Republican pamphlets immediately cried down the project. Beecher was the recipient of many poison-pen threats. When these failed, he was offered three \$1500-dollar bribes to permit the statue to be carried away in the night. Beecher, however, a true artist and loyal to his commission, refused the bribes and continued to climb to his attic every morning and chip away at the block of wood which would immortalize his artistry on the bow of the immortal ship.

Capt Elliot, sitting on his personally made powder keg, decided to move operations to the safer confines of the Yard where sentries and guards could insure the completion of Beecher's chiseling. Political antagonism seemed to disappear, and a wooden Andy Jackson soon adorned *Old Ironsides*. In apparent safety, she was tied up between two ships of the line, the *Columbus* and the *Independence*, both guarded by sentinels.

The events which followed are probably recorded in flowing words somewhere in the history of the Republican party, for into the melee, stepped a Captain Samuel Worthington Dewey. He had recently arrived from the West Indies with a cargo of sugar. His company had promptly sold both sugar and ship, leaving him with little but time on his hands. Dewey, described even in those days as somewhat of a character, in the doldrums of boredom was heard to remark that, just for kicks, he might



Intricately carved head boards such as this one no longer adorn the ships of our modern Navy

easily be persuaded to row out to *Old Ironsides* and saw off Andy Jackson's head. A junior partner of the firm which had owned his recent ship called Dewey's bluff. "Do it," he said, "and I'll give you a check for a hundred dollars."

"It's a deal," said Dewey.

In the days which followed, Dewey made no attempt to behead old Andy Jackson, and the pact appeared to be forgotten, but the young Republican sea captain had not forgotten his boast—and the bounty offered. He was simply awaiting ideal conditions. They came, shortly, in the form of a boisterous thunderstorm which shook the coast.

At the height of the storm the youthful Cape Cod seaman untied his rowboat at Billy Gray's Wharf in Boston, swathed his oars with an old comforter and rowed out to the *Independence*. He worked his way around her side, using her for cover, climbed the *Constitution* by the man ropes and sawed off Andy Jackson's head, the rasping of his saw mingled with the lashing torrents of rain and (continued on page 78)

# ★ ★ ★ ★

## IF I WERE COMMANDANT

*Checks for \$25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. Leatherneck will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Write your suggestions in the form of a double-spaced typewritten letter of not more than 300 words, and mail to Leatherneck, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. Be sure to include your name, rank, and service number. Letters cannot be acknowledged or returned.*

By order of the Commandant of the Marine Corps, all the letters on these pages will be screened by the Policy Analysis Division, and staff action will be initiated on those of possible merit.

In cases where ideas or material have obvious merit and reflect real effort, the cognizant agency will prepare an appropriate personal letter to the contributor or correspondent.

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would make arrangements for transplacement battalions within the Marine Corps to make the battalion embarkation officer, (0430 additional MOS), a permanent billet in the S-4 section of the battalion.

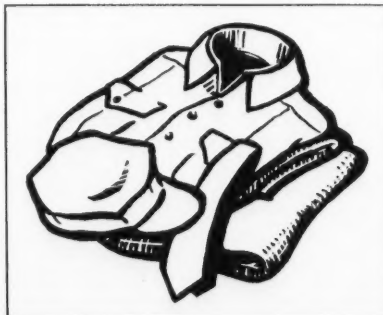
At present, here in the Corps, a transplacement battalion is in constant state of readiness via "Ready BLT," and continuous amphibious and helilix-type operations which occupy most of its training time. Due to the planning and preparation needed, the battalion embarkation officer is continuously devoting his time to working on phases of em-

barkation and readiness, and yet he is to consider this as an additional duty and still devote his main efforts and time to his primary MOS and remain proficient duty-wise.

It is feasible for the field of embarkation to be an additional MOS, but transplacement battalions place too much emphasis on the battalion embarkation officer for him to consider another billet as primary at all times. This has been proven time and time again since the establishment of "Ready BLT" and the transplacement battalion in the Fleet Marine Force. Embarkation is of top priority in our present-day Marine Corps and we must do something to make this new policy workable.

As is the case in S-3 of battalions with the billet of an S-3a, so should be the case in the S-4 section. A billet as an S-4a is the only practical solution which can be used to maintain efficiency within the transplacement battalions. The backbone of the Corps is the transplacement battalion of the FMF, and we must make it a smooth-functioning unit.

1stLt R. Richard Thrasher  
075603



Dear Sir:

At every company, battalion, and regimental clothing inspection, there are those who fail because they either do not have the required amount of clothing, or articles were unserviceable. The standard excuse is that they did not have the money to buy the article of clothing needed. Even when they are reminded that they are given allowance per month for the maintenance of their clothing, their answer is invariably the same.

I would set up a board to study the feasibility of leaving the clothing allowance on the individual's pay card. When the individual requires an article of clothing, he would sign a statement to that effect. Cash Sales would then send this statement to the disbursing officer, and the amount would be deducted.

Justification for a system such as this lies in the fact that the individual would be unable to spend his clothing allowance for something else. Also, this way, an individual who requires an article of clothing which costs more than a month's allowance could get it when his allowance built up.

ASSgt Neal V. Childs  
369481

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would institute a check-in system as used in the Third Marine Aircraft Wing at El Toro for the entire Corps.

At the direction of the Wing chief of staff, the Wing chaplain devised a system whereby every person reporting for duty fills out a permanent information card file which includes such pertinent information as insurance coverage, wills, and safekeeping of important documents and records.



Each new person reporting for duty is counseled in this area as to his personal responsibility. The family cannot then question the Corps for not informing the serviceman that insurance coverage beyond normal military benefits is a personal obligation. This record is transferred with the serviceman within the Wing in the event that he is assigned to a new group.

I would institute this personal affairs check-in procedure to facilitate the work of the commanding officer, chaplain, casualty assistance calls officer, and legal officer.

Group Chaplain Wm. R. Howard

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would recommend a change to the club carrier issued to military policemen. This is an important item of issue, since, most of the time, a military policeman's welfare and the completion of an assigned mission rely on how quickly he can draw his club to subdue violators. Enclosed are two sketches with the justification for this change.

1. This sketch shows the club carrier in its present form. It is made of compressed cotton. When the police club is placed in the carrier, it tends to tighten up, thereby securing the club tightly to the carrier, not allowing instant usage of the club if an emergency arises. The only time the carrier can be used effectively is when it is continually washed. This tends to stretch it and loosen the fabrics so the club can be pulled out easily, but in doing so, it destroys the appearance and serviceability of the carrier. Not all of these compressed cotton carriers are made uniformly and so the club fits tightly on all them. This carrier makes the police club an ornament and not a piece of operational equipment.

ASSgt Nicholas M. Radel  
1071573

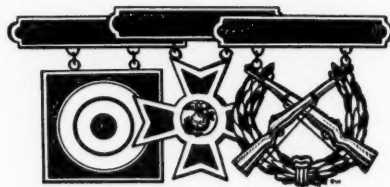
Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would modify paragraph 8208, Vol. 1, Marine Corps Manual, and Marine Corps Order 1320.6, so that all ordering activities would include the disbursing officer's advance travel allowance endorsement on all special orders involving permanent change of station. This could be accomplished on the upper right hand corner of the special order when the stencil or mat is prepared, leaving a space for the

disbursing officer to fill in the amount and the transportation request number. I would further require all activities who affix endorsements or any type of order involving permanent change of station, temporary additional duty or repeated travel, to prepare at least eight copies of the endorsements whether the endorsement is typed or affixed with a rubber stamp. Practically every Marine reports to an organization with two to five rubber-stamped endorsements which have to be reproduced.

This would result in many man-hours being saved at company and battery offices when a Marine reports for duty as disbursing offices require at least the original and anywhere from two to four copies of orders complete with all endorsements for settlement of advance travel allowance. Additional copies may be required for payment of dependents' travel and dislocation allowance.

SSgt Buell W. French  
1167842



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would adopt an identification plate made of plastic to be worn on the right shirt or blouse pocket. The plate would be made in Marine Corps colors, yellow on red, and would only have the word "Recruiter" inscribed thereon. This plate would take the place of the present brassard, and the experimental cloth patch that came out a few years ago, both of which are hard to keep neat and clean.

I feel that the adoption of this item for recruiters would be welcomed by them for many reasons. (1) Neater appearance. (2) Easier application to all uniforms. (3) Cheaper replacement cost (about \$.60 retail). (4) Not as out-of-place on the uniform as the present arm band which is often mistaken for a mourning band. (5) Enough added touch to the recruiters' uniform to distinguish them from

Regular Marines home on leave.

I have had the above-mentioned item made up at my own expense (\$.60) here on Sandia Base, and enclose it for consideration. It could possibly be produced much cheaper on a wholesale basis.

I am no longer a recruiter, but recall many a trying time my canvassers and I had with the old arm band or shoulder patch, and offer this suggestion as a way to overcome the problem.

GySgt Carl M. De Vere  
402744

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would develop a more accurate method of determining the marksmanship qualifications of the individual Marine firing the M-1 Rifle.

While many methods could be applied, I believe the following procedure would best show the true capabilities:

It normally takes four days of firing the rifle to get it "zeroed in" before firing for record. I believe that only two days should be utilized for the purpose of getting your dope as to windage and elevation. The following three days would all be considered "record days." After the third day of firing for score an average score would be figured for the three days' firing—the results of which would be entered in the SRB or OQJ, showing the degree of qualification, viz., Marksman, Sharpshooter and Expert.

This decision would be based upon the possible varying weather conditions for the week of firing. One day could be warm, dry and clear, the second, hazy and windy, while the third might be one of drenching rain. Thus, in one five-day period on the range it could be possible to fire under the same weather conditions one might encounter in combat. Also, a man could very conceivably fire 213, 229 and 189 on consecutive days. Under the present system such a shooter would not qualify, though he fired Sharpshooter and Expert on two previous days. Under the proposed system, he would qualify as a Sharpshooter with a score of 210. This would enlighten a man, I believe, to his true value to himself and, much more important, be indicative as to his worth to the Corps.

GySgt Eugene D. Lawler  
638586



*Joy Fuller*

# BULLETIN BOARD

Compiled by AMSgt Francis J. Kulluson

BULLETIN BOARD is Leatherneck's interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

## Conversion Of National Service Life Insurance Term Policies To Permanent Plans

Term insurance is issued for a period of five years and is automatically renewed by the Veterans Administration at the end of the five-year period with an increase in premium rates based on the attained age (to the nearest birthday) of the insured. While term insurance is the least expensive of the several forms of government insurance in a service member's younger years, its premium rates become prohibitively high in his advanced years, making it, on the average, the most expensive insurance. Therefore, term insurance, in the long run, gives the least return for dollars paid.

Term insurance generally should be considered only as a temporary plan of insurance through which a service member may obtain the maximum amount of insurance coverage with the least out of pocket expense during the lower income/higher

family obligation part of his younger life. He should consider converting to a permanent plan at a relatively young age in order to take advantage of the lower "long-haul" premium rates of permanent plan insurance. The chart illustrates premium rates for ordinary life insurance as compared to premiums for term insurance, together with average costs over the years and the returns for each form of insurance. The example lists only the benefits of ordinary life insurance policies over those of term insurance. Dependent upon the desires and goals of each service member, equal, and often greater, advantages are realized by converting to one of the other permanent plans. Service members may convert from term to permanent plan insurance in any multiple of \$500 but not less than \$1000 at a time.

### GI INSURANCE - NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE (PARTICIPATING) 5 YEAR RENEWABLE TERM vs ORDINARY LIFE INSURANCE A NET PREMIUM AND NET COST COMPARISON

#### \$10,000.00 5-YEAR RENEWABLE TERM

AGE	ANNUAL PREMIUM (Increases Each 5 Years)	TOTAL PREMIUMS PAID FOR 5 YEARS
At Issue 40	\$100.60	\$503.00
45	117.20	586.00
50	150.40	752.00
55	209.50	1,047.50
60	307.80	1,539.00
65	470.00	2,350.00
70	731.60	3,658.00

Total Premiums Paid to Age 75 (35 years) \$10,435.50

\* Less Dividends 2,286.00

Net Cost of \$10,000 Term for 35 Years \$8,149.50

Average Annual Net Premium for 35 Years  
\$8,149.50 ÷ 35 = \$232.84

#### AT END OF 35th YEAR

Cash Value	NONE
Paid-Up Insurance Value	NONE
Extended Insurance Value	NONE
Loan Value	NONE

\* Dividends shown are neither estimates nor guarantees, but are based on the VA's 1960 dividend scale.

#### \$10,000.00 ORDINARY LIFE

AGE	ANNUAL PREMIUM (Remains the Same)	
At Issue 40	\$251.00	
45	251.00	
50	251.00	Total Premiums Paid \$251.00 x 35 Years \$8,785.00
55	251.00	* Less Dividends 2,282.40
60	251.00	Net Premium Cost \$6,502.60
65	251.00	Average Annual Net Premium for 35 Years
70	251.00	\$6,502.60 ÷ 35 = \$185.79

Some Premium Continues to Death Regardless of Age

#### AT END OF 35th YEAR

Cash Value	\$6,761.40
Paid-Up Insurance Value	\$8,196.30
Extended Insurance Value	9 YEARS-301 DAYS
Loan Value	(Always 94% of the Cash Value Available)

Net Cost of \$10,000 Ordinary Insurance if Surrendered at End of 35th Year NONE

Profit \$258.80

Cash Value at End of 35th Year \$6,761.40

Net Premium Cost 6,502.60

Profit \$258.80



## DEAR YE EDITOR

[continued from page 39]

Congress. We have been very patient, but, forgive us, dear ye editor, we do believe ye have dealt us several dirty blows unbefitting a gentleman of honor.

H.S. and J.T.

\* \* \*

Ponygram  
Deliver Immediately

20 August 1779  
Ye Leatherneck  
Office of Ye Editor  
Tun Tavern  
Back Room

For Private Herman Snodstitch and Private Jonathan Trumboli. Ye have both been busted.

And when ye get back to Philadelphia I'll have ye both hung.

Now, where in the hell's blazes is my story? Ben Franklin is charging us double to hold the press while ye sit outside a fence and waggle yr tongues with savages. Ye must *make* stories if there are none.



How else do ye think history is written? Idiots!

Never mind about an article on Paul Revere—that agitator!

Send me the story of the capture of Fort George, if ye have to take the damn thing yrselves. . . .

\* \* \*

Bucktooth Reindeer Tribe  
Teepee 12  
Somewhere, several hundred  
miles up Penobscot River

Dear Ye Editor,

As ye will note by the above address, we are somewhat uncertain about our whereabouts. Time certainly flies, does it not? We don't know the date either. Are we still at war with England? If not, who won? Private Trumboli and I would certainly appreciate any smidges of news ye might be able to send us, although the location of this tribe might be as hard to find from where ye are as it's going to be for our messenger (a full-blooded Bucktooth) to find ye.

Ye will undoubtedly be interested in knowing the circumstances by which Private Trumboli and myself got ourselves lost. To begin with, in the matter of the Fort George mess, neither our Sea Commander nor our Land Commander would concede to the other, and after about two weeks had past, seven most formidable British ships steamed into the bay and chased hell out of our ships. Most were either burned or taken by the Royal Navy. Our only chance of survival was to make our way up the Penobscot River and overland into the deep forests. Here we found a friendly tribe of Indians whose chief is Private Trumboli's brother-in-law. We are all now blood brothers and smoke the pipe of peace every evening around the campfire which is very cozy on these cool evenings. Afterward, I take long walks in the forest with the medicine man's beautiful daughter. Please send beads back with the messenger who delivers this letter.

Respectfully,  
Herman Snodstitch, Honorary Moon  
Watcher, and Jonathan Trumboli,  
Deputy Chief, Bucktooth Reindeer  
Tribe

\* \* \*

14 November 1779  
Leatherneck Editorial Office  
Tun Tavern, Philadelphia  
Back Room

Dear Privates Snodstitch and Trumboli,

Ye idiots!

If yr messenger could find Tun Tavern in Philadelphia to deliver yr idiotic message, he could have brought ye back to the office. Or are ye afraid of the court-martial I have planned for ye. Anyway, I have arranged for yr safe passage back under the guidance of yr messenger. He has been wine and dined, paid in buttons, tools, a whaleboat with oars, a watch, and a discarded Marine uniform to bring you two DESERTERS back to Philadelphia. In answer to yr questions; the war is not over. America is winning, but no thanks to yr efforts. Come back. I want to hang ye!

Vengefully,  
Ambrose Brisbane  
Colonel, Marines  
Ye Editor, Ye Leatherneck

\* \* \*

Bucktooth Reindeer Tribe  
Teepee 13

Dear Ye Editor,

Our messenger who also brought back yr nasty letter is now my brother-in-law and since his sister

(now my bride) and I are very happy, he cannot bring himself to escort me back to Philadelphia against my wishes. I seem to remember that Private Trumboli and I have sixty days leave on the books, and we are requesting and taking them at this time, sir. Life here is indeed delightful and Private Trumboli is happy again, too. Our messenger, on his way back from Philadelphia stopped in Boston and brought Mrs. Trumboli along. The four of us are living in adjoining teepees and have a full-time Hessian maid who somehow got mixed up with the troops when they boarded ship. She didn't like the

British army either and joined the Buckteeth when Burgoyne quit and went back to England.

Anyhow, Sir, we'll see ye in sixty days, since we don't believe ye really meant all those mean things ye said in yr last letter. Keep them presses rolling, Sir, and don't take any wooden shillings. If ye should decide to pay us a visit, ye'll be more than welcome. Bring beads. . . .

Respectfully,

Privates Herman Snodstitch and  
Jonathan Tromboli, Marines

END

## BIRTHDAY BALL

[continued from page 67]

For these three islands.

Peleliu, Bloody Nose Ridge,

The burst of white phosphorus grenades.

Tacloban and Leyte, and then the fierce thrust for Iwo  
Jima—

Black volcanic sand, night, star shells, napalm fire bombs,

Flame throwers, and tracers cutting the darkness

Into a fantastic pattern of brightly colored death.

Okinawa and Shuri Castle, and those sons-o'-mercy,

The Navy medical corpsmen. Take one.

His name: Robert E. Bush.

He was administering blood plasma to a wounded Marine

On Okinawa one night when the Nips counter-attacked.

Bush was badly wounded, they shot out one of his eyes.

But he stayed with the Marine and when they found him

Was still giving the plasma—refused treatment

Until his patient was evacuated, collapsed himself

While attempting to walk unaided to the rear.

This was Okinawa, last act in the violent drama of the  
island war.

The atomic bomb spread its mushroom cloud

Over Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the plans

Which called for a massive Marine invasion of Kyushu

In the Fall of 1945 were filed away.

The greatest of all the wars was ended,

The thunder of battle reduced to the mark

Of a fountain pen on the surrender document

Being signed on the battleship *Missouri*

Anchored in Tokyo Bay.

\* \* \* \*

Yes, the war was over, or so we thought—

Perhaps it was just beginning.

Shortly after 1700 on 2 August, 1950,

The first ship of Task Group, 53.7

Carrying elements of the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade

Steamed into Pusan harbor. Leathernecks lined the  
rails—

What would this place be like?

And a Korean band tried *The Marines' Hymn*

Without too much success.

Soon the docks were covered with supplies—

A frantic time with only the southeast corner of Korea  
left,

Just a beachhead for UN forces 60 by 90 miles

With what was left of the battered Eighth Army

And the ragged ROK allies trying to hold on.

The Marine Brigade was used as a hard-hitting mobile  
reserve

To be sent where most needed. And three times they  
were sent,

And each time they sent the enemy reeling back

At a critical moment.

Grueling months, the brilliant Inchon-Seoul amphibious  
operation,

The breakout from the Chosin Reservoir,

A heroic action if ever there was one.

The Korean police action. Look now to an outpost

Near Songuch-on, well forward of the main line of  
resistance.

It is 25 July, 1953, two short days before the truce

Which will end hostilities

Sgt Ambrosio Guillen, of the 2d Battalion, Seventh  
Marines,

Watching the advance of two Chicom battalions,

He exposes himself to fire to rally his platoon.

And they drive off the Chicoms

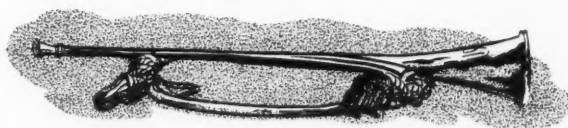
After some hard hand-to-hand fighting.

But Sgt Guillen was grievously wounded that night

There in the dark on a hillside in a far-away land,

Fighting for something hard to explain,

Something hard to put into words.



\* \* \* \*

Yes, this is the night of the Birthday Ball,

This is the night when across the vastness of the earth  
and sea,

Across the varied lands, across the restless oceans,

At storied posts and far-flung stations,

And outposts lonely as a crater on the moon,

This is the night we cut the cake,

This is the night we drink a toast,

This is the night we remember.

To those who have gone before,

Semper Fidelis!

We salute you.

END

## OLD IRONSIDES

[continued from page 71]

crashing thunder while the numerous sentinels huddled cozily in their boxes. Dewey returned to his boat only to find it filled with water, but the undaunted captain bailed her out sufficiently to carry him and his precious, severed head back to shore.

He went directly to his mother's house on School Street and there hid the head in a gunny sack in the woodshed. The rage of the Democrats which this assassination had entailed prompted him to move his prize to the home of a Henry Lincoln on Gooch Street.

The visit of Nicholas Biddle, head of the United States Bank to Boston was deemed a fitting occasion to disclose the Republican coup. After a dinner which included 44 prominent guests, the waiters were locked out of the dining room and the head of Andy Jackson was brought in and placed on the table. The wealthy Biddle who had dined all over the world had never seen so delectable a piece de resistance.

Eventually, Dewey returned the monstrosity to the Secretary of the Navy whose son, after the Secretary's death, was seen carrying the head on his lap

in a railway car when he transported his father's "valuables" back to New York.

\* \* \* \* \*

From 1835 to 1855, the *Constitution* made numerous voyages, the most important being her cruise around the world in 1844-45, under Captain John Percival, when she covered 52,279 miles in 495 days at sea.

In 1860, *Old Ironsides* served her country as a training ship for midshipmen at Annapolis. A year later she became the object of Southern envy when the South decided that she should carry the first Rebel flag afloat. Captain Blake, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, fearful of her dangerous position, proposed, in event of assault, to blow up the munitions in the yard and board the midshipmen, after which he intended to defend her in the harbor, or take her to New York or Philadelphia. His reply from the Secretary of the Navy: "Defend the *Constitution* at all hazards!"

The danger, he expected, would come by water from the direction of Baltimore. For assurance of sufficient warning, he sent out the tiny schooner, *Rainbow*, as a scout. The *Rainbow* returned with the news that a huge steamer had been sighted. Attack seemed inevitable; the drums beat assembly and every gun was trained on the approaching vessel. Lieutenant Edmund Matthews was sent in a boat to ascertain the intentions of the ship. To everyone's relief it turned out to be the captured ferryboat *Maryland*, carrying the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment which was to be landed at Annapolis. From the *Maryland*, Blake drew sailors for the *Constitution* and she was towed out of her berth—only to sink in the mud.

Labor and ships dragged her off the bank and she was on her way, but again, off Greenbury Point Light, she hung to the bottom. Her position was critical; the tide fell rapidly and she settled on the shoal. Again she was hauled out into deep water where she anchored—her guns ready to cover the landing of troops and stores at Annapolis.

On April 24, 1861, Blake, finding it impossible to continue academic routine for the midshipmen, directed the boys from the North and the boys from the South to meet for the last time and smoke a pipe of peace before going their separate ways. A sad farewell followed; the barracks were given over to the troops and a drum beat the signal for formation. Those midshipmen whose states had denied their allegiance were ordered to leave the ranks. Man-to-man farewells were pitiful. The Southerners were left to find their ways back home as best they could; the

Northerners boarded a tug which took them to their ship. The *Constitution*, her colors whipping to the wind, headed down the Chesapeake for Lincoln's North.

With the progress of shipbuilding during the Civil War, when the old type of sailing frigate gave way to the steam-propelled *Monitor*, the crude beginning of the modern battleship, the oak-ribbed, white-winged *Constitution* rapidly became a relic of the past. For several years, she was used by the Naval Academy as a training and practice ship. In 1871, she was rebuilt at Philadelphia, and in 1878 went on her last trip aboard, carrying goods sent by citizens of the United States to the Universal Exposition at Paris. Her long active career at sea closed in 1881.

From Portsmouth, N.H., where she was used as a receiving ship, the *Constitution* was brought to Boston, her birthplace, for the celebration of her centennial in 1897. Again threatened with destruction in 1905, because her timbers were gradually rotting away, public sentiment came to her rescue and she was partially restored. But the ravages of time continued and in 1925 plans were made for a complete renovation of the proud old warrior.

At the Boston Navy Yard, *Old Ironsides* was completely rebuilt from truck to keel. Funds for the restoration were generously subscribed by the people of America, a large part of which was raised by school children, and the balance necessary was appropriated by Congress.

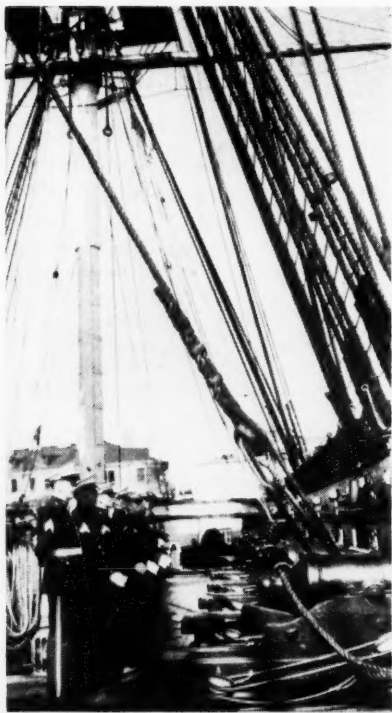
After a tour of the important seaports of the United States that started at Boston, July 2, 1931, covering more than 22,000 miles, *Old Ironsides* returned to the Boston Navy Yard on May 7, 1934.

Since January, 1940, the *USS Constitution* has been berthed at the Boston Naval Shipyard. Except for a four-year period during World War II when the shipyard was closed to the public, she has been opened daily for visitors.

Approximately 300,000 visitors board the magnificent old ship each year. She is kept under close observation to detect the first signs of deterioration in her hull timbers, rigging and accessories. Repairs and replacements are made when necessary in order to keep her in good condition.

Although only about 15 per cent of the original ship remains, the spirit of this great ship has not changed, and the visitor, treading her decks, has the feeling he has stepped backward into the bright pages of American history. After 161 years of service, *Old Ironsides* is still a commissioned vessel of the United States Navy with a full-time crew aboard. She is likely to remain so forever.

END



Marines of today with M-1s are in sharp contrast with the old ship's detachment of 1814



# OLYMPIC WINNERS

**Capt W. McMillan, Jr., won a gold medal  
and GySgt James Hill a silver one**

by GySgt Mel Jones

**I**T MUST have been a nerve-rending day in Rome for the two Marines who became the only Americans to win medals in Olympic shooting last September.

Captain William W. McMillan, Jr., after tying with a Finn and a Russian, had to blast through a shoot-off to win

his gold medal. GySgt James E. Hill, after a day of matching bull-for-bull with a German youth, lost his gold medal by a single point, but earned a silver medal for the U. S. team.

Capt McMillan, who has been perforating championship bull's-eyes for 10 years, carbon-copied a performance

he first staged in Moscow two years ago. Then, he tied a Czechoslovakian shooter for the Pistol and Revolver World Championship at the International Matches. The captain outshot the Czech in a shoot-off and won the title.

In Rome this year, "Mr. Pistol" (one of the captain's nicknames) faced another shoot-off after tying a Finn and a Russian with the score of 587X-600. In the final round, the scores were posted:

Zabelin of Russia: 49, 37, 49

Lennoyvu of Finland: 46, 45, 49

McMillan of the U.S.: 48, 50, 49

The Marine won the rapid-fire pistol competition by seven points.

Shortly after, GySgt Hill and Germany's Peter Kohnke matched trigger squeezes in the small-bore rifle, prone position, shooting. There were many other riflemen, but the Marine and the German dominated their competition from the beginning.

When the firing line secured, it looked as though Hill and Kohnke had tied for the gold medal. Then the targets were checked again, and Kohnke got another point. Final tally:

Kohnke: 590

Hill: 589

The medals will join already crowded trophy cases in the Marines' homes. Capt McMillan holds the individual Corps rifle (and pistol) match records, the Lauchheimer Trophy and the McDougall Trophy records, the international rapid-fire record (.22-cal. pistol) and the pistol championship for national matches (.45-cal.). Along with others, GySgt Hill has won the National Service Rifle Championship (with M-1 in 1956) and the General Lemuel C. Shepherd Trophy. He also won the Western Nationals at Los Angeles last May.

At HQMC, when Major General C. R. Allen, the Corps' Quartermaster General, heard of the medal awards, he commented on the self-control and discipline the captain and sergeant must have exercised during the shoot.

It was, MajGen Allen concluded, an example of marksmanship developing leadership. The general also recalled a time when Capt McMillan's leadership won the Corps a team pistol match at Camp Perry.

"Mr. Pistol" was team captain last year. During the pistol matches, he was told the Marines were being outshot. He sent a man to investigate. The Marines were being bested by 11 points.

Turning to his shooting partner, Capt McMillan pointed out that they had to shoot "a pair of 290s" to win. The two men stepped up and shot.

When the scores were tabulated, they had fired a 289 and a 291—for a 290 average!

**END**



Photo by Sgt B. S. Manlove

The Commandant congratulated Capt McMillan (1st in rapid-fire pistol competition) and GySgt Hill (2d in the smallbore rifle prone position)



With 248x250, GySgt Ben L. Harshman placed as high Marine in the Individual Rifle Match

# BIG SHOOT

by Capt Robert B. Morrissey

Photos by

SSgt James N. Milam

**Marines smashed records**

**but the Army would not be stopped**

**T**HE MARINES huddled anxiously around the team's large "pressure board," seemingly oblivious to the sporadic banging along the firing line only yards away. Tensely and hopefully they watched the posting of latest unofficial individual scores opposite familiar names on the board.

"He's going back to the 600 clean!" a young shooter exclaimed as a new entry on the board showed a teammate with perfect scores at the 200- and 300-yard lines. But veteran riflemen remained quiet. Enthusiasm was premature at this point. There was still the 600 to shoot.

Time and again the Corps' top shooters reenacted this scene—under ever-increasing pressure—during the 1960 National Rifle and Pistol Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, in late July and August. And day-after-day the competition became fiercer as Marines sought desperately to rally from a slow start.

With few exceptions, however, U.S. Army target skill virtually dominated the nation's 1960 big shoot. Sharpshooting soldiers broke match records right and left. The big Army team was rated the Army's finest in recent years.

"We're out to clean house this year," explained one veteran Army shooter. "We haven't forgotten the clobbering we took from the Marines in '56 and along the line. We figure to make it

rough for 'em this year!"

They did.

It wasn't that Marines fired poor scores. To the contrary, they, for the most part, shot excellent to outstanding scores. They even broke a few of the existing records. But it just wasn't quite enough to overcome the Army's hold on the 1960 winner's circle. In some instances, for example, it was only by a single point—or even a few dead-center "V"s—that Marines lost out on top money.

Nonetheless, Corps shooters fired with determination until the last match target disappeared into the butts. And the Marines did leave their mark with some wins and places in the month-long marksmanship event.

In the opening week of national pistol competition, the Corps' "Blue" team scored an 1152X1200-36Xs to win the .45 caliber NRA team match. Firing members were: Captain Haril W. Newton, 1st MAW, and 1stSgt R. O. Jones, GySgt Michael Pietroforte and Sgt Larry L. Hausman, all of the Marksmanship Training Unit, MCRDep, San Diego.

Earlier, Capt Newton and Sgt Harold W. Schrawder, MTU, tied for second place in the International Rapid Fire Pistol Match with 574X600-60Xs each.

In individual pistol shooting, Sgt Hausman registered an aggregate score of 2602X2700-91Xs to take a third place in competition with more than

2000 of the nation's top hand-gun experts.

Sgt Raymond L. Druckenmiller, also of the MTU, shot a 190X200-8Xs to win the .45 caliber slow-fire match. Marine Reserve CWO Milton G. Klipfel, of the 4th Supply Company, US-MCR, Stockton, Calif., a California highway patrolman, took high Reserve classification in the National Trophy Individual Pistol Match with 289X300-9Xs and second in the .22 caliber timed-fire match with a possible 200X-200-14Xs.

In smallbore competition, Marine Reserve Sgt Alan Dapp, of Washington, D.C., captured the 1960 National Smallbore Rifle Position Championship with a 1544X1600-78Xs. He also set a new high in the Four-Position 50-Yard Any Sight Match with 396X400-25Xs, two points better than the old mark.

A combination Regular-Reserve Marine team took the number one spot in the .22 caliber Metallic Sight Team Matches. Sgt Dapp joined Capt Newton, 1stLt Frank F. Briggs, MTU, and last year's National Smallbore Rifle Prone Champion, Reserve Cpl Walter R. Kamila, of Los Angeles, to win with a 1592X1600-110Xs.

Lt Briggs also scored three individual wins, including a new record of 400X-400-339Xs in the 50-Yard Metallic Sight Match. Despite a bad string fired early in the week, he rallied to take fourth place and first master in the

Regular service class with a 6379X6400-491Xs in the prone championship aggregate.

Two smallbore shooters from MCS, Quantico, took first honors in their particular shooting classifications in the position championships. Second Lieutenant Jerry L. Lathrop shot a respectable 1496X1600-64Xs to lead the sharpshooters and Cpl Ronald L. Jenkins topped the marksmen class with a 1477X1600-35Xs.

GySgt Riley B. Neal, MTU, was high Marine in the President's Match, lead-off contest in the high power rifle phase of the national shoot. Competing against more than 2600 top military and civilian riflemen, Neal won the Appreciation Cup with his fifth place score of 149X150-14Vs. He also earned a silver medal, as did LCpl Robert S. Kline, III, MTU, in seventh, and SSgt Lawrence N. Dubia, 2dMarDiv, in 10th place.

Marine Reserve Captain Kenneth J. Erdman, of Bellevue, Wash., received the Hankins Memorial Trophy in the President's Match as high Reservist not on active duty. He shot a 147X150-9Vs over the three-stage course.

Eleven other Marines also qualified for brassards in the "President's Hundred," the hundred highest shooters. They were: Sgt Albert R. Wilkinson, MTU; GySgt Odas T. Napper, 3dMAW; Sgt Hayden B. Russell, Jr., MTU; MSgt Jesse A. Davenport, MTU; GySgt Delbert O. Faulkner, MTU; SSgt James W. Moore, 1stMarDiv; Cpl

Charles B. Galkowski, MCB, Camp Lejeune; GySgt Thomas F. Easley, Jr., 3dMarDiv; and Cpl Albert P. Miral, MB, Oahu, Hawaii.

Earlier, in the International Free Rifle Match, GySgt William C. Rose, MTU, shot 1114X1200-27Xs to take fourth in that match.

Capt Erdman came through again to win the Reserve class championship in the National Service Rifle event for his second straight year. He took the win—an aggregate of seven high-powered rifle matches—with a 636X650-45Vs to top 650 of the nation's best Reserve riflemen. He went on to outshoot all other Navy, Marine and Coast Guard Reservists in the National Trophy Individual Rifle Match with a 243X250-18Vs, earning him a *Navy Times* wrist watch.

GySgt Ben L. Harshman, MTU, tallied a 248X250-22Vs for the Coast Artillery Trophy and a *Navy Times* wrist watch as high Marine in the National Individual Trophy Match. He took the General Shepherd Trophy the next day when his 247X250-27Vs in the National Trophy Team Match gave him high Marine aggregate in the two matches.

In individual long-range shooting, Cpl Jerry B. Tamlin, MTU, tied for first place in the 1000-yard Leech Cup Match with a record-breaking possible 100-18Vs. One of three emerging with this record score, he got second place in the official tie break.

Marine Reservists showed well in the

rifle team matches with first in three events and thirds in two others in the master Reserve classification. Team members were: Major Albert R. Schindler, 9thMCRRD; Captain James E. Smith, 1stMCRRD; First Lieutenants Hans M. Ewoldson and Thomas J. Ebner, 12thMCRRD; and Sgt Dapp of the 5thMCRRD.

Even a record-breaking 597X600-86Vs earned only a third place in the Herrick Trophy Rifle Team Match for a Regular squad composed of MSgt Jesse A. Davenport, GySgts Karl Arnold, Jr., and Albert F. Adams, and SSgts Albert W. Hauser, Jr., Robert Diaz and Hayden B. Russell, Jr., all of the MTU.

Aside from the shooting department, a special composite Marine Range Battalion supported the event along with similar units from the Army and Air Force. More than 500 Marines from the 2dMarDiv, MCB, Camp Lejeune, and Force Troops, FMFLant, plus several officers from MCS, Quantico, manned and operated a share of the major firing ranges throughout the shoot.

A special detachment of 25 marksmanship coaches provided all instruction and supervision for the NRA's four-day Junior-Tyro school. They were assembled from three Corps commands: MCS, Quantico, MCB, Camp Lejeune, and MCRDep, Parris Island. Primary mission of the detachment was to teach NRA civilian instructors how to instruct and coach novice shooters.

END



SSgt Raymond Druckenmiller finished ahead of 2000 pistol shooters to garner the .45 caliber slow fire championship

◆ Sgt Alan Dapp, USMCR, fired just six points short of the national record to win the Smallbore Rifle Position crown



# Transfers



Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

## E9

BRYANT, D L (9999) MB CorpC to MCRD SD  
COLLIER, R L (0111) MCB CampPen to 3dMarDiv  
FARGIE, JR, O S (9999) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarBrig  
FRITZ, N (9999) USS Canberra to MB CorpC  
MURPHY, W S (9999) MB Vallejo to MCB CampPen  
OLSON, L E (2529) 3dMarDiv to Fort-Trps 29 Palms  
TONEY, O J (9999) 2dDepSupBn to 2dMarDiv

## E8

ADAMS, I P (0398) MCS Quant to USS Canberra  
ADAMS, R D (3098) MCAS CherPt to 3dMarDiv  
BACKHERMS, A T (0398) HQMC to Du W/Dept of State  
BISHOP, J L (3349) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
BOOZIER, G D (0398) USS Lake Champlain to MCB CamLej  
BOWES, T E (6498) 1stMAD to MCS Quant  
BRITT, L B (6713/7041/7304) MCAS Beaufort to 1stMAD  
BURNETTE, W N (3349) 1stMAD to MCB CamLej  
CROOK, A B (1349) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv  
DAVIS, F E (0398) 1stMAD to MB Vallejo  
EKLUND, G E (6498) 1stMAD to MCAS Eitoto  
GREIMANN, L L (2529) 1stMarBrig to FortTrps 29 Palms  
HAYES, E L (0369) COMPHIBTRACOMLANT to 1stMarDiv  
HOUCK, J B (0398) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
JONES, T A (0369) HQMC to 1stMarDiv  
KAJDACZ, H M (0398) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
MC CULLOUGH, H L (6412) 4thEngrCo to MAG-32  
MURPHY, R J (0398) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
SCHWARZMEIER, JR, F G (1841) FMFLant to MCAS Phila  
SILLS, C M (0349) MCSC Barstow to 1stMarDiv  
SUMMERS, C C (6498) 3dMAW to USS Ticonderoga  
SUTPHIN, C E (0398) MCRD PI to USS Lake Champlain

## E7

ALLIGOOD JR, C B (3049) 85thRRCo to MCB CamLej  
APPLING, H M (3537) Camp Butler to 1stMarDiv  
BAUER, J H T (2561) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW  
BEALE, W C (0369) 1stMCRD to Fort-Trps CamLej  
BEBOUT, G B (6481) USS Princeton to 3dMAW  
BERTELSEN, J R (1391) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT

BETZ, W E (2171) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv  
BROWN, K E (2639) 3dMarDiv to Fort-Trps CamLej  
CASE, S C (0141) MCAS Eitoto to HQMC  
CASSIDY, D R (3049) 10thRRCo to MCSC Albany  
CLARK, H R (3049) 1stMarDiv to 3dCommCo  
CODY, G L (6491) 1stMarBrig to 2dMAW  
COX, B R (2645) MCB CamLej to 3dMarDiv  
D'AGOSTINO, C C (6413) MAG-32 to 1stMAD  
DAWSON, C C (0171) MCB CampPen to MARTC Glen  
DEES JR, R F (6412) 3dMAW to 1stMarBrig  
DIDRIKSON, R G (1811) FMFLant to MCS Quant  
DONOVAN, F (3071) USS Boxer to MCAS CherPt  
DOUGHTON, M P (0761) 1stMarDiv to FortTrps 29 Palms  
DOUGLAS, M R (7041/7304) MCALF CampPen to 1stMAD  
EDWARDS, E C (3537) FMFLant to HQMC FFT  
ELLIS, W F (0141) 1stMAD to MCRD  
ERB, R G (3049) HQMC to 3dMarDiv  
FERREIRO, J L (6412) 1stMarBrig to 2dMAW  
FESKANICH, S N (6641) MCAS Eitoto to MCAS K-Bay  
FLORENCE, H A (1811) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv  
FREEMAN, W R (2539) 5th155mmHowBtry to 1stMarDiv  
GILROY, J F (0369) 4thMCRD to MCS Quant  
GLENWINKEL, E P (3049) 1stMarBrig to MARTC Dal  
GLISCHIKSKI, F A (0431) 3dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
GOLLEY, G K (2761) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
HAINLINE, R N (4631) USS Princeton to MCAF Santa Ana  
HALE, F H (4611) 1stMAD to 2dMAW  
HAMILTON JR, E S (3049) 2d75mmAAA-Bn to MCSC Albany  
HARTMAN, J E (2761) 2dMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
HUNTER JR, J T (1stMarBrig to Fort-Trps 29 Palms  
HUTCHINSON, L (3051) MCSC Barstow to 1stMAD  
JEFFRIES, R (1841) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
JOHNSON, R W (4312) 1stMAD to MCB CampPen FFT  
JOLLY, C S (6511) MB China Lake to 1stMAD  
JONES, H G (3537) 3dMarDiv to 1stMAD  
JORDAN, W A (3049) 1stMAD to 8thInfBn  
KELLER, H F (3141) MCAS Eitoto to 1stMAD  
KLEIN, L J (7113) MCAS CherPt to 1stMAD  
KRUMREY, M W (0811) 3dMarDiv to 40155mmGunBtry  
LANGER, R R (0141) MARTD Anacostia to FortTrps CamLej  
LEVERN, V J (2761) 1stMarBrig to 3dMarDiv  
MAUND, J H (4611) 1stMAD to 3dMAW

MCMASTERS, T W (6412) 2dMAW to 1stMAD  
MCNATT, R F (6614) 1stMarBrig to 3dMAW  
MOITZEL, J G (0141) MCRD PI to 9thMCRD  
MYERS, R A (2771) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
NELSON, L W (6481) USS Princeton to 3dMAW  
NORCROSS, R M (0141) AirFMFPac to MCAS K-Bay  
O'KEEFE, J G (0811) 1stMCRD to 3dMarDiv  
PIECZARKA, V M (0141) USS Ticonderoga to MCAS Yuma  
POLAK, J P (6511) 9thMCRD to 2dMAW  
POPE, D C (0369) HQMC to 1stMarDiv  
PRINCE, T G (3371) MCSC Barstow to 1stMAD  
ROBARGE, C L (0161) 1stMarDiv to 3dMAW  
RYERSON, F A (0111) MARTC Glen to 1stMarDiv  
SCHMIDT, C V (2639) MB WashDC to FortTrps CamLej  
SCHNURR, J J (0369) MCAS Quant to COMPHIBTRACOMLANT  
SCHWARTZ, E H (6671) 1stMarBrig to 2dMAW  
SHANER, P F (4313) MCAS Eitoto to 1stMarDiv  
SMITH, J W (3049) MB BarPt to MCB CampPen  
SNOW, R W (3049) 56thRRCo to 3dMarDiv  
SPRUNGLE JR, J R (0811) HQMC to Fort Trps CamLej  
SUFFICOL, A D (0111) 1stMAD to MCB CamLej  
STANLEY, L B (3371) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv  
STATHAM, R P (3071) 1stMAD to MCAS Yuma  
STEPHENS, P (0369) 1stMAD to MCS Quant  
TANNER, P H (6761) MCAS CherPt to 1stMAD  
TEAGUE, R J (0761) 1stMarDiv to Fort-Trps 29 Palms  
TERLIZZI, F M (7041) MAG-32 to MARTD Jax  
THOMPSON, R E (3049) 12thMCRD to MCB CampPen  
WEEKERLY, W M (0369) 1stMarBrig to 12thRRCo  
WEST JR, C H (1169) 1stMarDiv to Camp Smith  
WOLFORD, K S (3049) 12thMCRD to 1stMarDiv

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ABDULLA, E J (1345) MB Kodiak to 1stMarDiv  
ALSTON, W H (3261) 1stMAD to MCB CamLej  
ANTHES, F W (3071) 2dMAW to MAD Jax  
ATKINSON, J W (0441) 3dMarDiv to FMFLant  
BARFIELD, L E (3371) FMFLant to 12thRRCo  
BARRETT, R E (3371) 2dMAW to 3dMarDiv  
BATES, C W (1831) HQMC to MCB CampPen  
BELLINGER, C J (6511) MCS Quant to 1stMarDiv

BOULEY, W L (1841) FMFLant to MCAS Phila  
BRANSFORD, J L (6413) 2dMAW to 1stMAD  
BRATHOVD, L E (1811) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
BROOKE, J F (7141) 1stAirDelCo to 1stMAD  
BRUEGGENJOHANN, R H (0141) 3dMarDiv to 1stMCRD  
BULLA, J (0141) 1stMAD to FortTrps CamLej  
BURKHART, E R (3537) 2dMarDiv to Camp Butler  
BURTON, J C (2529) 30thRRCo to 2dMarDiv  
CARTER, T (0369) USS Randolph to MCS Quant  
CASILLAS, J C (1833) 1stMarDiv to 8thMCRD  
CLARE, J P (6413) 1stMarBrig to MCAS Yuma  
COMBS, E G (3049) 2dMarDiv to MCSC Albany  
COPPOLA, A (3049) 1stMCRD to Fort-Trps CamLej  
CORNELL, R L (0369) NAD Lualele to MCB CampPen  
COX, J O (3049) MCSC Albany to 85thRRCo  
CUNNINGHAM, C C (0441) 1stMAD to MCB CampPen  
DACUS, L R (6412) MARTD Olathe to 3dMAW  
DANIEL, W E (0369) 2dMarDiv to USS Northampton  
DAVIS E S (0241) 1stMAD to 1stMarDiv  
DEMAREST, G W (0141) 3dMarDiv to MARTD Anacostia  
EGOLF, G C (3516) 1stMarDiv to HQMC FFT  
EVARI, H A (0369) 1stMarDiv to NAD Lualele  
FEHRENBACH, J L (4611) 1stMAD to 3dMAW  
FINDSEN, M W (3051) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv  
FLETCHER, J M (2111) MCB CamLej to 3dMarDiv  
FRANKLIN, W L (2311) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv  
FRY, J R (6511) 3dMAW to 1stMAD  
FULLER, E (1833) FMFLant to 1stAmphTracBn  
GARAWAY, J (0369) 8thMCRD to 1stMAD  
GARCIA, E F (6416) MCRD SD to 1stMAD  
GARDNER, H J (0369) 1stMarDiv to NAD Lualele  
GARON, J T (3049) 3dMAW to 10thRRCo  
GIBSON JR, W C (0441) 3dMarDiv to MAG-26  
GORE, D F (2111) 12thMCRD to 1stMarDiv  
GRAYSON, I C (3516) FMFLant to MCAS Beaufort  
GRIFFITH, P R (4611) 1stMAD to 3dMAW  
GRIZZIE, I G (0431) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv  
HAGY, F E (3049) USS Boxer to MCS Quant  
HAINES, J R (0141) 1stMAD to Fort-Trps 29 Palms  
HANGEL, R L (0141) MCS Quant to MCB CampPen FFT  
HAYES, T T (2771) 3dMarDiv to MCS Quant  
HAYES, J E (0369) HQMC to USS Canberra  
HERRINGTON, P W (0141) MCRD PI to MCB CampPen FFT  
HIGGINS, J I (3049) 6thMCRD to Camp Butler  
HOGAN, F P (0369) 2dMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
HOLLEY, G G (0369) MCB CamLej to HQMC  
HUMPHREY, D E (2539) 1stMarDiv to USS Princeton  
IFILL, C H (0761) 1stMarDiv to Fort-Trps 29 Palms  
JEFFERY, H D (0141) 2dMarDiv to MB Indian Head  
JENKINS, W L (3371) MCS Quant to 1stMAD  
JOHNSON, C J (3371) FMFLant to MCB CampPen FFT  
KENNERLY, R S (0141) HQMC to 3dMarDiv  
KIRKMAN, L C (2761) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
KLARNER, J J (0369) 2dMarDiv to 9thMCRD  
KOHN, M D (0369) MCB CamLej to MB Gtmo  
KOPPEL, W G (3371) 1stMarDiv to MCRD SD  
LADSON, W E (4111) HQMC to MCB CamLej  
LAMSON, D W (3537) 12thMCRD to MCB CamLej  
LANE, R D (3049) Camp Butler to FortTrps CamLej  
LEE, W M (3537) MCS Quant to HQMC FFT  
LEHNERT, J J (6413) 2dMAW to HQMC  
LEWIS, W A (2529) MCS Quant to 5th155mmHowBtry  
LISEMBY, J W (0369) 12thRRCo to 1stMarDiv  
LOCKEN, L K (4611) 1stMAD to 3dMAW  
MACLEARY, R R (6741) 2dMAW to 1stMAD  
MAHER, B F (2529) 1stMAD to MCRD SD  
MALLORY, M O (3371) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
MARGOUTHAKI, S N (0761) 1stMarDiv to FortTrps 29 Palms  
MARION, B J (6512) 2dMAW to 1stMAD

MARTIN, W F (6461) MCAS Beaufort to 1stMAW  
MAUCK, P L (1841) 1stMarDiv to MCB  
CampPen FFT  
MC CUDRY, M V (5711) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv  
MC FARLAND, P A (0369) 10thInfBn to 1stMarDiv  
MC GINTY, J P (0369) MCRD SD to USS Midway  
MC KEE, J D (6511) 1stMarBrig to 3dMAW  
MERIDITH, B D (2111) MCSC Albany to 3dMarDiv  
MOORE, W A (0141) USS Boxer to FMFLant  
MORGAN, D A (0369) 9thMCRD to 2dMarDiv  
NAPPER, O T (3516) 3dMAW to MCB CampPen FFT  
NEWBY, J L (3371) 2dMAW to 3dMarDiv  
NEWELL, R L (3121) MCB CampPen to MCSC Barstow  
NOLL JR, G A (0811) 4thMCRD to 3dMarDiv  
ODONNEL, J F (2529) FMFLant to 1stMAW  
OSMAN, R C (6611) MAG-26 to MAD Mfs FFT  
PARKER, J R (0141) 1stMarDiv to MB CorpD  
PETERSON, H K (2311) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv  
PIETROFORTE, M (3537) MCRD SD to MCB CampPen FFT  
PLANT, W F (2639) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv  
POMERROY, K E (0141) MB CorpC to 3dMarDiv  
PORTER, S R (1841) FMFLant to MCSA Phila  
POOLSON, A (0141) 3dMarDiv to MAR-20 Seattle  
PRZEKOP, I B (0239) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv  
REYNA, C (2339) USS Princeton to 1stMarDiv  
REYNOLDS, J R (0811) 2dMarDiv to HQMC  
ROMANINI, W J (0369) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
ROSENTHAL, R R (3371) 1stMarBrig to MCRD SD  
ROUNDTREE, L (0369) HQMC to 2dMarDiv  
RUNYON, D A (0141) 1stMAW to MCRD PI  
SANDERS, C F (5546) MCRD SD to MCB CampPen FFT  
SANDERS, S F (0241) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv  
SANSOM, D C (0141) 2dMarDiv to FMFLant  
SARGENT, M M (3049) FMFPac to 7thRRCo  
SAXON, L H (6631) 9thMCRD to MAG-32  
SCHROEDER, W C (3049) 8thMCRD to MCSC Barstow  
SCHOARTZ, N G (6413) USS Princeton to 3dMAW  
SCHWARZER, F J (3371) MB Gtmo to ForTrps CamLej  
SEIFTS, J F (0369) HQMC to 1stMarDiv

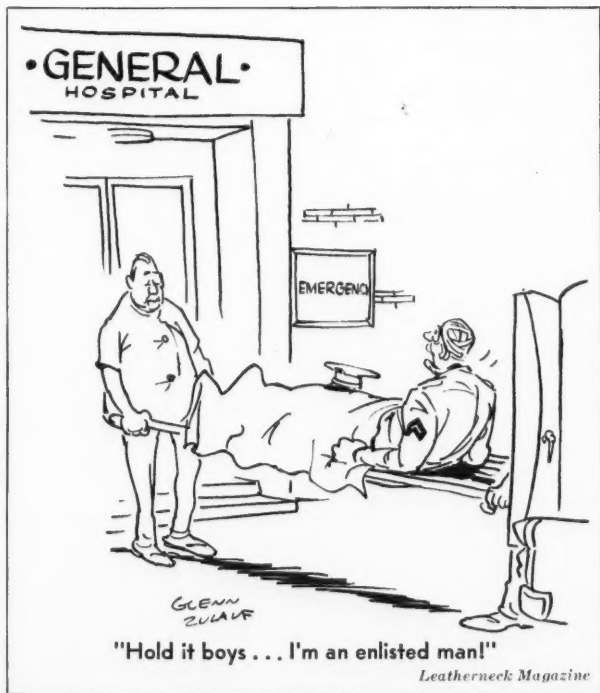
SHEEHAN, P H (0369) 1stMCRD to 1stMarDiv  
SHORES, C D (6725) 2dMAW to 1stMAW  
SHURLING, R T (6413) 5thMCRD to 2dMAW  
SIMERING JR, A S (2639) 1stMAW to ForTrps CamLej  
SINGLETON, R E (3049) 3dCommCo to MCRD PI  
SKATES, L J (0369) HQMC to 2dMarDiv  
SLAGLE, V P (0369) 1stMarBrig to MCB CamLej  
SMITH, E S (0369) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
SMITH, L G (1841) 3dMarDiv to 2dAtCo  
SPADA, A C (2543) 2dMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
STEELE, W J (0811) 2dMarDiv to 8thMCRD  
STEPANICK, H (0141) 3dMarDiv to 1stMarDiv  
SULLIVAN, D T (2529) MCRD SD to 3dMarDiv  
TAUBER, G L (3049) 8thMCRD to ForTrps CamLej  
TAYLOR JR, W J (0141) 5thMCRD to MCAS CherPt  
TESH, D M (1811) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv  
THOMPSON JR, L (0369) HQMC to 2dMarDiv  
TRYGSTAD, K E (2771) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
VARNER, R L (2639) MCS Quant to MCB CampPen FFT  
VOELKER, P E (0369) MCS Quant to USS Randolph  
WAGONER, H L (3049) MCS Quant to MB Portsmouth Va  
WAMSHER JR, L B (0369) MCRD PI to 1stMarDiv  
WARD, J B (0369) 2dMarDiv to HQMC FFT  
WARREN, B R (3421) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv  
WATKINS, T S (0231) 1stMAW to ForTrps 29 Palms  
WILCOX, B (0811) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
WILKEY JR, E J (3311) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
WILKINSON, M H (0721) 1stMarDiv to ForTrps 29 Palms  
WILSON, H W (6614) 1stMarBrig to MAD Mfs  
WOOD, B F (4611) MCAS EItoro to USS Princeton  
WOOD, B F (4611) MCAS EItoro to MAW  
YANZEC, R V (3049) 9thMCRD to 1stMarDiv  
YOUNG, G R (0369) 12thMCRD to MCB CampPen  
ZWIRNER, R N (3049) 9thMCRD to MB BarPt

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ADAMS, A A (4611) 3dMAW to MAD Pncla FFT

ANGIE, J W (3051) MCRD SD to 1stMarDiv  
ARMS, T C (1345) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
ARMSTRONG, L L (1841) MCS Quant to MCRD PI FFT  
ATNIP, C J (1811) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
AUSTIN, W L (6481) 1stMarBrig to MAG-26  
BARRY, L E (1371) MCRD PI to 1stMarDiv  
BAYLES, H R (0141) FMFLant to MCB CampPen FFT  
BAZEMORE, R L (2511) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv  
BEARD, R W (0369) 1stMarBrig to MCB CampPen  
BEAUDETTE, T M (0369) 11thRRCo to 1stMarDiv  
BOOTH, E L (0369) 1stMarBrig to MCB CampPen  
BORING, J R (4312) 1stMarDiv to 1stMAW  
BOUKNIGHT, R F (6413) MCRD SD to 1stMAW  
BOYKIN, T A (3051) 1stMAW to MCRD SD  
BRANNON, C W (4131) MCSC Barstow to MCB CampPen  
BRITTING, P D (2511) 12thMCRD to 1stMarDiv  
BROOKS, S R (1169) MCB CampPen to 3dMAW  
BROWN, G R (1341) 3dMAW to 1stMarDiv  
BROWN, T L (6413) 3dMAW to 1stMarDiv  
BROWNELL, K T (3051) 1stMarBrig to MCB CampPen  
CAIN, A S (1341) MCB CamLej to 3dMarDiv  
CARPENTER, R R (0369) USS Can-2 to 2dMarDiv  
CARSON, S C (3371) MB Port Lyauety to MCS Quant  
CEORE JR, A (1841) MCSA Phila to 3dMarDiv  
CHAPIN, D D (2529) 1stMarDiv to 1stMAW  
CHAVEZ, C S (0761) 12thMCRD to ForTrps 29 Palms  
COCCO-VALDEZ, J T (6614) 1stMAW to MAD Mfs  
COLE JR, T V (0141) 3dMarDiv to 2dMAW  
COUNCE, M L (4611) 1stMAW to 3dMAW  
CUMBEY, C P (0431) FMFPac to 1stMarDiv  
DALE, J L (0141) 9thMCRD to MCRD PI FFT  
DAWKINS, E D (3421) MCB CamLej to 3dMarDiv  
DIBENDETTO, A (2771) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
DYE JR, L E (0369) MB Okinawa to ForTrps CamLej  
EDWARDS, J A (1371) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
EDWARDS, R I (1371) 1stMarBrig to MCRD SD  
FARQUHAR, M L (3421) 1stMarBrig to MCB CampPen  
FERDLER, B J (3067) 9thMCRD to AirFMFPac  
FISK, J A (5711) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
FLETCHER, C L (1371) MCB CamLej to MCB CampPen FFT  
FOSTER, R D (0741) FMFLant to ForTrps 29 Palms  
FUREY, R (3051) 1stMCRD to ForTrps CamLej  
GADDIE, J M (3049) 8thMCRD to 1stMarDiv  
GALE, G M (0141) 1stMarDiv to 30thRRCo  
GARNER, H C (3051) 1stMAW to MCSC Albany  
GASMAN, T M (0141) 1stMarDiv to 30thRRCo  
GILBERTSON JR, J R (2131) 1stMarDiv to USS Princeton  
GORMAN, J R (3049) 4thMCRD to 3dMarDiv  
GRECKY, G (3371) MCAS-7 to MB Gtmo  
GRIFFIN, J A (1169) FMFLant to MCB CampPen FFT  
HANSEN, H E (0141) 3dMarDiv to 8thMCRD  
HARPER, C D (1391) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
HARRELL, A L (2543) FMFLant to MCB CampPen FFT  
HARRIS, T C (2771) 1stMarBrig to ForTrps 29 Palms  
HAWKINS, W E (0369) MCB CamLej to 2dCommCo  
HENDRIX, P G (2511) 2dMarDiv to 2dMAW  
HERLIHY, W M (1841) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
HICKEY, R J (6741) MARTD So Weymouth to 1stMAW  
HICKS, J R (0141) MCS Quant to ForTrps CamLej  
HICKS, (0141) 9thMCRD to MCB CampPen FFT  
HOFSTETTER, L W (0349) MCSC Barstow to MCSC OklaCity  
HOLLAND, C J (1811) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv  
HOWE JR, A W (3049) MCB CampPen to MB Lake Mead  
HRONEK, R K (2543) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen  
HUNTER JR, W W (3311) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv  
JERKINS, B C (1811) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv  
JOHNSON, C L (1391) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
JOHNSON, J L (2771) FMFLant to MCB CampPen FFT  
JOHNSTONE, R L (1841) 3dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv

KAUFFMAN, R W (0141) USS Valley Forge to ForTrps CamLej  
KAUFMAN, D M (3051) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen  
KEELER, D M (2543) 4thMCRD to MCS Quant  
KELTNER, R H (2533) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
KLINE, G V (3049) 1stMAW to MCRD PI  
KNAPP, H J (3361) MCB CamLej to 3dMarDiv  
LAWSON, H D (0369) 8thRRCo to 1stMarDiv  
LESLIE, K B (5711) 3dMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
LEWIS, B R (3049) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
LORENTZSON, D W (0211) 3dMarDiv to FMFLant  
MACE, R H (1861) FMFLant to MCS Quant  
MADDUX, R E (1371) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
MANCHE, W G (0369) 11thRRCo to 1stMarDiv  
MARQUEZ, R M (6481) USS Princeton to 3dMAW  
MAXON, D K (0141) 30thRRCo to 3dMarDiv  
MAYNARD, F (0369) 5thMCRD to MCB CampPen FFT  
MC CONNELL, B M (3121) 2dMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
MEANS, C E (3121) MCS Quant to 1stMAW  
MIDDLETON, R E (3041) 1stMarBrig to MCB CampPen  
MILLER, D R (6411) MAG-26 to 1stMarDiv  
MILLER, W D (3071) 1stMAW to MCAS EItoro  
MILTON, D S (0369) MCB CamLej to MD HQ CINCLANT  
MIRELES, B R (0141) 5thInfBn to MCAS EItoro FFT  
MOKULEHUA JR, V K (6511) 1stMAW to 3dMAW  
MOLSON, W E (3613) 3dMAW to MCB 29 Palms  
MORRISON, C D (3421) Camp Butler to 1stMarDiv  
NAFZIGER, J E (1391) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
NELSON, T E (2561) FMFLant to 1stMAW  
NICHOLS, M H (2639) MCB CampPen to 1stMAW  
NICHOLSON, F W (0171) MARTC Glen to 1stMarDiv  
OKRASA, R S (0431) 3dMarDiv to 2dMarDiv  
OLSON, C (1341) FMFLant to 3dMarDiv  
PAINTER, W W (0369) 9thMCRD to 2dMAW  
PALMER, R D (0111) 1stMarDiv to 1stMarBrig  
PANGRACE, J P (3049) 12thMCRD to MCRD SD FFT  
PERCIVAL, E P (4131) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
PETIT, J D (3421) MCS Quant to 3dMarDiv  
POCIAN, C (2131) FMFLant to 1stMAW  
PONTING, M M (2543) 1stMarBrig to MCB CampPen  
PRATER JR, H C (1391) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
RAFFERTY, T W (0369) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
RAY, W H (3421) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv  
REED, C M (0141) 3dMarDiv to MCAS EItoro  
REIMER, F W (0231) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
RIZER, C E (3531) 5thMCRD to ForTrps CamLej  
ROGERS, D R (0239) 1stMAW to ForTrps CamLej  
ROTH, C B (3041) 1stMAW to MCSC Albany  
ROUSSEAU, F E (4131) NAD Concord to MCB CampPen  
RUSSELL, S O (2131) USS Princeton to MCS Quant  
RYAN, B J (2771) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
SCHMUCKER, C H (6413) 1stMCRD to MCAS EItoro FFT  
SCOTT, E (3051) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen  
SHARPE, W B (1391) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
SIGLER, R L (6412) 1stMAW to 3dMAW  
SLAUGHTER JR, R C (1349) 2dMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
SMITH, B C (2645) 3dMarDiv to MCB CamLej  
SMITH, E (1841) 1stMarDiv to MCB CamLej FFT  
SPENCER, J L (3371) MCB CamLej to 3dMarDiv  
STEIGER, J T (0141) 72dRRCo to 2dMAW  
TATARINOWICZ, R I (1811) 3dMarDiv to ForTrps CamLej  
TUCKER, J C (5711) 1stMAW to 1stMarDiv  
TUNINARO, J L (1169) 1stMAW to MCB CamLej  
TURNER JR, E (3041) 9thMCRD to MCSC Barstow  
UNDERWOOD, R L (1371) 1stMarDiv to MCB CampPen FFT  
WEST JR, C (0369) 2dMarDiv to 13thInfBn  
WILDER, T R (2533) 1stMarBrig to 1stMarDiv  
WOMACK, D L (3049) 1stMAW to MCB CampPen  
WOOD, S J (2633) 1stMarDiv to 3dMarDiv



## CAMP PENDLETON

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Schools, 7th Communications Battalion, 1st Anti-Tank Battalion and the Reconnaissance Battalion), Camp San Onofre (Second Infantry Training Regiment), Camp San Mateo (First Marines), Camp Christianson and Camp Talego (1st Pioneer Battalion) and Camp Del Mar (Schools Battalion, 1st Force Reconnaissance Company, 3d Armored Amphibious Tractor Bat-

gunnery exercises. The Pendleton Air Strip serves as a facility to transport-type aircraft and the helicopters that train with the Fleet Marine Force units. It is headquarters for VMO-6.

At the Cold Weather Training Center, mountain warfare is a highly specialized art. Classes in repelling, survival under extreme cold conditions, use of skis and snowshoes and survival in mountainous country are important features of the courses conducted there. In addition, organized Reserve units undergo mountain training during the Summer months at this Center.

Major emphasis in the Marine Corps is on rifle marksmanship training and

While facilities are, for the most part, World War II-type construction, plans envision their replacement. Progress continues to be the keynote of Camp Pendleton's existence. A new camp, to be called Camp Christianson, will be constructed in the Stuart Mesa area, about three miles from the main gate. Work should begin next year and the camp readied in 1964. When completed, it will house the San Diego Weapons Training Battalion and recruit rifle ranges. According to Colonel R. C. Hiatt, Assistant Chief of Staff, Base G2/3, Camp Christianson will be completed before Camp Matthews is turned over to the State of California. Camp Matthews will make way for a new super highway and state college. It will be business as usual with the opening of Camp Christianson. The recruit cycle will remain the same.

Currently, Camp Pendleton is the home of the First Marine Division, (Reinforced), one of our Fleet Marine Force combat units. Commanded by Major General Henry R. Paige, it contains about 18,000 officers and enlisted men, and is organized as a well-balanced, self-sustaining force of combined arms. It includes infantry, artillery, tank, engineer, medical, motor transport, shore party, amphibian tractor, service and observation aircraft units.

Assistant Division Commander is Colonel Russell E. Honsowetz. He will be succeeded by Brigadier General Frederick E. Leek, COMART, Glenview, Ill., in December Chief of Staff is Colonel Louis Metzger and the four regimental commanders are Colonel A. (Tony) Walker, First Marines; Colonel Webb D. Sawyer, Fifth Marines, Colonel Harold S. Roise, Seventh Marines; and Colonel David R. Griffin, Eleventh Marines.

While the 18-year history of Camp Pendleton has been varied, its primary mission has remained unchanged since its establishment. Training combat-ready troops for immediate employment wherever the need may arise is paramount.

It was the First Marine Division which mounted the opening U.S. offensive of World War II with the seizure of the Guadalcanal-Tulagi area of the Solomons following its formation in 1941. Directing that assault was Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift, subsequent Commandant of the Marine Corps. The First Division ousted the Japanese from western New Britain and next captured Peleliu where 10,000 enemy were killed. Its fourth assault came as part of the Army's III Amphibious Corps in the conquest of Okinawa. Five years later, the First Division was in action again in Korea.

Throughout (continued on page 88)



Official USMC Photo

Members of the Pioneer and Bridge Company are constantly kept busy at Camp Pendleton, especially during the Spring rainy season

talion, Field Medical Service School and the Tracked Vehicle Test and Experimental Unit).

Each of these outlying camps is self-sufficient, and is located in the proximity of training areas and the ranges employed by the units assigned to these camps. Located north of the Main Area and Division Area are two major impact ranges which comprise approximately one-fourth, or 30,000 acres, of Camp Pendleton. This impact area is ringed by some 87 ranges of all types. They vary in size from a pistol range to a moving target range, and they include an impact area for light and medium artillery.

This same impact area is also utilized by the Marine aviation units located at the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, some 50 miles to the north, in bombing and air-to-ground

in order to support this training, Camp Pendleton maintains and operates seven rifle ranges with a combined total of 550 targets. Annually, these targets are used by more than 20,000 Regular Marines and some 6000 Reserve Marines during their annual marksmanship training.

Camp Pendleton is big business, with a combined military-division payroll in excess of \$5 million per month. In addition to being big business, Pendleton is also a serious business as the home of the ready-striking force, the First Marine Division. It was from Pendleton that the Marine Corps mounted out for Korea; through these facilities passed all Marines, Regulars, Reservists and recruits who were received, equipped, trained and embarked to sustain our forces committed in Korea.



## CHARGER

[text continued from page 28]

train and private automobiles. Members of the Reserve Liaison and Training Unit, headed by Lieutenant Colonel Gilbert L. Morton, met each group and moved them quickly into billeting areas.

What the Reservists found was a modern Marine Corps base on the Hi-Desert. The stories about Twentynine Palms being a tent city on the Mojave Desert were discounted immediately. They saw one of the most modern and centrally designed facilities for troops and equipment within the Armed Forces.

The first week of training was devoted to shake-down programs, small arms instruction and firing, organizational weapons and classroom study on desert survival/warfare. The BLT unit practiced in the field two days, while the aggressors walked over most of the maneuver ground, planning blocking positions, seeking avenues of escape, etc.

"We spent four days in the desert prior to the maneuver preparing our delaying action," said PFC Robert J. Valencik, of Gary, Ind. The aggressors were distinguished by the colored patches they wore on their utilities and helmets. They also wore the camouflaged cover in Arab fashion.

That first week, the Reservists were given the play of the problem. They were told that on May 1, aggressor forces had launched a surprise nuclear attack against the North American continent. This large-scale nuclear bombardment was followed by an amphibious assault on the West Coast. As a member of the Tenth Composite Corps, the mission of MAGTF-21 was to launch a coordinated air-ground attack against aggressor forces defending the area northwest of Twentynine Palms, seize and secure Sears Field (35 miles into the desert) and be prepared to continue the attack against enemy forces in the Barstow area. The battlefield was an area 50 miles long and 15 miles wide. It was divided into three phase line objectives.

The mission of "Operation Charger" was the seizure of aggressor-held areas with the use of close air support to increase the proficiency of air and ground unit coordination. Night landings of troops and equipment by helicopter were done to increase the Reservists' knowledge of the Corps' modern doctrine of vertical envelopment.

The general training objectives of the three-day war were reconnaissance and patrol missions (emphasizing night patrolling), maximum air support and three helicopter assault drops. Other objectives included fire support coordination, offensive operations including night movement and attacks), defense of strategic areas, atomic aspects of land warfare (both offensive and defensive), tank-infantry attacks, air defense and command post emplacement, security and displacement. Secondary objectives were helicopter supply missions, resupply and evacuation, camouflage discipline and communication functioning (emphasis on radio techniques).

Col Peacher, a merchandising executive in civilian life, announced H-hour at 0001, August 22. "Charger" became tactical at 1300, August 21. It was terminated by an air demonstration at 1330, August 24.

The colonel is the National President of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association. He was also recently honored as Mr. Mid-West Marine by the Globe and Anchor Society for his Marine Corps support during the past 30 years. His immediate staff included Colonel Henry P. Welton, Assistant Task Force Commander; Lieutenant Colonel Lewis Conti, Chief of Staff; C. E. Ooley, S-1; W. H. Shaw, S-2; E. Madsen, S-3; and J. J. Tamulis, S-4.

Colonel Miles P. Patrone, Commanding Officer of the 9th Infantry Battalion, Chicago, served as the assaulting force commander. The Gary 25th Rifle Company was chosen by HQMC as the aggressor to provide resistance against

the air-ground force during the maneuver. Captain Constantine Sangalis, an insurance salesman from Highland, Ind., commanded the aggressor "Steel Rats."

Reservists from the 9th Infantry Battalion formed the nucleus of Battalion Landing Team 1/22, the attacking force for "Operation Charger." Main infantry elements formed Helicopter Assault Force (HAF) Alpha, which hit initial objectives on D-day with Task Force (TF) Bravo. Alpha was made up of men from Chicago, Phoenix and Chattanooga, while Bravo included Rockford, Chicago, Phoenix and Chattanooga. Each had supporting elements from Sacramento, New York City, Long Beach, San Jose and San Diego.

The Chicago infantry battalion was the oldest unit participating in the operation, tracing its founding to 1926. Formed as the 306th Company, it is one of the original units in the Marine Corps Reserve structure.

Sunday afternoon (August 21) with five training days behind them, the assault force and the aggressors took up their positions in the desert north of the Twentynine Palms base. Throughout that first evening, artillery and mortars fired on known enemy positions. Armored patrols probed the vicinity of the dawn helicopter assault zones and Col Patrone's headquarters and supporting units moved to Surprise Springs. The Task Force Commander, Col Peacher, established permanent headquarters at OP Left, about halfway into the maneuver area.

At sunup, while the aggressors flushed two "unknowns" who turned

**TURN PAGE**



out to be alarmed rock hounds, the air was filled with aircraft, both friendly and aggressor. Aerial reconnaissance reported enemy troops digging in along the route to Sears Field.

Pathfinders from the First Marine Division spearheaded the first move by the BLT. They quickly established two landing zones for the HAF, who, in turn, stormed over Objectives 1 and 2. That afternoon, HAF Delta (San Angelo, Chicago, Phoenix and Chattanooga personnel) hit the deck and seized Objective 3. Linking up with TF Bravo (tank-infantry) Objective 3a was secured. The 01 phase line was reached on schedule and the troops bedded down for the night. Sleep was interrupted once when Capt Sangalis' "Steel Rats" attempted to regain Objective 3.

At sunup, D-plus-One, the assaulting force found itself subjected to heavy artillery fire and enemy air strikes. The jets at times streaked in at tank turret height. All movement was stalled momentarily. And, hoping to drive the BLT force toward Tijuana, the aggressors exploded the first "special weapons event" at 0800.

It caught Col Patrone's force by surprise and halted movement while decontamination units secured the area

once again. Casualties were tagged and air evacuated to field hospitals.

As the assaulting force picked up forward speed once again, copies of the aggressor newspaper "Objective Eleven" were found in quantity. Headline stories blared out—"BLT UNITS TOTALLY UNPREPARED FOR RIGORS OF DESERT OPERATION" and "AGGRESSOR SPY REPORTS ENEMY CP CONFUSED." One story said in part: "The Gary Steel Rats swept down from their desert fortifications and completely routed the attacking force of 5000. Sacramento's 6th Truck Company was sighted a few hours ago hiking through the desert without their vehicles. They were infiltrated, their vehicles hot-wired and driven away."

Needless to say, the aggressor newspaper gave Col Patrone's force a good laugh, especially the 6th Truck Company, which was in business "as usual."

Hoping to throw further confusion in the path of the advancing force, "Mildred, The Lady From Twentynine Palms" appeared on several occasions. She was dressed in a bikini, but not the yellow polka dot variety. "Mildred" was a department store dummy. Where the aggressors went, she followed, peering down from high ground positions where she seemed to be enjoying the desert-hot sun.

About mid-morning, the first "casualties" were reported. Two aggressor communicators from New York City were listed as missing (actual). They had been posted the evening before with instructions to observe troop and equipment movement. They had done this for 16 hours and had camouflaged themselves so well that neither the aggressors, the assaulting force or search rescue teams could locate them.

When they finally climbed down from their position, their diary was found so complete that the tide of battle could have swung over to the aggressors had it been a real war problem. What brought a chuckle from all who scanned their report was the notation of possible lost helicopters and personnel. When told that these same helicopters and individuals were trying to locate them, they could hardly believe it.

Radio communication predominated. Wire was limited within unit perimeters. This electronic link which included coordination of close air support, tactical fire control communications, radio relay, message center and general radio communications were the responsibility of the 1st Communication Support Battalion of New York City and the 5th Communication Company of Long Beach.

Unlike most organizations in "Charger," the communicators found

themselves working with new faces and strange outfits. They supported the aggressors, the BLT group and umpires. They quickly acquainted themselves with their new role and kept the far-flung units in constant touch with the use of about 40 radio nets.

The New York City radiomen held the distinction of being the "travelingest" participants in "Operation Charger," coming 3000 miles from their home armory at Fort Schuyler. Commented Cpl Henry E. Nichols, radio operator from NYC, "It was a bit different here on the desert. We had communication hook-ups stretching 10 to 15 miles and it was some sensation to reach the other operator. It was not like at home, where operators were within shouting distance of each other."

It was hot in the Mojave desert. Daily daytime temperatures soared to 120 degrees. At night, a 50-degree drop was not unusual; blankets or a sleeping bag were necessary for warmth. The terrain, somewhat different from that of other deserts, was found to be relatively level with loosely packed, sandy areas and rock-strewn, heavily eroded, mountain regions. These features mark the Twentynine Palms "sand pile" as one of the roughest and most rugged desert areas in the world.

At their home armories and during their first week of training at Twentynine Palms, the Reservists received instructions on desert survival. It included the wearing of proper clothing, shelter, first aid measures and search/rescue. Everyone was expected to drink a minimum of one gallon of water daily.

Fifty-five umpires and 78 communicators controlled the exercise down to the platoon level in both the assault and aggressor forces. They used a control script in defining objectives and problems, but interjected their own air strikes and artillery fire to keep "Operation Charger" from lagging or advancing too fast.

Lieutenant Colonel Richard H. Mickle, Chief Umpire told us, "We created 30 major situations and 78 air strikes to keep the problem rolling." Lieutenant Colonel Raymond J. Fening acted as BLT umpire.

Col Patrone's cry was "cut them off at the pass," Quakenbush Pass, that is. TF Bravo cleared Objectives 4 and 5, and proceeded to the pass. TF Charlie (Peoria, Chicago, Phoenix and Chattanooga personnel) reconnoitered Objective 10, using an armored patrol. Motor transport, communicators, air delivery, artillery, tank and engineer supporting units also took part.

Countering, Capt Sangalis' aggressors delayed the forward movement by



blowing up the pass and at 1500 his troops were 'copter-lifted to new positions near Sears Field. His defeat was inevitable, but during his organized delaying movement, his troops captured Col Peacher and members of his staff at the pass. They arrived on the scene in helicopters to look over the newly captured real estate.

Col Patrone's forces swept forward, seizing Objective 6, employing vertical envelopment and TF Bravo and HAF Alpha again linked up to capture Objective 10. This consolidated the 02 line for the night.

"It was at night we did most of our walking," said SSgt Charles R. Beck of the Gary aggressor unit. "In the daytime, movement was kept to a minimum because of telltale dust. At night, we found it impossible to drive up near BLT positions without making too much noise. So, we walked."

At 0400, D plus Two, the BLT force regained its forward momentum. HAF Alpha moved on toward Objectives 7 and 8, assisted by TF Charlie. Mortar, artillery and air strikes paved the way. When this "hardware" was lifted, the BLT hit from flanking positions, catching the enemy in a pincer movement near Sears Field, Objective 9.

At Sears Field, the aggressors conducted a "last ditch" stand, protecting units which were assembled for air

evacuation. Sensing their plight, Col Peacher ordered "special weapons event #2" to be dropped on the field. The mushroom "atomic" cloud boiled up from the hot Mojave Desert floor at 0930, ending the desert war.

It wasn't an easy victory. Rugged desert terrain, searing heat and harassing loose sand fought against the Reservists. The rocky, mountainous ground provided natural cover for the enemy. Aggressor positions burrowed into the desert were practically impregnable.

On the logistic side, 12,000 rations were delivered to the field by truck, helicopter and fixed wing aircraft. One quarter of a million salt tablets were used, 35,000 gallons of gasoline were supplied, 65,000 gallons of water were drunk and 3000 batteries were placed into the exercise.

Following the war's end and the coup de grace "bloop," all Reservists made an administrative move to a hill position overlooking Sears Field, where at 1330, all witnessed a live firing demonstration by Reserve-piloted aircraft. Bombs and napalm were dropped, the field was strafed by machine guns and rockets, supplies were dropped by the San Jose Air Delivery Company and a "shape drop" was demonstrated.

The appearance of the low-flying jet, its straight-up climb and wing-over

following release of the "shape," electrified the Reservists. An announcement boomed over the loudspeaker, "There she goes. It will take approximately 40 seconds before it strikes the ground."

One could almost hear the silent count as the jet streaked off after dropping its "bomb." When it hit, the jet was nowhere to be seen. It had been a perfect run.

"Operation Charger" was designed to give maximum training to the Reservists. At the problem's end, Col Peacher said: "Our mission was accomplished. Everyone learned desert survival and warfare, and I'm sure they could do it again with no trouble."

Added LtCol Morton, "This year's training programs at Twentynine Palms met all objectives successfully and at this moment we are busy working out details for next year's annual training, which is going to be bigger, and we hope, better, than any previous effort."

The Marine Reservists were successful on the Twentynine Palms "battlefield." Even though the desert terrain was strange to most of them and the desert heat was a new and oppressive element, they quickly reconciled themselves to unfamiliar surroundings. Following the tradition set by Marines before them, they carried the battle to the "enemy" and won their war. **END**





## CAMP PENDLETON

[continued from page 84]

World War II, the name, "Pendleton," became a common word in Marine Corps jargon; hundreds of thousands of troops underwent combat training preparatory to entering the fray against Japanese forces in the Pacific.

Before war's end, Camp Pendleton absorbed and trained units of the Third Marine Division and the entire Fourth and Fifth Marine Divisions, in addition to thousands of combat replacements. It became the troop reservoir for the attack across the Pacific and played a similar role during the Korean fracas.

At the end of each war, Camp Pendleton served as a processing and separation center for the troops returning from overseas, then settled down to the slower pace of routine training of Marines.

Today, Camp Pendleton is again on a peacetime footing, but the continuous job of maintaining facilities for new and streamlined combat readiness training goes on. Always with an eye to progress, Camp Pendleton's leaders are constantly changing and improving techniques to fit the concepts of the Atomic Age and modern warfare.

The mission of the First Marine Division is "to execute amphibious

assault operations as a force-in-readiness, supported by Marine aviation and required force troop units." In August, 1958, with the opening of Camp Pendleton's enlarged boat basin, readiness of the division was stepped up appreciably. For the first time, landing craft could beach at Camp Del Mar to embark the division's troops and equipment.

Helicopters have become a familiar sight at Camp Pendleton, as Marines continued to train in "vertical envelopment." New weapons and equipment, designed to improve Marine tactics, are also constantly being tested here.

At Camp Pendleton, a variety of quarters are available, and there are six main Exchanges with 19 branch stores operating daily; the base runs its own nurseries, grade school, laundry and dry cleaning plants, specialty shops, two amateur radio stations, hobby shops, libraries, five swimming pools, 12 theaters and two outdoor movies. It maintains its own telephone, water and sewage systems, plus some 250 miles of paved roads traveled by approximately 18,000 privately owned vehicles. The profits from the post exchange system support an active intramural sports program, bowling alleys, a beach club, an 18-hole golf course and recreation centers in each of the areas of Camp Pendleton.

For the sportsman, Camp Pendleton's northern San Diego County military reservation is a paradise. With more than 200 square miles, varying from gently rolling hills to rugged

mountainous terrain, from broad valleys to wooded gullies and arroyos, the base offers a natural habitat for almost every type of game. There are deer, rabbit, quail, duck, coyote, squirrel, possum and raccoon. The camp's 20 miles of ocean shoreline, streams, and five major lakes offer a variety of fish.

Horseback riding is a popular sport at Camp Pendleton, and military personnel, their families and guests keep the post stables a busy place. Most famous of the horses at Pendleton are "Reckless," the division's famed mascot who earned her place in the Marine Corps hall of fame, and her two offsprings, "Dauntless" and "Fearless."

The U.S. Naval Hospital, located on the shores of Lake O'Neill, furnishes complete medical service for Marines and their dependents. The hospital and Naval Dental Clinic are under the technical and administrative control of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, but are under the military command of the Commanding General, Marine Corps Base.

Camp Pendleton is recognized as one of the nation's major Marine Corps training areas, an area which will continue to train the proud, hard-hitting fighting Marine Corps team. Its large area has provided terrain for experimentation in practically all types of operations Marines are likely to encounter in combat. It is a camp considered to be comparatively new in Marine circles, but with which a site practically every career Marine will eventually have some association. **END**



During a Camp Pendleton formation, "Reckless" was promoted to staff sergeant. Purchased while

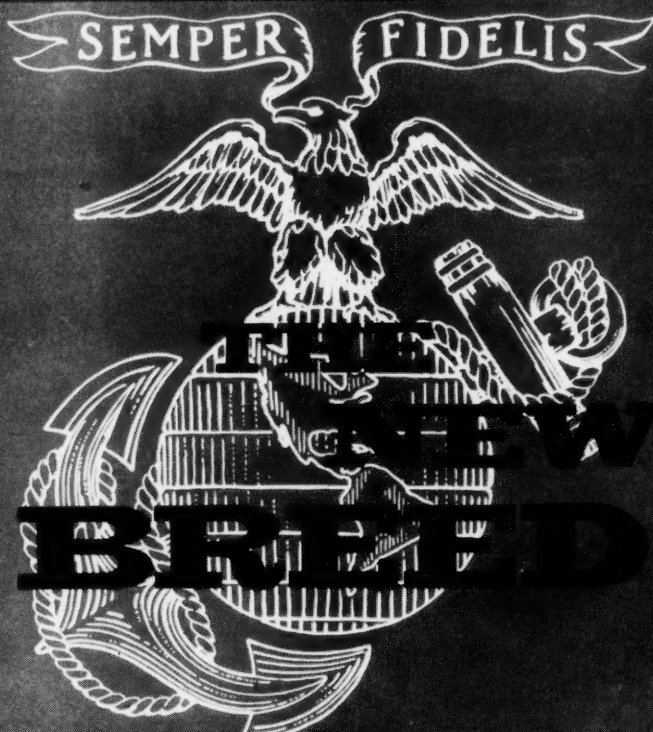
in Korea, the mare has been the First Division's mascot, and mother of "Dauntless" and "Fearless"

USMC Photo by GunSgt W. A. Armour

GEER

# THE STORY OF THE U.S. MARINES IN KOREA

THE NEW BREED



by ANDREW GEER

Foreword by Maj. Gen. O. P. Smith, USMC

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